

MARYSVILLE, IDAHO

People and Happenings

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Heward, Joseph W.
Marysville, Idaho :



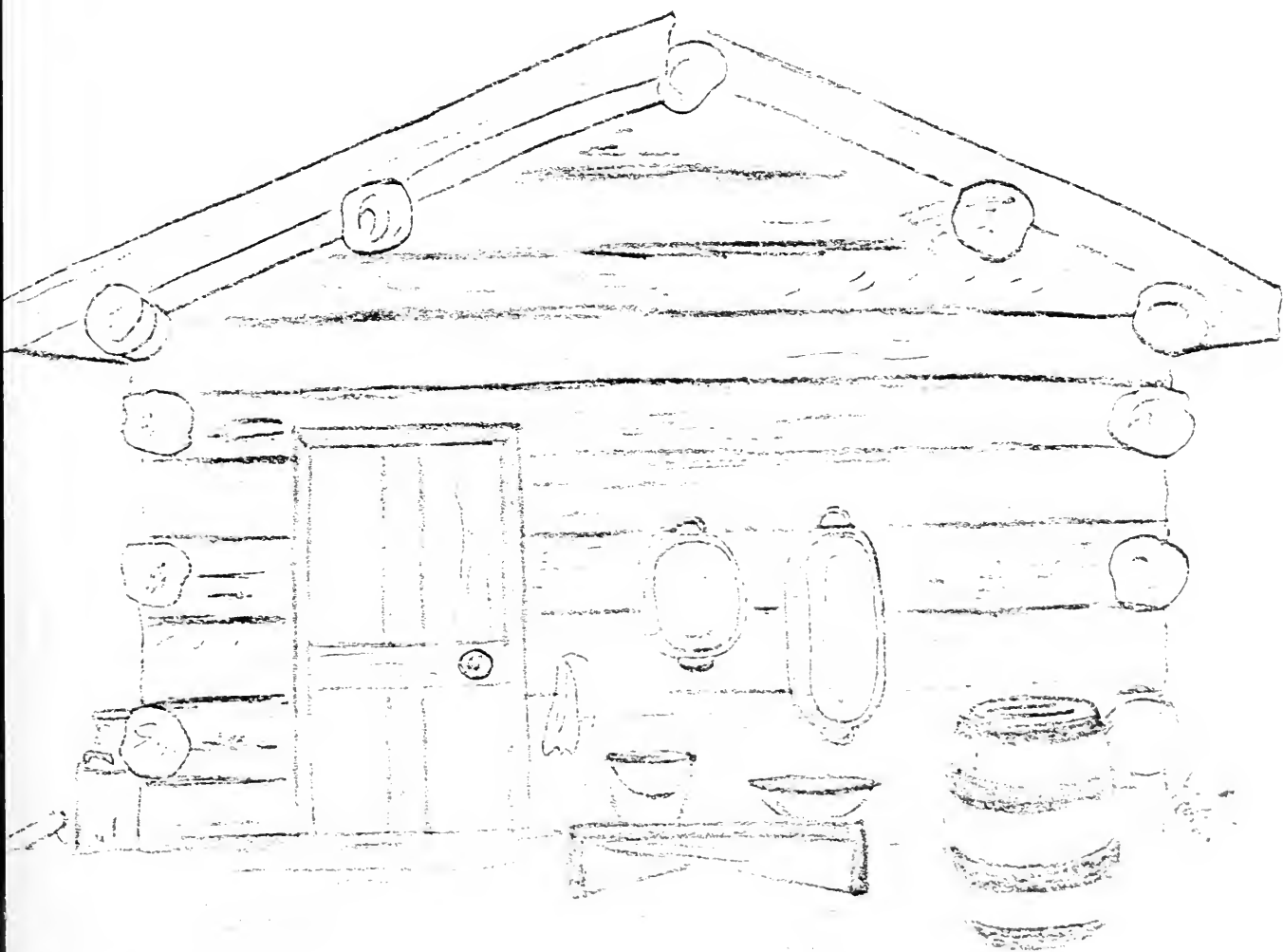
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CAYLORD	PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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Marysville, Idaho

People and Happenings



D E D I C A T E D

To those fine friends, RUSS AND MARIE EGBERT, who encouraged us to begin compiling the story of the people who pioneered this beautiful valley. Their help and guidance and the lovely association we had with them will always be treasured.

And to those courageous pioneers who came by horse, buggy, and covered wagons, bringing with them all their worldly possessions to establish a home and to raise their families, as well as those who came later to carry on the good work.

Compiled and Edited by

JOSEPH W. & EDNA M. HEWARD

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Without the generous help of many people, this book could not have been written. We express our appreciation for the work done to make histories possible. The book was started by the four of us, Russ and Marie Egbert, and Joe and Edna Heward, but circumstances prevented Russ and Marie from continuing with the completion of the book. Much valuable information was received from them, as well as the map of the town in the early days.

For the help from Lawrence and Adessa Christensen, Marvin Hillam, Ward Reynolds and JoAnn Richards, we express our thanks. Many times we called Marvin Hillam to the telephone to clear up some question regarding names and events.

Our thanks and appreciation to Ada Thornock and Ruth Jenkins for the proof-reading, and to LaDawn Baum for the printing and the drawing that she has so ably done to add to the book.

We give thanks for pictures with histories to make the book more interesting, and to those who willingly did what they could to assist us in any way to preserve the history of Marysville.

In any work of this kind it is inevitable that mistakes will occur. It was impossible for us to check dates and the spelling of names in the personal histories, but we do apologize for any typographical errors which will undoubtedly occur.

JOSEPH W. & EDNA M. HEWARD

PREFACE

Many strong and courageous people forged the colonization of the West, but none more courageous than those who entered the Snake River Valley and settled the area known as Marysville in Fremont Co. Idaho. We are told the history of the past should often be recalled, and that of the present recorded in order to fulfill a measure of obligation to the inhabitants of a place and time. We need the history of the past to give meaning to the present and some direction for the future. It helps us see our own lives in the round.

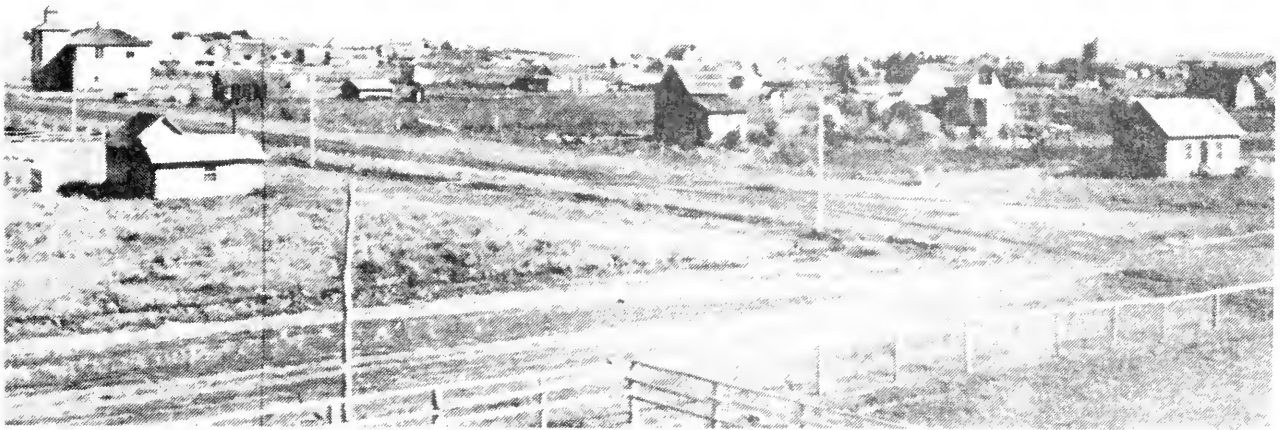
The consideration of stories and testimony of the people who dwelled and strived in the time of this village should be of much interest to western history lovers. The adventurous life of the first pioneers with their entrance to an untamed wilderness may not take precedence in interest over the lives of the next generation. The next generation met the challenge of further organizing their governmental, religious, and social structure; as well as canal building, road building, and caring for the growing educational needs of their children. One cannot but pay tribute to these people yet living, and also to the compilers of this book for their many hours of effort to hold in tact and in remembrance some of the history of Marysville. They do not claim it to be free from error; for is there such a work when memory is called to vouchsafe the facts in the compilation of peoples' biographies without judgement. Thorough effort in statistics and dates in the local history has been employed as well as carefully considered and recorded; yet they hope to make known it may not be without blemish.

Thoughtful decendants of the folks mentioned herein as well as the public must needs be appreciative of this important undertaking; This is definitely the grateful attitude of the writer of this preface.

Sincerely,

Marva E. Rich

Marva E. Rich
Ashton, Idaho



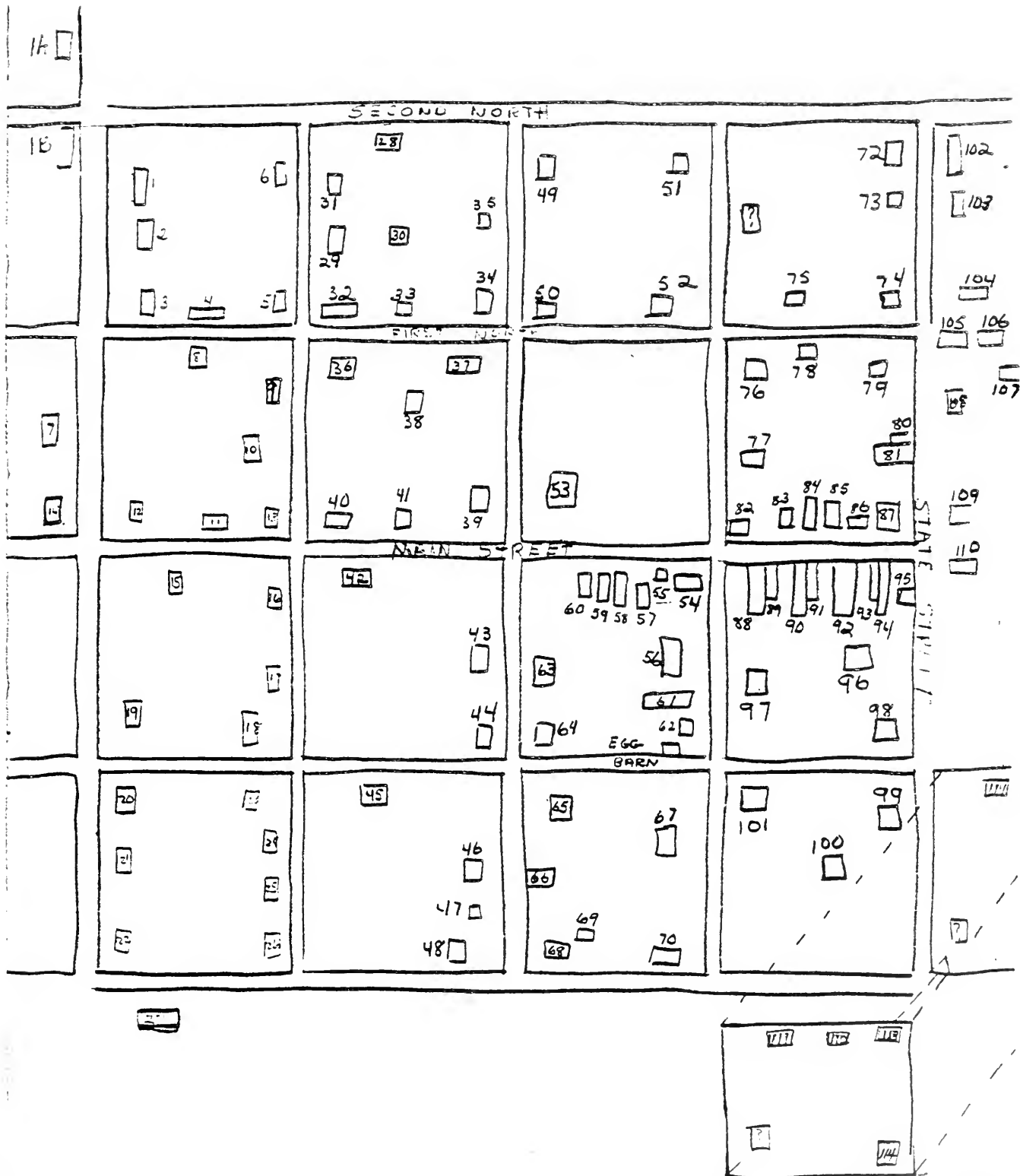
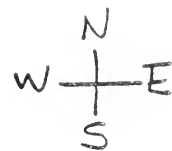
Marysville, Idaho

Looking Southeast from Norman Hillam's Farm. Notice the
School House on the Left of the Picture. Taken about 1912.

MARYSVILLE

Map drawn by H. Russ Egbert and wife Marie. This is Marysville as we recall it between the years 1899 and about 1909.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1A. William Whittle | 45. Willard Reynolds | 83. Ed Shettlers Bank |
| 1B. William Hardy | L. Christensen | 84. Heseman Lbr. Co. |
| 1. Howard Cordingley | 46. Heber Hardy Store | 85. Wm Barrett Mercantile |
| 2. Johnny Huntsman | 47. Town Well at Bert | 86. Farmers Equity |
| 3. Joseph Glover, Jr. | Reynolds Home | 87. Frank Britton Store |
| 4. Jim Martindale | 48. Reynolds Hotel | 88. Cash Racket Jim and |
| 5. Wesley Tidwell | 49. Grace Taylor | Bill Leepers Store |
| 6. Hyrum Hess | 50. Henry Brower | 89. 3rd Postoffice |
| 7. Joseph Glover, Sr. | 51. Uncle Joe Gribble | 90. Brig Nelson Saloon |
| 8. William Hodges | 52. Thomas Gooch - One | 91. Ray McOmber Harness Shop |
| 9. Mont Fuller, Sr. | of 1st Homes | 92. McArthur Hotel |
| 10. Alvin Matthews | 1st Postoffice | 93. Oscar Cusic, No. 1 |
| 11. Henry Hutchinson | 53. Brick School house | 94. Clyde Lucas, No. 2 |
| 12. William Cordingley | 54. Lime Harris' Black | Residence--Store |
| 13. Mr. Night | Smith Shop | 95. Skating Rink |
| 14. David Wetherbee, Sr. | 55. Town Swings | 96. Hyrum Coleman |
| 15. Wilmer Green | 56. Kelley's Hotel | 97. Ed McGavin |
| 16. Mrs. Moultry | 57. Doctor Young's | 98. Bud Hutchinson |
| 17. Elijah Robinson | Drug | 99. Jim Simmons |
| 18. Sheppard Dance Hall | 58. Oscar Green's Saloon | 100. Les Crandel |
| 19. William Sheppard | 59. Black Smith Shop | 101. Adolph Marler |
| 20. Jim Gunter | 60. Barber Shop | 102. Frank Britton Implement |
| 21. Mr. Swainston | 61. Kelley's Livery | 103. Frank Britton |
| 22. William Hobson | Barn | 104. John Hendrickson, Jr. |
| 23. Mr. Shettler, Home | 62. Thomas Karren | 105. William Winigar Butcher |
| Banker | 63. Uncle Cap Harris | Shop |
| 24. Lundy Loosli | 64. Bishop Mack Harris | 106. William Winigar |
| 25. Del Allen | 65. Joseph Hollis Egbert | 107. Ray Hammond |
| 26. Dick Kirkham | 66. Louis Shaw Black | 108. Mrs. Richard Brower |
| 27. John Whittle | Smith | Millinery Shop |
| 28. Diamond Loosli | 67. Relief Society Granary | |
| 29. Delbert Hess | 68. (1) John Huggins | 109. Fate Smith |
| 30. Otto Johnson | (2) George Woods | 110. Joseph Lamborn |
| 31. Orval Glover | 69. City Jail | 111. Duncan McArthur |
| 32. Grandma McOmber | 70. Mat & Gale Bishop | 112. Ephrium Thompson |
| 33. Heber Smith | 71. Lyman Heseman | 113. Clad Nelson |
| 34. Ernest Whittle | 72. James H. Wilson, 1st | 114. Simeon Jones (1) |
| 35. George Simpson | Bishop - 1891 | Otto Johnson (2) |
| 36. School House- | 73. Alma Hale | 115. Oscar Dockstater |
| Built in 1899 by | 74. Hyrum Stott | |
| Alma Hale | 75. Melvin Hammond | |
| 37. White Ward Hall- | 76. Brigham Nelson | |
| Built 1901 | 77. William Kirkham | |
| 38. First Ward Hall | 78. Horton B. Leavitt | |
| Built Abt. 1893 | 79. Joseph Hendricks, Sr. | |
| 39. Tithing Office | 2nd Postoffice | |
| 40. Albert Humphrey | 80. McNaire Black Smith | |
| 41. Boyd Reynolds | Shop | |
| 42. Chris Christensen | 81. Hendricks Livery Barn | |
| 43. Emerson Green | 82. Boyd Reynolds Butcher | |
| 44. Jack Williams | Shop | |



MARYSVILLE

By Sarah B. Johnson

The flat land laid remote in solitude,
The brush filled hollows waited to the beat
Of birdsong sounding in a wild etude,
No man to mar or tarnish this retreat.

Sagebrush and juniper perfumed the air
As bountied elderberry, chokecherry and sarvice
berry sweet
Grew unattended in abundance there,
Burdock and thistle crowding round their feet.

The sun shone hot upon the grass-swathed earth,
Small creatures shyly used their trodden paths.
Of water here was sensed a yellow dearth
For long had passed the time of rainy baths.

To this forsaken land a covered wagon came
Pulled by hungry horses, and alone,
A people searching long, and tired, and lame
Here in this sleeping valley found a home.

Enduring cold harsh winters persevered
The stanch and sturdy farmers waiting spring,
Between two rivers, Snake and Fall
With hopes they could to crops the water bring.

Soon other wagons came to form a town
Of homes and stores, where children's voices trill
As school and church was added, then a name
To mark the place that they called MARYSVILLE.

Following is a round table commentary taken on tape between Ward Reynolds, Russ and Marie Egbert, Lawrence and Adessa Christensen and Joe and Edna Heward. It took place in the home of Joe and Edna Heward about 1967.

Ward: I have followed this Baker deal down and asked Otto Sturm if old man Tatlow had filed on the Sturm place. He said "No, sir, John Hill's brother filed the homestead right where we live, the summer of 1888, and two of the Sprattlings filed the summer of 1888, but none of them got in here that summer. They didn't get in here until after the Bakers came next spring, in 1889, and built their little log house. They were the first ones in Marysville." Now, Otto Sturm told me this less than an hour ago.

Joe: Do you know the brother of John Hill?

Ward: No, I don't. I asked Otto Sturm and he said Bishop Hillam and John Hill told him John Hill's brother filed the original homestead on the Tatlow or Sturm place.

Joe: Lawrence, I would like to have you tell us when you first came to the community.

Lawrence: I came in December 1899.

Joe: Were you born here Russ and when?

Russ: I was born here in the fall of 1896.

Joe: When did you come to the community, Ward?

Ward: We landed in Marysville the 8th day of May 1902.

Joe: You were mentioning something of the first winter the Bakers spent here and what they did.

Ward: The first story that I have heard about the Bakers spending the winter here was the summer of 1889. They broke up seven acres of ground on the north of the Baker homestead, the old Baker home today, and raised wheat on that seven acres. They thought it was going to burn up when they didn't get rain and didn't get rain. It was along that creek on the sub ground and in the fall of the year, they cut that seven acres, and the boys tell me today, the second generation of the Baker family, that they estimated that wheat would have gone sixty or seventy bushels to the acre. During the summer, timber haulers from the lower country came right by the Baker property to get water from the Baker spring; coming and going across the valley from one creek to the other, and they all watched that wheat as it matured. They didn't have anything to cut that wheat, all they had was an old wooden beamed hand plow and two sections of wooden harrow. They farmed this seven acres and began to plant a garden the first season they were here. When they came to harvest that wheat, they got an old second hand mower some place and cut and bunched it. They had nothing to thrash with.

There were lots of people coming in for land the next summer, the summer of 1889 and 1890.

Joe: As I understand it, the community here was named for the wife of this original Baker family. Can you tell us what her name was Lawrence?

Lawrence: Mary Baker.

Joe: What was her husband's name?

Lawrence: I don't know what his first name was.

Joe: Do you know, Ward?

Ward: Joe Baker. He was known as Uncle Joe Baker in this country all his life, and she was known as Aunt Mary Baker.

Joe: Did all three of you fellows know her and her husband?

All Three: I knew her.

Ward: I knew both of them.

Joe: Do you, off hand, have any idea how many people came in 1890, 91 and 92?

Lawrence: I don't know how many came, but the Will Whittles did, and I guess Dave Weatherby, the grandfather of David Weatherby, but I don't know who else.

Joe: Did they build their homes on land they filed on under homestead rights or did they build here in Marysville?

Lawrence: Lamborn, you know where he lives, he came here in 1890, and, as I understand, David Weatherby's father and Bishop Wilson were the ones who each donated eighty acres of ground for the building of the Marysville village.

Joe: I have heard that story myself. It was, I presume, after that time that they started to build in the village of Marysville, that particular area. I presume, prior to that they were pretty much building on homestead rights that they had filed on, is that correct?

Lawrence: I think most of them did, although some built in town first and then went out on the ranch.

Ward: The old man, senior David D. Weatherby, built on his 80 acres, that is just off the townsite. All the Hendricks' came here in 1892, the year after the Harris' and built on their property, that is the Ed Heseman place. Mr. Geisler built one-half mile north of the townsite, and Mr. Tatlow built on his ground where Emil Sturm's home is now. John Hill built on his ground where the Church Farm is now. I don't think it was possibly until 1895 when they began to build in the townsite here. Joe Lamborn built on his ranch, the west side, and Oscar Dockstader built where Glen Troth lived, this place first being owned by Mat Bishop. Lyman Heseman built a house where Dean Parkinson lives now. Even Dime Loosli moved from his ranch about 1904 and built in town, also his brother Lundy. Hyde Hess built here in town and Hall Egbert moved in from his ranch at Lodi. Barretts built the rock house on the Jack Steinmann place and the Karren's moved from their ranch where Sherman Hess lives now, onto the old "Tav" Cordingley lot.

Marie: The McGavins all homesteaded and moved to town. Jim McGavin, the father, moved to town and built right where Ervin Spitz lives now. I guess Tom Gooch lived all the while he lived in town, in the house he built, where Henry Kidd lives now.

Lawrence: M. M. Hammond lived right across the street east from Henry's. Tom Gooch built his home on the ranch and that is where he lived until he moved away then Edmund lived there.

Joe: That is the 80 which I have now. You have something Russ?

Russ: My Dad, or my folks, moved from out south here to Lodi first, that is just west, across the road from where Reid Richey now lives. That was when my Dad was carrying mail quite a bit from St. Anthony, then we moved to Marysville in the Fall of 1900.

Ward: Hall Egbert continued to carry mail when he moved here. He was the first mail carried I remember carrying the mail from St. Anthony here with a team.

Russ: There was another one carrying mail before he did, so the paper said, and that was Morris Sprague. He carried mail from Market Lake (Roberts) to St. Anthony and on up to Marysville. They used to have the postoffice there at the J. T. Dorscheus place at Lodi, and the next mail stop was at the Baker ranch, before they got the postoffice here at Marysville.

Ward: I understand before the turn of the century that Lodi was located 1/4 mile west from Dave Larson's place and it was a one room log school house, and a gathering place even before Marysville started to grow, but when Marysville began to grow, and the mail kept coming, they just had a mail center. They named this little community that was growing faster than Lodi, Marysville, after Aunt Mary Baker.

Lawrence: I understand that Tom Gooch's wife ran the first postoffice in Marysville. The Shephards' came in here early. I don't know what the father's name was, but the boys were Billy and Jim. They built a dance hall right on the top of the hill, right across from where Berry Jones lives now, in fact it is the John Marsden place now, where he has his hay stack. That is where they danced for years. Old man VanSicle was the violinist. He had one stiff leg.

Russ: Cow-leg. Marie's folks came here before we did.

Marie: They moved to the farm now owned by Lynn Hart. My father homesteaded that in 1893.

Joe: And what was his name?

Marie: Thomas William Karren. They built this house here in Marysville and moved here in the winter time for the children to go to school, and I was born here in 1901. Just another little thing that was reported on how Marysville got its name. They said there were five women in Marysville of the first families who moved in here whose name was Mary. So naturally with Mary Baker having the postoffice, they just called it Marysville, and that was a real good name for it.

Ward: During the year of 1889, when the Bakers came in here, the Whittles followed in 1890, then all of the Hendricks family, which were several. Being a polygamist family, there were two big families of them came with Uncle Joe Hendrick, and along with them, all of the Harris' came, there being three families of them, Uncle Cap Harris and his boys, two of them with big families. Mac Harris and Jim Harris were starting families at that time. The Karren's came in 1893, and about that time Cook Drollinger and the Cordingleys all came in about '93 to '94.

Marie: Joe Glover also came at that time. His wife was my mother's sister, and they came together in 1893.

Ward: Along with all of these families we have mentioned, about that time Arthur Gifford came in and took over the old Jim Bainbridge ranch, joining Tatlow and Hill and the Spratlings. Along the next two or three years, all of the McGavins came in, John McIntoch and all of the Spragues, and Emerson Greene. Between 1890 and 1900, all of these old timers, we all know, came in these few years, a matter of six or eight years.

Lawrence: They tell me that the Will Cordingley well was the first well dug in the Marysville townsite, however, Mr. Geisler had the first well, which was north of the town. We all went to these wells to get water. We hauled water all the time, hauling from Fall River to start with--just backed into the river, filled our barrels and came home.

Joe: How were these wells dug?

Lawrence: Just by hand. I don't know how deep they had to go with them, but Will Cordingley had lots of water, and so did Geislars have lots of water, and we watered cattle there all the time--pulled it up with a bucket.

Joe: Did you have anything you would like to add, Russ?

Russ: Oh, I would like to tell an experience I had one time here. Many of you remember Mot Fuller and his people who were here. They lived just across the road west of where McCausey lives now, and because of the extreme need of water, Mr. Fuller decided instead of keep going to Reynolds' well so much, that he would try and dig him a well of his own, and he endeavored to dig. When he got down to about ten feet, the well caved in on him. I was a kid and used to carry milk over to Mrs. Fuller. I well remember this incident. They got help there and started to digging Mr. Fuller out. I was right there watching every movement.

Joe: Was he completely covered?

Russ: Yes, he was completely covered, but as it started to cave, he threw his hands over his face and head, and went down. They dug for quite a little while, say possibly half to three quarters of an hour before they were able to contact him, and somebody, I don't know who it was, hit him with the shovel and he just grunted and jumped a little, then they had a renewal of energy, and soon got the old fellow out, but when they got him out of there he was just about gone. I don't believe from his feet up to the top was 10 feet. He had some water.

Joe: Do you have something you wanted to mention now Lawrence?

Lawrence: The first postoffice was in the old Gooch home, the old log house where Kidds live now.

Adessa: Veda's dining room is the old original postoffice. Part of it is frame and part is log. That is the old Thomas Gooch home. Thomas was Edmund's and Orlando's Father. When Lawrence's folks came here, they bought a home that had been built by John Cordingley before he moved out to the ranch. They moved here in 1899. The Cordingley's not only built that home but they built the one where the well is and also one down in the block below where Stanleys live now.

Lawrence: That was the Hardy place. They lived just across the fence where Lee Ferguson is living now.

Joe: About how many people were in Marysville around this 1900 to 1905 period of time?

W. I think Marysville had at that time as many people or as big a population at that time, 1905, as it ever had in the history of the town.

Russ: I would say here, I have 101 families jotted down here of whom I knew all of these people. They are not new to me as when I was a kid I knew everybody and what they were doing, and had my nose in everybody's business. One time, Lawrence's

Father, while I was listening to him and my dad talk, turned around and spit right in my eye. I never liked Mr. Christensen from that time on and whenever he came to our place, I never stuck very close to him. I went to the house and was crying, and Mother washed my eyes out a little bit and said, "It served you right, why were you sticking around there, you are always right in the way." Wherever Dad was I was most often there. When Dad came to the house he came laughing and Mother said it was no laughing matter, and Dad said if Russ had of been where he belonged, he wouldn't got spit on. Mr. Christensen wouldn't have done it for anything in the world, because we all liked him. I was zigging when I should have been zagging that time.

Lawrence: I can tell you one thing that happened after we were incorporated. Bill Hobson was the cop here, and one day Edmund Gooch and Bill Price came up through town with the bob sleigh and team and I guess they were going pretty fast. Bill Hobson was down there by the store and he claimed he could run up and see how fast they were going. We were coming down the road from where Shirley Reynolds lives now, with a load of straw and of course they passed us. Of course, they were arrested for going too fast with their team of horses. They had a trial on it, and William Whittle was the judge. Judge Woods was the lawyer for the town and Hall Egbert was the lawyer for the boys. We had a great time that day. The boys got turned loose. They took Dad up on the platform as one of the witnesses, and he was for the boys. He answered the questions, and of course, I listened to what he said. Then they asked me to come up there and I cited what he said and that was what saved the boys, I guess.

Ward: While we were speaking of the law in our town, our first jail stood on George Wood's lot back of his house. At that time the Railroad was going through here and we had two saloons in town and the railroad workers made Marysville a gathering place to get to these saloons. One night they were kicking up a lot of disturbance, and Billy Hardy, the cop, went up town and tried to arrest a couple of them and they got him down. Mack Harris, a two hundred thirty or forty pound man, stood off a little ways, and finally he just walked over and took both of these hobo railroad workers by the collars and stood them up and marched them off and threw them in jail. They kicked the sides of the jail out and walked off.

Adessa: Grandpa Will Whittle was pretty good at predicting things. Once when he and the boys were up in the timber across the river north, getting timber out, he stopped work suddenly and went and told the boys to gather up their tools and put them away that they were going home. He named the boy who had been hurt and said that he was seriously hurt and they must come down, and sure enough it had happened when they reached here.

Joe: I know the brick school house was not yet paid for when they quit using it.

Ward: Well, Uncle Will did the same thing on the old frame school house that stood back of the Ward house. My Father was in favor of education and the bishopric was helping in getting us a school house, and we met there for a school election. About the time Father took Boyd and I over there to vote in favor of it, here came Uncle Will with Joe, Kelly, Zee, Earn and Marion, and I thought for a minute they were going to throw us out of the house. Then they let Father and Boyd vote, they were both of age, and I wasn't 21, and when I stepped over to vote, Uncle Will said "I CHALLENGE THAT KID'S VOTE", so my vote was challenged and I didn't get to vote. It scared me to death and I was beginning to look for a place to hide. That was in the old frame school house, and I didn't know that was repeated again when they built the brick school house. The other school house served its purpose.

Adessa: He said this would be a white elephant.

Ward: Many of us got through the eighth grade who wouldn't have done otherwise. and when they built this other school house it served doubly good.

FREMONT COUNTY ORGANIZED
From Ashton Herald, Progress Edition
August 21, 1975

All of what is now Fremont County was originally part of Owyhee County which had been organized Dec. 31, 1863. Twenty-two days later, Oneida County was established by the Idaho state territorial government. All of present-day Fremont County was included. County seat was Soda Springs.

Later, Malad City was made county seat, and all county business was conducted there until Bingham County was created Jan. 13, 1885, with Blackfoot as the county seat.

Fremont County was created March 4, 1893, and embraced the territory which would subsequently be divided to form the additional counties of Clark, Jefferson, Madison and Teton. St. Anthony was made temporary county seat until the general election Nov. 6, 1894, when it was made permanent.

Madison, Jefferson and Clark Counties were created by the Idaho Legislature Feb. 18, 1913. Teton County, which was then included in Madison County, was created in 1915.

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Excerpts from Minutes of Board of County Commissioners and Minutes of Board of Trustees of the Village of Marysville.

St. Anthony, Idaho, Jan. 15th 1904. As per adjournment of yesterday, the Honorable Board of County Commissioners convened. All present when the following proceedings were had, to wit:

In the matter of the petition of R. W. Hardy, et al, for the incorporation of the Village of Marysville, the Board finds the following to be facts: First: That the metes and bounds of the proposed village are as follows: Commencing at a point forty rods south of the southeast corner of the southeast quarter of Section 30, in township nine N. of range forty-three east of Boise Meridian, and running thence East 40 rds., thence north 240 rds, thence west 240 rds., thence south 240 rds, thence east 200 rds. to the place of beginning. Second: That there now reside within said above described territory more than two hundred inhabitants, bonified residents thereof. Third: That a majority of the taxable inhabitants of said district proposed to be Incorporated, have signed this petition, and do hereby favor and request such incorporation. Fourth: That the name of said incorporation district shall be the "Village of Marysville". And order that the within order of incorporation be spread upon the Commissioners journal, and it is further ordered that James H. Wilson, William A. Barrett, Levi B. Reynolds, James G. Wood, and Joseph Hollis Egbert be appointed trustees of said Village, each being over the age of 21 years and reside freeholders within the limits of said above described territory for more than a year last past. Which said trustees shall hold office, perform all the duties and requirements connected therewith, from date hereof up to and until the first regular election in said village, or until their successors are duly elected and qualified.

January 18th, 1904. Minutes of the Board of Trustees of the Village of Marysville. Board met as per appointment in the Tithing Office, courtesy of Bishop James H. Wilson. There were present, J.H. Wilson, W. A. Barrett, Levi B. Reynolds, James

G. Wood, and Joseph Hollis Egbert. All having received their appointments as village board members and were sworn and took the oath of office before Justice of Peace J. G. Wood. James H. Wilson to be Chairman of the board.

(Part of page missing)

On motion of O. H. Cusick, and seconded by J. H. Egbert that we suspend the rules and pass and approve an ordinance known as No. 4, relative to the taxing of dogs and licenses of same, it was carried. After consideration and talk pro and con, the name of William R. Hardy as village marshal. A motion was made by J. H. Egbert and seconded by O. H. Cusick that W. R. Hardy be appointed Village Marshal, (He, Mr. Hardy being the first Marshal in Marysville, Jan. 25th 1904.) at a salary of \$10.00 per month on filing a bond with the board of trustees in the sum of \$500.00. On motion of W. A. Barrett, seconded by O.H. Cusick that we do now adjourn until Feb. 1, 1904. Carried. SIGNED James G. Wood, Clerk.

March 18, 1904. The trustees of the Village of Marysville passed a law that closed the saloons on Sunday and compelled the drug stores to have a written excuse for wanting wine and whisky on Sundays.

April 12, 1904. J. H. Egbert was appointed marshal of Marysville, water master and street supervisor. \$20.00 per mo.

Water arranged for May 30th, 1904 for the town of Marysville. 100 inches. The water cost \$3.00 per lot on all lots that wanted water.

Oct. 9, 1904. W. O. Kelly, W. G. Hutchinson, restaurant and hotels, and other businesses had to get a license to operate. The first jail was built in Marysville by W. L. Fuller to be finished Jan. 25th, 1905 for jail.

Jan. 16, 1905. Grant Hopkins offered to build the bridge across Snake River at what they call the old Wilson Ford, just north of Rodney Gifford's place for \$525, if the people would furnish all round timbers necessary for construction of said bridge and that the board of village trustees will act as mediator between the contractor and the Board of County Commissioners. He would furnish all nails, iron bolts. Pete Wilson furnished all planks.

Jan. 15, 1905. J.H. Egbert resigned as Marshal, but acted until Feb. 13, 1905, when S. C. Drollinger was appointed marshal.

The fine for strays was 50¢ per head for sheep, goats and pigs, and all other, such as horses, cows and so on 25¢ per head. No animals could be staked on the streets of Marysville.

From Ashton Herald, Ashton, Idaho, Golden Anniversary Edition, 1956

In July, 1890, when Idaho became a State, Marysville was known as Springville. When the settlers petitioned for a post office, there were already so many Springvilles in the nation that they were asked to choose another name. There were five Marys in the community: Mary Weaver Baker, wife of Joseph Baker, Mary Smith, wife of Heber Smith; Mary Spratling, wife of John Spratling; Mary Dorcheus, wife of John T. Dorcheus; and Mary Tatlo, wife of the surveyor, Sam Tatlo. And since the first postmistress was Mary Baker, the name Marysville was a logical result.

COMMENTS BY P.D. MCARTHUR

Prior to 1887, the territory East of St. Anthony was just a wide open space, covered with tall waving grass during the summer, but the snow fall was four or five feet deep in the winter. The Dimond Bar, and the H.S. Cattle Companys grazed hundreds of head of cattle on this range during the summer months.

The first settlers that moved into the valley was the Joseph Baker family. They came in the spring of 1889, and settled just North of Ashton on a warm spring. After gathering as much wild hay as possible, and a small grubstake, Mr. Baker went to Montana to find work, leaving his wife Mary with three or four small children, twenty miles to their closest neighbor. Few women would have had the courage to have tried such an undertaking.

The next year a few more families came, mostly from the old pioneer stock from the northern part of Utah. Some came because they thought it would be a fine cattle country, others came to make a home, and others came to the end of the road, and was too poor to go back. They all had an overdose of that stuff that dreams are made of, but each one broke from the sod small tracks of land, according to their means and Horse flesh. Those who were able to plant most had more for the cattle and squirrels to destroy. We had a fence law that protected the cattle men. The law stated that the posts must be so high and so thick and SECURELY FASTENED TO THE GROUND, and, of course, so long as a bull could push them over or raise them up they were not securely fastened to the ground. It didn't matter so much, for what the cattle didn't get the squirrels did. It was all in all a great equaliser.

In those days, we all knew each other, even to the smallest detail of his business, we knew how many horses, cows, hogs, chickens, and children each had, and the women folks could tell the birthday of each one. We all went to church together, we danced together and if a blizzard was on, we stayed at the home where we were. If there was any sickness everybody's mite was at stake, and they never failed to be there in person. We had no deaths (YET). There was too much snow, besides the ground was frozen too hard.

Our first and only Church East of St. Anthony was an L.D.S., and we built in the year 1892, with Hyrum Wilson presiding Elder, and John Hill and Joseph Hendricks as his counselors. Emerson Green was Superintendent of the Sunday School.

Our first mail carrier was Morey Sprague, who made the trip in two days on skis with his dog and a hand sleigh. Mary Baker had the postoffice in her home.

Our homes had all about the same architectural design, consisting of two or three rooms made from rough logs. They all had dirt roofs. When it rained, it generally took about all of the cooking utensils to put around under the leaks.

We had been here several years before we could raise wheat, and when we did it was frozen, the flour made from it caused the bread to be sticky. The women folks as a rule took everything as a matter of fact, but when it came to that bread, well the hogs didn't like it, but there was nothing wasted.

We never had an entertainment that Aunt Lib didn't sing "Hard Times Come Again No More", and we would all join in. I often wondered why they sang it as it seemed to me that hard times were there already.

MUSIC IN MARYSVILLE
Taken From
MARYSVILLE AND ASHTON MUSICAL HERITAGE PRESENTATION
Written by Ruth H. Barrus

A square of land was set aside for the townsite, the post office was moved from the Baker home, and Marysville had its official beginning. The first mail carrier, Morris Sprague, brought the mail in by dog sled that first winter. Even though the settlement was small, steps were taken immediately to form an L.D.S. Ward, which was organized November 8, 1891, with James Henry Wilson as Bishop. Meetings were limited at first to the summer and at members homes, until the first log church building was completed on the town square in 1892. A new Ward house came in 1899, and the first school was held in the William Hardy home in a large partitioned living room. A two-story frame school came later, with belfrey and a spiral stairway to be proud of.

It is recorded that the first real celebration was on July 4th and was held at Mrs. Blake's home where everyone joined to dance to the music of John Hill, violinist; Paul Spratling, banjo; Ernest Spratling, Flute; and Lew Spratling, accordian.

The old Shepherd Hall was the setting for many good times in this early community, and dances were usually a weekly event, with wedding dances in between. William Van Sickle and Mrs. Shepherd furnished the music, often taking a load of poles or garden vegetables for payment.

Dance was a favorite activity in the early pioneer settlements in our valley, and they were held weekly wherever there was space enough to accomodate a group--private homes, schools, opera halls, basements or hotels--wherever. Music was furnished by a two or three-piece orchestra -- a piano, a violin, and sometimes drums. The pianist usually chorded with the violin playing the melody. At times two violins were used. Some of the early dance orchestras included George Amen, Sr., piano, and Maynard Bowersox on violin; or Frank Bratt, violin, with Glen Baird on the piano. Another group consisted of Georgia Whittmore Kirkham or Esther Hunt at the piano with Ralph Stephens on the violin.

The first town band in this area was formed in Marysville around the turn of the century. The band was still functioning in the 1920's with band leader "Riley Red" Boyatt, a baseball player who could play trumpet. A bass horn was purchased by the Marysville Band and played by Dimond Loosli. It is now owned by Ted Taylor, who purchased it for \$20.00. It is about 70 years old, made of nickel, and still has a good tone.

In late December, 1898, Milton Melvin Hammond met the train at Market Lake to bring a newly married couple into Marysville. His son Milton James Hammond (b. 5 Jan. 1878 in Providence, Utah) was the new school teacher, and the son's bride was Aroetta (Retta) Hale who was a fine musician, having just graduated from the Brigham Young College in Logan in music. Retta soon became involved in the musical activities of the Marysville Ward, playing the pump organ for ward meetings, singing with her beautiful soprano voice, and training others to sing and play. In 1900, a teaching position in Teton City opened where the family moved. Retta always looked back fondly to the friends and musical "good times" she had in the Marysville community. Retta and Milton, my parents, have a great musical posterity that have served this valley to the present time, performing and teaching music.

Also arriving in Marysville in 1898, from Utah, were Dimond M. and Hattie Salisbury Loosli. Retta and Hattie became great friends and enjoyed musical activities to-

gether. Dimond was choir director for the Marysville Ward and played in the town band. His faithfulness is revealed by an experience told by his daughter Lisle Loosli Andrus. "One cold night in the winter time when I was about 7 years old, I remember father coming into the farmhouse after having ridden the horse down the railroad track for three miles to attend choir practise, and the icicles were hanging from his mustache. I thought at the time, was choir practise really worth so much exertion? He must have loved MUSIC!"

Daughter Lisle has carried on the musical tradition for the Loosli family. Her musical activities and leadership have been felt in wards, stakes, schools and communities. She married Golden Andrus in 1926, and in 1929, they went on a teaching mission to the Maori Agricultural college in Hastings, New Zealand. There, Golden trained male choruses and quartets and Lisle trained ladies choruses and trios. School teaching followed for this couple, and wherever they taught, choruses were trained and dance bands were formed by them.

For a fund-raising activity for the Marysville Chapel, Golden and Lisle assisted in an outstanding "Hawaiian Show." In 1976, on June 3rd, friends helped Golden and Lisle celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Lisle has taught privately for many years, and her numerous students helped honor them on this day.

Around 1915, Gene Belnap, principal of the Marysville school, organized an orchestra. The violinist was Monty Gifford who later gave tremendous development to the band program at Idaho Falls high school over a 50-year period.

An early resident of Marysville was Jesse M. Hammond (brother to Milton) and his wife Elizabeth Finnie Hale, who taught school and was a musician. In 1913, a large Ivers and Pond piano arrived at their home. Miss Desdemona Ross, a graduate of the Boston, Massachusetts Music Conservatory, came each week to the Hammond home in Marysville and gave piano lessons. Finnie took piano lessons in exchange for the use of her home as a studio. Miss Ross also outlined the Matthew piano method for her so that when the Hammond family moved to the Warm River Hatchery where Jesse was superintendent, Finnie was prepared to teach piano.

Finnie's daughter Zara Hammond (Tonks) (born October 3, 1908 in Marysville) and daughter Maxine were her important students. When the family returned to a ranch near Ashton, Zara and Maxine studied with Miss Ross, who had now become Mrs. Edwards. In 1921, Mrs. Edwards moved to California, and piano lessons began with Professor Clifford C. Clive who taught in the Smith home in Ashton.

Zara was a natural musician and went on to study music, particularly piano and organ, at Ricks College and Brigham Young University. She has taught music for over 50 years, teaching around 1000 students during that time.



MARYSVILLE BAND: Harry Staley (Horn), D. Loosli, Thomas Bethil, DeWitt Kelley, Harry Salisbury, Henry Hutchinson, Theo France (Sax), Earl Kelley, Myra Hardy, Frank Britton, John Hennings, Andrew Hennings, Robert Helm, Hilt Pumphreys.



A Singing Group: Thelma Egbert, Clea Leavitt, Veda Hendricks, Blanche Johnson, Lisle Leavitt.

This Bass Horn was purchased by the Marysville band and played by Dimond Loosli. It is now owned by Ted Taylor, who purchased it for \$20.00. It is about 70 years old, made of nickel, and still has a good tone.

MARYSVILLE CHILDREN'S DANCE 1934 - '38

By Marva Egbert Rich

It was navy blue taffeta--belero to match.
Hemmed up by a mother of taste.
The red checkered blouse of taffeta too,
Went atop a three inch dirndl waist.

There was a festive air in the house everywhere,
From chilled bedroom to frozen water bucket.
The men were a-choring
Not one soul was snoring
Preparation was one general racket.

When the beds had been made and morning prayer said,
Ore delicious fried spuds and pork loin,
I dressed in my finest
And bundled my warmest
As did those of the household a-goin.

Now I needn't be coy, I looked opposite of boy,
In my taffeta and my curly hair.
Mom had heated the curling iron in the coal oil lamp,
And made me beautiful beyond compare.

Then with favorite team, Dad pulled up with the sleigh.
Us kids gasped with ecstatic delight.
Harness bells tinkled sweetly with each move of the hooves,
And we assured him the bobbed tails were just right.

The girls realized this day the sleigh ride would be different
For our clothes now would have us confined,
To a place in the sleigh
On a quilt on the hay
But the boys got to ski some behind.

Five miles ore the rough but well traveled road,
We went north toward old Marysville,
It was 1938 and already the rate,
Of commercial progress had paled.

We enjoyed hearing Dad tell of the older days
Of this village and how it grew,
With millinery shop, and bank and saloon,
And a drug store with ice cream parlor too.

How to walk down the sidewalk of boards deftly laid,
With their sides just almost together,
You took such a chance
Of loosing your change
If not secured in a purse of soft leather.

He told of the pride the folks had in the town,
It's rock buildings and all kinds of stores.
They liked drama and band
And the church made the land
A good place to attract settlers by scores.

Yet now as we passed the rock building still there,
Quite alone in 1938
It looked to me rather sad
In its old trimmings clad
Revealing roles it had earlier played.

The Ward House was still there, I was so glad;
And already the music escaped,
And met us on the air
As we arrived there
For the Youths Christmas Dance and Promenade.

Veda Kidd, I recall, held the accordion wherefrom
Issued forth tunes for Virginia Reel.
The two step we rendered
With toes small and tendered
By those boys who could not dance at all.

Thelma June could chord the piano so well,
And it pleased all the folks gathered there,
The young and the old
The timid and bold
In spite of long wool underwear.

John Hendricks accompanied by playing the drums,
Or whatever he found with a tone,
A harmonica or a rope on a tub,
Or waxed paper across a large comb.

Now, I say, all the kids, had their own little jigs,
And the parents were amused to look on.
They enjoyed conversation
With the good congregation
Until Santa had come and gone.

Oh, the memories are sweet, and this town, I repeat
Holds a prominent place in all hearts
Of those who've passed by
And drank deeply and died
And left thoughts to appreciate.



First Store in Marysville - 1899-1908



William Arthur Barrett and Mary Melia
Weatherman Barrett
One of the First Merchants
In Marysville - 1899-1908



At the Time the Holtbrook Store

TOM ELLIOT, PETE DAVIS
AND ARTHUR GIFFORD

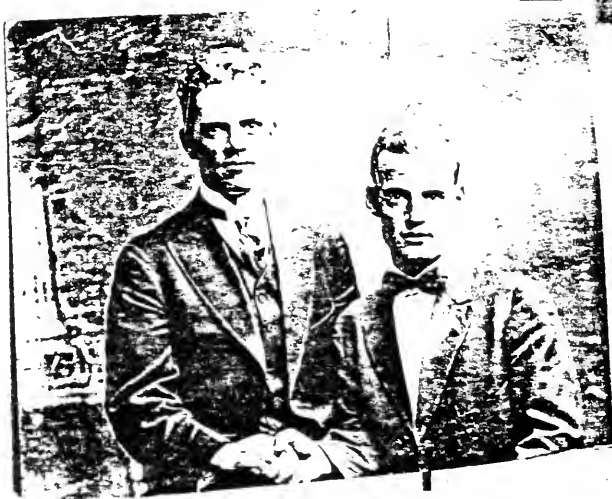


HI COLEMAN, JOE GLOVER
AND DAVE NELSON

READY FOR A TRIP TO
YELLOWSTONE PARK.



Right: LELAND Barrett, Rex McArthur,
Chas. McComber, Stillman Whittle,
Warren Cordingley



Left: Bill Hutchinson, Leland Barrett



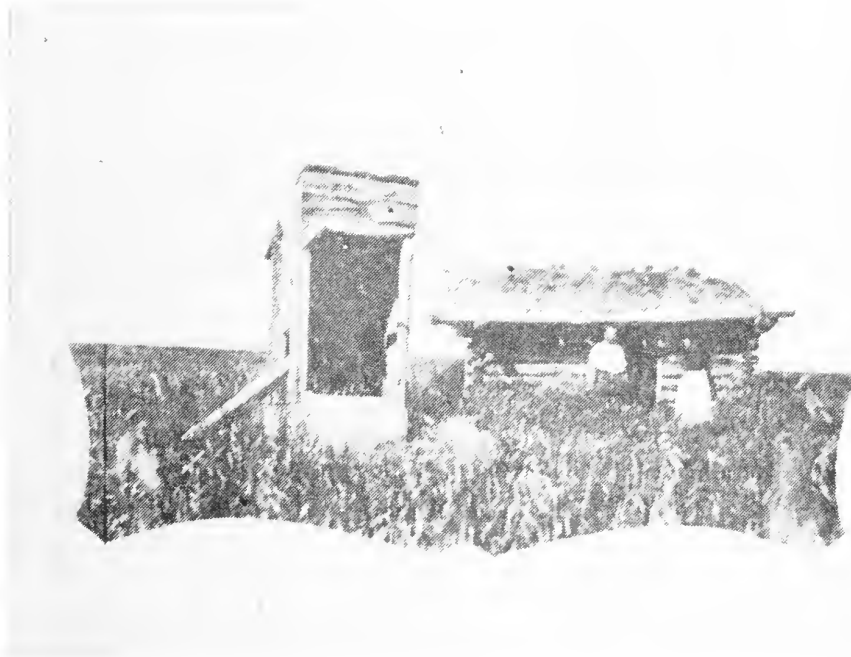
Zora Harris Reynolds, Myrtle Swainston,
Alzira Robinson



Warren Cordingley, Marshal McComber,
Chas. McComber, Lorian Barrett, Madia
Hutchinson, Ethel Woods,



Mr. and Mrs. F.M.
Jaynes- Summer of
1912. (Elizabeth
Geisler Jaynes)



The first well in the Marysville community. It was dug by Mr. Geisler and located in the swale on the west side of the road before you get to the corner of the Greentimber road, about half a mile North of Marysville. This well made it possible for the people in the community to get water for their livestock and home use without having to go to the river. The house was used as a "Pest House" or a place to quarantine for diseases.

MARYSVILLE WARDHOUSES
DEDICATED 1901 and Spring 1952





Sunday School Group Going to the Park: Darrin H. Simar, Veda Hendricks, Marlow Hendricks, Glen Leander, Thelma Egbert, Bessie Egbert, Annie Hendricks, Myra Watson, John Hendricks, Ralph Hendricks.



Honored as 50-year Members of the Relief Society are Marysville Ward Members, left to right, seated: Mrs. Maile T. Miller, Martha Leach, Rosella W. Egbert, and Raita Tidwell. Standing: Tina Howell, Luana Yundt, Carrie Henshaws, Rosella Johnson, and Augusta Reynolds. Other members with 50 years or more service, not present for the picture, were Mrs. Lena Christensen and Hannah Christiansen.

LDS TABERNACLE ENDS 53 YEARS OF SERVICE
Ashton Herald, March 9, 1967

After 53 years of service the Yellowstone LDS Stake Tabernacle will soon be no more. The Tabernacle was recently sold by bid to the Circle R Salvage Company after it was determined unsafe for further use because of cracks in the foundation.

The old building has served Yellowstone Stake as the only permanent Tabernacle ever used. However, three other buildings were used until its completion in 1914.

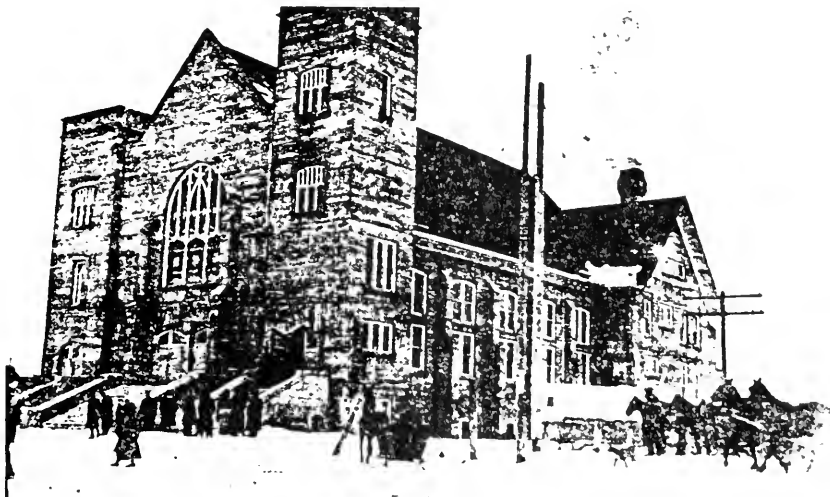
Plans for the Tabernacle were formed shortly after the organization of Yellowstone Stake which took place Jan. 10, 1909, at Parker, under the direction of Apostles George F. Richards and David O. McKay. The first Yellowstone Stake Conference was held on the second Saturday and Sunday of April, 1909, in the Bartlett Opera House, located where the St. Anthony City Building now stands. The second Conference was held at an opera house at Ashton. Then the Fogg and Jacobs building, now the St. Anthony Starch Co., was built and Stake Conferences were held there until the completion of the Tabernacle.

The first Stake Conference in the new Tabernacle was Saturday and Sunday, April 25 and 26, 1914. Apostles Rudger Clawson and Seymour P. Young of the First Council of Seventies, officiated.

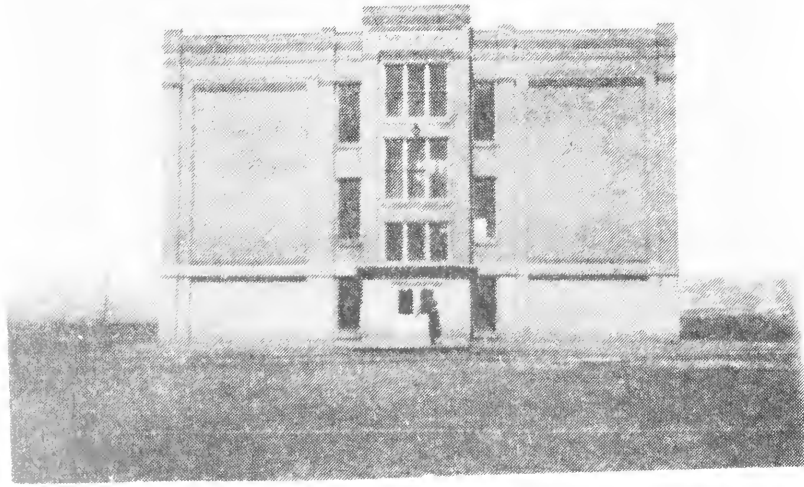
The following were the leaders of the Stake: Daniel G. Miller, president; Marion J. Kerr, first counselor; James E. Fogg, second counselor; Chester B. Walker, Stake clerk; George Robertson, Stake patriarch; Julia Miller, Stake relief society president; Willard W. Spiers, Stake superintendent of Sunday School; Jefferson C. Coffin, Stake superintendent of YMMIA; Effie Miller, Stake superintendent of YWMLA; and Ella Chase, Stake president of the Primary organization.

Yellowstone Stake at that time included Parker, Hemen, Egin, St. Anthony, Wilford, Twin Groves, Ashton, Marysville, and Sarilda.

The building was constructed of poured concrete from the ground up.



MARYSVILLE SCHOOL HOUSE - COMPLETED 1913



Class Taught by Mrs. Jennie Phillips. Top row: William Carter, ElRay Andrus, Robert Carter, Paul Gifford, Bud Gooch, Billy Reynolds, Alfred Cordon, Dennis Gifford, and F. A. Jackson. Front: Alma Wright, Sheron Gunter, Donna Green Gloria Kidd, Bernice Hillam, Zaralene Egbert, Vella Reynolds, Marcelene Hillam

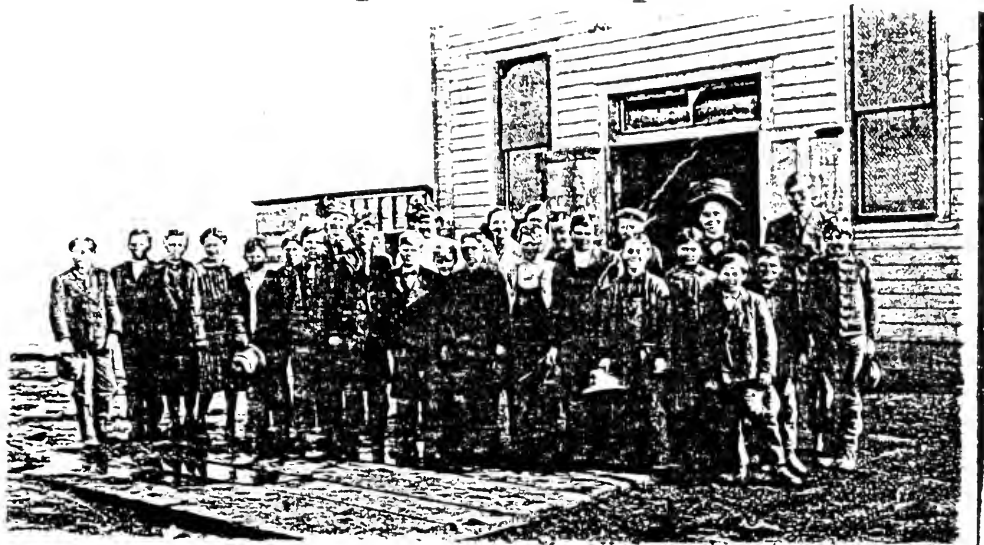


Eighth Grade Graduating Class in Marysville. Back: Edna Harris, Lyle Loosli, _____, Pearl Cordingley, _____, Leona Hodges, Sheri Fess, Effie Bainbridge. Second: Clea Reynolds, Hazel Hendrix, _____, Prin. Austin Belnap, Wanda Simmons, Farrell Cordingley, Pearl Broadbent. Front: Leland Glover, Jay James, Marvin Hillam.

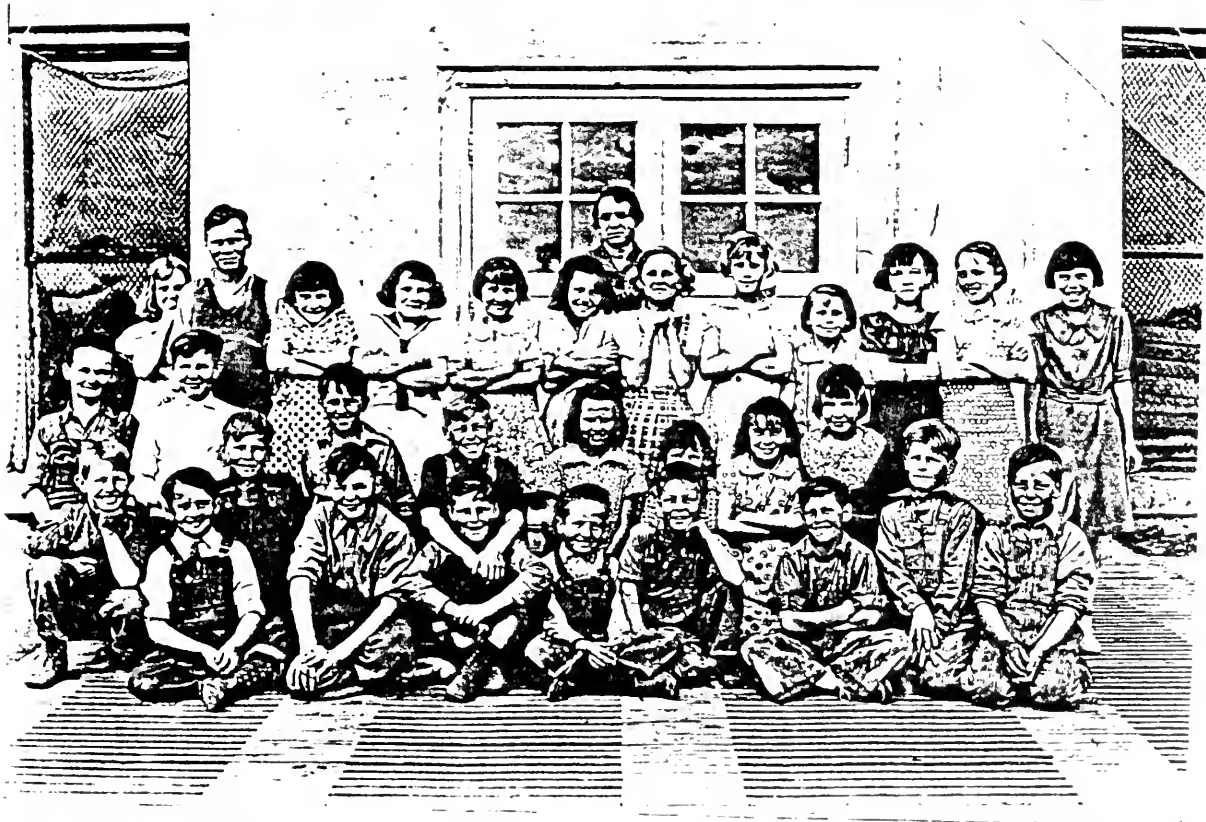


Eighth Grade Graduating Class in the Old Marysville School

The School Pictures Below Were Taken in Marysville
In About 1901, and Three Grades in About 1937



The old Marysville school house Mrs. Holmes the teacher



TEACHER, Miss Beatty. TOP ROW: Vida Glover, Neil Wirick, Pauline Egbert, Oleta Odell, LaVonna Cordon, Florence Coach, SaDonna Stanley, Vonda Hillam, Madge Cordingley, Verla Johnson, Beth Holbrook, Clarabelle Wirick, MIDDLE ROW: Ted Martindale, Frank Stanley, Monte Perry, Cleon Cordon, Dick Heinz, Lucille Cordon, Coleen Reynolds, Georgia Cordingley, Ruth Cordingley, BOTTOM ROW: Bud Davis, Hollis Cordingley, Foryl Kidd, Kent Glover, Dale Cordingley, Clendon Martindale, Lawrence Coach, Neal Christiansen, Ken Hendrickson.

KIDS DISAPPOINTED WHEN INDIAN RAID FIZZLES OUT by Verna Harris Reynolds

In the early days the Indians had a route of travel through this valley over the Conant pass into Jackson's Hole where they spent the summer. So naturally, during their seasons of travel, scouts were sent out to be on guard for any sudden attack.

Early one spring two scouts, Joseph Hendricks, Jr. and Jake Pilant came rushing into the small settlement of Marysville and reported a large band of Indians were approaching the town.

As was the practice then, my mother gathered us small children, bedding and food stuffs and proceeded to the schoolhouse, while my father and older children of the family rounded up the cattle and proceeded to the old Joe Baker home, north of Ashton where there was a spring which provided fresh water. After gathering at the first little log schoolhouse, further investigation proved there were no Indians.

We children were very disappointed on the way, because of being robbed of the opportunity of camping out and perhaps being involved in an Indian raid.

My sister was married to the same man three times. My father Eli Harris was the first Justice of the Peace of Marysville. After holding office several years, he received notice of his release from office, and mail service being what it was in the early days, several marriages had been performed after the expiration date. So these couples who had been married, traveled to St. Anthony and were remarried, my sister being one of these. A few years later she and her husband went again to the Salt Lake Temple and were married the third time.

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The first plane to come to Marysville landed in a pasture in 1922. Everyone went to see it. The cows rubbed against it and broke it and the pilot was here for several days getting it repaired.

Adv. Nov. 2, 1905 - RAILROAD IS COMING and property will go up. Now is time to buy. See Wislon and Hale for number of best farms near Marysville.

Adv. Dec. 16, 1899 - We predict wheat will sell for \$1.00 a bushel by May 1, 1900. Write for a booklet. Hammond and Co., Brokers.

WRESTLING - taken from the Ashton Herald, Golden Anniversary Edition 1956. (April 20, 1922) The first wrestling bout at the Marysville Athletic Club last Thursday went to Stanley Loosli in 14 minutes. His opponent, Ed Gooch, had injured his ankle some time ago, and it was only to keep his fans from being disappointed that he went on the stage. At the end of 14 minutes the ankle was injured again, and he forfeited the match.

In boxing, Arval Brower won over Herschel Loosli by a knock out in the third round. No damage was received, though, the knock out resulting from an unexpected blow to the jaw. Reed Broadbent and Bert Kirkham drew in a four-rounder, as did Guy Cordingley and Earl Swainston--both bouts being extremely fast. LeGrande Kirkham was given a decision over Zera Egbert in another four round bout. Wendel Spencer won in a fast and clean four round bout over Bob Hendricks.

Oliver Baum and Ivan McGavin wrestled 20 minutes to a draw, neither man being able to pin the other to the mat. Mitchel Shults lost to Ralph Carter, although no fall was registered. Myron Cordingley won from Danny Hoffman in a fast and furious wrestling match. This match was well worth the full price of admission, both lads being in tip-top shape and mixing all the time. Several side matches between kids who had grudges to settle were allowed on the stage. These were popular while they lasted.

Marysville, 1906, RAY MCOMBER, the harness maker, is located in the Lucas addition on the Sern Miller property on First North. J. G. Wood closed the deal. Wood has closed several deals of real estate during the spring months. He does things up brown these days.

MARYSVILLE LAW REFEREES FIGHT - May 18, 1905, Marshal Drollinger was referee and C. I. Lucas was time keeper during a fistic encounter Saturday between two of our young bloods. All came out on top except the fellow who wallowed in the mud puddle. Everybody satisfied with the time and decision.

Adv. 1922, From Ashton Herald, April 20, 1922. WHY BUY A FORDSON TRACTOR?
Following are comparisons of four head of work horses and a Fordson Tractor:
Horses -- 6 a.m., feed, water, and harness team. Start to plow at 8 a.m. Dinner: 12 to 1:30 p.m. Quit plowing at 6 p.m., take care of team--by 7 p.m., a loss of $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours plowing in a 13-hour day. Amount of plowing accomplished with 4-horse team, 5 acres.

Tractor: Get up at 6 a.m. have your breakfast, oil and grease tractor, and be ready to start plowing at 7 a.m. For lunch 30 minutes. Plow right up to 6:30 p.m., home at 7 p.m. Time lost, 2 hours. Amount of plowing in one day, 10 acres.

If you are in any doubt of the above, call up the following parties who have run their tractors for the past two years--Ed Carey, Willard Bonneru, Elmer Bonneru, Eldon Pence, and many others. HUMES & SWANSTRUM.

Wanted -- Girl for general house work, four in family. \$4.00 a week. Inquire M.J. Gray, Post Office.

One good Knock-About Buggy, \$10.00. Call at Peak-Chronicle office.

(Adv)
THOMPSON'S

Where the price you pay doesn't have to take care of from 1 to 2 years time on goods bought by other people.

Levi Strauss overalls, 65¢
Ladies' shirtwaists, 40¢

(adv)

Our underwear will feel good on you, and we can supply hose so swell you will roll up your trousers at the bottom.

Men's spring suits, too - \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00. BOYLEN, HeSells Clothes.

(Adv)

Fogg and Jacobs, six miles northeast of Marysville. Wenieedge lumber from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per thousand feet at mill.

(Adv) 1905
SETTLER'S RATES

Daily from March 1st to May 15, second class settlers rates, From Chicago to Butte, Pocatello, Ogden and Salt Lake, \$30.00.

(Adv)

Suit Sale. We guarantee our coat fronts never to break. Regularly \$8.00 - only \$4.00. Stylish stripe suits, usually \$13.00 only \$10.00. Finest suits \$30.00. Skelet & Shell.

MAUDE ELLA BAKER CHERRY
By Daughter Veda Cherry Richards

Maude Ella Baker Cherry was born July 11, 1878, near Hubble, Nebraska, the daughter of Mary Weaver and Joseph Baker. She had four brothers and four sisters; Horace, Martha, Clara, Wallace, Roy, Grace, Jettie, Charity and Robert.

Her father was a farmer. Their farm in Nebraska was on a main road where many travelers passed going west. Sometimes one family traveled alone, but often five to ten wagons came in a group moving west together. Occasionally, a big wagon train came that way and it would require many days for all the wagons to pass their home. Some of the smaller groups camped close by to get water from their well, and buy vegetables and fresh milk. The stories of these people probably influenced Joseph and Mary Baker to 'go West'.

When they decided to leave Nebraska, many days were spent preparing for the journey. The last day Maude attended school, the teacher called her up to the front of the room and said, "Children, we want to bid Maude goodby and wish her well. She is going out west where there are Mormons."

They started early in May, with two wagons, a one seated buggy, six work horses, a pony, one team of mules, some chickens, and 32 head of cattle. Maude's tenth birthday was just another hot, dusty, dreary day somewhere on the plains.

The Bakers reached Bernington, Idaho territory in September and lived there during the winter.

In the spring of 1889 the family came to the Upper Snake River Valley. Their homestead was the first to be claimed in this valley. Their bedroom was a covered wagon box set on the ground and the kitchen was a make-shift shelter until the log cabin could be built. Logs for the cabin were hauled from Greentimber and her brothers, Horace and Wallace would make two trips a day. Four other cabins were built that summer on homesteads claimed by Levi Gifford, L.M. Smith, John Hill, and two bachelors.

Maude's life was typical of all pioneer women. The coal oil lamps, lye soap, and travel by wagon were all part of her daily life, and a pump close to the kitchen door was a luxury.

She wrote in her life's history, "It was my job to care for the dirt floor in the cabin. Each day, right after dinner, Clara, an older sister, would sweep the floor with a sage brush broom. I would fill a large kettle with water. I had a sack fastened to a stick and dipped the sack into the water and swished it over the floor. If no one walked on the floor until it was dry, the dirt would be hard and smooth."

Maude loved to go riding with her brothers, Wallace and Roy. They often fished at Henry's Fork of the Snake River for fun and she had a favorite pony called Nell. She read from school books that her family had brought from Nebraska. A school was started and she completed the seventh grade. Even though she had a limited education she loved to read and had many books and magazines that she spent much time reading.

Levi Eddy Cherry came to this area in 1900. He filed a homestead claim on 80 acres of land one mile south of Ashton. Levi and Maude would tell about the good times

they enjoyed at the dances and celebrations. They were married on April 6, 1904, at St. Anthony, Idaho. They are the parents of four daughters; Velta, Mrs. Austin Brower, Veda, Mrs. Harold H. Richards, Mrs. Nita Gray, and Eddy LaRue, Mrs. Bernard Lee, and a niece, Lelah, Mrs. LeRoy Gardner, who always lived in their home and is considered a sister.

In those days, after the spring crops of oats, wheat and maybe a few acres of barley were planted, many men went to Montana or Island Park to put up wild hay, or drive stages in Yellowstone Park to make enough money to keep their families during the winter. Maude accompanied Lee on some of these jobs to cook for the hay men.

About 1910, the Reclamation Road from Ashton to Moran, Wyoming was built. There were three road houses between Ashton and Moran where men could get a meal, and there were stables and hay for the horses. Lee worked on this road during the summer, and that fall Maude and her girls moved with him to the Milligan Road House. Maude cooked at this road house and sometimes there were as many as fifty men to be served at a meal. Maude and Lee returned to the farm after one year.

All the equipment, materials, and supplies necessary to build the Jackson Dam were hauled by freight wagons and horses over the reclamation road. Lee drove freight outfits to Moran for many years, until trucks replaced the freight wagons and horses. These years are remembered for the family gatherings and the friends and neighbors who came to partake of the dinners Maude would cook. Some of the fond memories were of the large threshing crews in the fall and sleigh rides with sleigh bells in the winter.

Levi Cherry passed away on August 1, 1931. Maude stayed on the farm until the fall of 1936 when she moved to her home in town. She always loved to raise flowers and vegetables. She bought many plants that were not usually grown in this climate. She liked to study about and experiment with these plants. Many people enjoyed her beautiful flowers and she enjoyed sharing her flowers and vegetables with friends.

She was a very determined person. When she was convinced she was right nothing could change her mind. For several years she spent part of each winter visiting with her daughters, but she always came back home early in the spring to plant a garden and care for her flowers.

Maude was in poor health the last two and one-half years of her life. She left her home in Ashton September 2, 1961 to live at Firth with her daughter, Velta Brower. On July 21, 1963 she went to Ogden, Utah to stay with another daughter, Veda Richards until her death January 26, 1964.

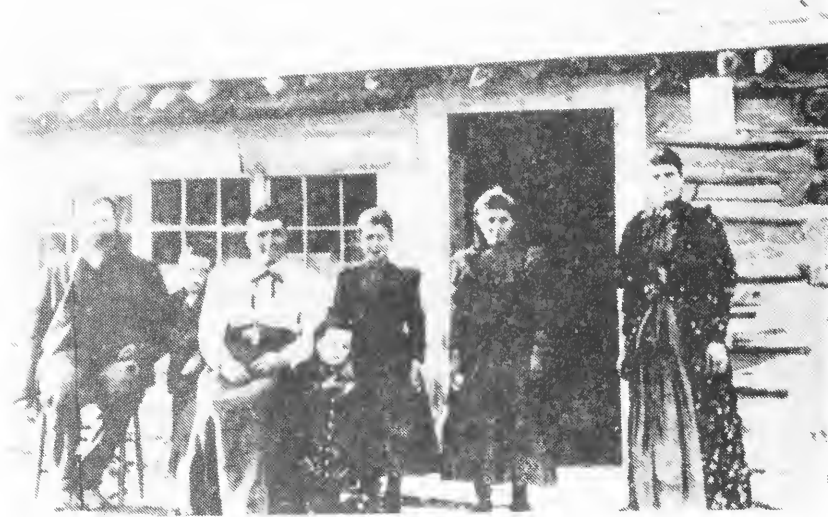
This little poem partly expresses her ideals.

BE STRONG!
WE ARE NOT HERE TO PLAY, TO DREAM, TO DRIFT:
WE HAVE HARD WORK TO DO, AND LOADS TO LIFT:
SHUN NOT THE STRUGGLE - FACE IT: 'TIS GOD'S GIFT.

FIRST FAMILY OF THE MARYSVILLE AREA
JOSEPH AND MARY L. BAKER AND FAMILY

Picture Taken 1889

MARY BAKER - FIRST POSTMISTRESS



IN MEMORY OF OUR FIRST BISHOP, JAMES HENRY WILSON

By Veda Hendrick Kidd

In giving this history of Bro. Wilson, I will have to bring in some of his background and also some of the early history of Marysville. I gleaned this information from several different people and the more I've found out the more interesting it has become and hard to believe that our little village here was so prosperous and an up and coming town at one time. I can remember a lot of this, but the town was even larger farther back than my memory and before I was born.

The Bishop's parents were Elijah Wilson and Martha Kelly. Elijah was born in Joann County, North Carolina, 14 Feb. 1801. Martha was from Kentucky. They were married in 1830.

Martha and Elijah lived in Illinois until 1835, then went to Pottawattomie, Iowa, then to Missouri and then back to Illinois again, during which time they had eight children born to them. Also during which time the saints were having such a struggle for their very existence. Elijah Nicholas was their seventh child. He was the boy who ran away from his home because he was tired of herding cows, and went with the Indians to get a Pinto Pony. (Perhaps you have a copy of "Uncle Nick among the Shoshones" or "The Little White Indian Boy"). Uncle Nick, as we all called him later rode in the Pony Express and it was while riding here he was shot in the head by an Indian and left for dead with an arrow in his head. It was left there for some time as they were afraid to remove it. After it was removed, it left a deep hole. The skin grew over it, but I can remember seeing it in his head when he came out to LaGrande, Oregon to visit the Bishop. He came and stayed with us at Mt. Glenn for a few days. He sat and told us Indian stories for hours in the evenings by the fire and I remember how we enjoyed them.

Four more children were born to Elijah and Martha while they were still in Iowa. In 1850 they came to Utah and settled at Grantsville, Tooele Co. There their 13th child, Elias, was born. He married Mrs. Laura Price and everyone knew them as Aunt Laura and Uncle Lias, and everyone loved them. Aunt Laura helped out a lot in the music line in the early days in our Ward. She was quite an accomplished piano player, and she was what you call a person with a "Green Thumb". Everything she touched grew, it seemed, and their yard from the house to the road was a riot of flowers. They lived where Cordons live now, the whole place where Cordons had garden used to be flowers.

Uncle Lias was like his brother Henry, kind and good natured and never got excited or perturbed over anything. I can remember once when I was a small girl about four, Aunt Laura and Uncle Lias were at our house for supper and a man came running in the door (seems like it was a Mr. Humphries, but don't know if it was Milt or his father) and he shouted "Your house is on fire!" We all ran outside and flames were coming out of the roof. Daddy climbed up in the attic and Mother and Aunt Laura and some man who collected from neighboring houses, in a hurry handed up buckets of water one right after the other (Aunt Laura mostly just wringing her hands). They soon got the fire out and we went back to try and finish our supper, and there sat Uncle Lias and my oldest sister, Annie, who had never gotten excited enough to leave the table!

It was while Martha and Elijah lived in Grantsville, Utah that James Henry, their fourteenth child was born on the 9th of April 1855. His boyhood was spent like other boys of pioneer days, cutting timber, clearing ground and herding cattle and horses. Above all, he was taught the Gospel and respect for the Priesthood. He grew up to be a strong and healthy young man. He was married on November 20, 1878 in the Endowment House to Phoebe Coleman of Smithfield, Utah, the daughter of William Coleman and Amy Gibson Coleman.

Henry and Phoebe made their new home in Oxford, Idaho, Oneida County. It was here their first child, Phoebe Jane (Weatherbee) was born, Sept. 29, 1878. From there they moved to Paradise, Utah, Cache County. Paradise is a little town up above Hyrum, Utah. (My mother's people lived there, her brothers, Jake and Juel Wahlen run the newspaper at Hyrum for years.) (Oneida County at this time extended to Pocatello.) Here two more children were born to them, Amy May, who married Andrew Cunningham, and Martha Ellenor, who married my Father's brother, Asa Hendricks. Henry and Phoebe then moved to Smithfield, Utah where Almira was born. She became the wife of John Crouch.



James Henry was freighting with wagon teams for a living at this time, 1895. Goods were brought through there and on up into Jackson, Wyoming and to Silver Bow, Mont. The country around Pocatello was Indian country and even as late as this time, every once in a while Indian scares and killings took place. Idaho Falls was then known as Eagle Rock. It was while James Henry was doing this freighting that he found this wonderful valley and decided to move back to Idaho, so he moved his family up to Salem. Rexburg was the Stake headquarters, but the county seat was Blackfoot, and from there up still was Bingham County. Rexburg had been started by Thomas E. Ricks. He was the Bishop of the Bannock Ward, Cache County, and he with a company of Saints was sent up in this country. They landed at Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls) and Bro. Ricks came on up and saw the place where Rexburg now is. He decided to build his new settlement there, so on Feb. 11, 1883, Rexburg, which was named after him, was started. So it was a growing settlement of four years when James Henry moved up to Salem. While here Mary was born, she married Baxter Gunter. Here also a son was born in 1887, William Henry, and died that same year. Then Sarah Laretta was born, she married Henry McGee.

James Henry became a counselor to Bishop George Harris in Salem. In the fall of 1889 he came to Marysville and homesteaded 320 acres of ground, 80 acres on the north side of Marysville and the rest northeast of the townsite. He moved his family up in April 1890. He bought logs from Whittles and built a log cabin on his land east of town (where Ern Whittle now lives). There were very few families here. A man by the name of Geisler had taken up land close to the Bishops. There were more families down below where Ashton is now, so at first they thought they would build the town there, but by July 1890 there were enough Saints to organize a Sunday School. Bro. Wilson was appointed as Presiding Elder, and a Sunday School was organized July 9, 1890. The first Sunday School, with Thomas Whittle as Supt. was held in Bro. Wilson's house. My grandfather, Joseph Smith Hendricks (who was blessed by the Prophet himself at Far West, Mo.) had taken up a homestead southeast of the town and three sons right around him. He had built a very large log house on his land (where Heseman's farm is now). His boys had one eighty on the place across the street from him (now owned by Don Loosli), and one eighty across the county road the other way, east of Bishop Stringham's. The Whittles, Hardys, Weatherbees, Lamborns, McGavins, Greens and Hendrickses were about all here then. Bakers lived at the springs and they had a large house. Because of the springs at Baker's place, they then planned on building the settlement down there. They decided to call it Springville, but on investigation found there already was a town called that, so they decided to call the name of the new place Marysville after Mary Baker. Mrs. Baker was appointed Post Mistress of Marysville, Bingham County on Oct. 6, 1891.

A Ward was organized on Nov. 8, 1891 with James Henry Wilson as Bishop and Joseph Smith Hendricks as First Counselor and John W. Hill as Second Counselor. John Hills homestead was where the church farm now is. The Ward Clerk was Ernest Spratling. The Bishop then organized the different auxiliaries, Sunday School first

with Supt. Emerson E. Green, First Ass't. Joseph Smith Hendricks, Jr., Second Ass't. James G. Harris. Emily Lamborn was put in Pres. of Relief Society with Adelia Barrett as First Vice Pres. and Lucinda Weatherbee as Second Vice Pres., Jennie Bainbridge treasurer, and Annie Gooch as Secretary. John Whittle was put in Pres. of Y.M.M.I.A. and Annie Gooch was put in as Pres. of Y.L.M.I.A. with May Harris as First Ass't., and Laurinda Hendricks as Second Ass't. Elizabeth Harris (Aunt Lib, as every one called her) was appointed Pres. of the Primary. Aunt Deal Whittle was one of the counselors, but I don't know the other at this time.

The Bishop and Counselors formed a Corp. to form a township or village. They were advised to build the town about where Ashton is now, but as more were for it here, it was decided to build it here, and as a deciding factor, Bishop deeded 80 acres to the town and David Weatherbee another. Bakers had a store soon after taking the post office so Marysville was really started down there. The first Fourth of July celebration held after the organization of the Ward, was held at Bakers' Springs or Marysville as it was then. They built a bowery and a platform by the house large enough for one quadrille set and they could have one set in the house. The players for the dance were John Hill on the violin, Phil Sprattling on the banjo, Ernest Sprattling played a flute and Len Sprattling an accordin. It was a Gala affair. My father and Lucy Harris took the spotlight with the new kick Schottische. Lucy was about fourteen years old then, but the way they dressed and did their hair, the girls looked older than they were.

The first house that was built on the new townsite was by Tom Gooch. He was the new Notary Public and was the back two rooms of the house we (Kidds) now live in. In 1897 or 98 the Post Office was moved here in Tom Gooch's home. Mrs. Gooch took care of it until her death in 1900. A meeting house and school house were started. Church meetings were held at my Grandfather's until the meeting house was finished, as he had the largest house. The meeting house was built just south of the Ward Hall. It was quite a large log building and was dedicated in 1893, probably by Pres. Thos. E. Ricks. (Couldn't find it recorded, but he visited here frequently, I found in the old Relief Society records.) He was a very prompt man - was never late but once in his life for an appointment and that was up to Driggs once when he was two minutes late. Bishop Wilson also visited with the Relief Society often. In those days they had a legal corp. of the Relief Society besides the Pres., Vice Pres., and Second Vice Pres. and they were set apart at a special meeting at nine or ten o'clock in the morning for a term of four years. As one example, on the 12th day of May 1899, Pres. Thos. E. Ricks and Elder L. J. Nuttle were present at Relief Society meeting at ten A.M., not only were the executive officers set apart, but the Bishopric set apart a committee as aids to dress and look after the dead and another committee to decorate for the dead, for funerals, etc.,

It was in this meeting house on Dec. 4, 1898 that Martin Harris, son of the Martin Harris who was one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, visited our Ward and told his father's story, and it was really thrilling.

The first church house was sold to Claude Cusic and water was purchased by C.I. Lucas.

Bishop Wilson went to Salt Lake for the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple on April 6, 1893. (Aunt Lue Leavitt quote) "I became a member of the Marysville Ward when I was sixteen years old. Bishop Wilson was a wonderful man and his counselors, Joseph Smith Hendricks and John Hill. To me they looked very very powerful and dignified as they sat behind a table and took charge of a handful of the Lord's children. With their kindness and love, they made us love them. When a call was made of any of us, we did our best to fill it. When our Bishop went to Salt Lake for the Dedication of the Temple, we were all so anxious to hear what happened. We had no radios nor telephones, nor daily papers nor even weekly newspapers, so we all gathered to the appointed place of meeting, which at that time was still held in my

Father's house. I remember how happy we all were, and how excited because we knew we were going to hear some wonderful news. After singing and prayer and sacrament was passed, Bishop Wilson stood up and how grand he looked! He was so filled with the spirit of the Lord and as he related the beautiful things he had seen and heard, the tears rolled down his cheeks and many others were wiping their eyes. He said some heard heavenly music and others saw Heavenly beings and that the spirit of the Lord was in the Holy Temple in abundance. Our Bishop brought a big part of it back to his little flock in the snow."

Trip to Salt Lake taken from Bishop's book. "February 25, 1897. Left home Feb. 25, 3 ft. snow. Wilford by night, foggy. Feb. 26, still foggy. Arrived Market Lake 5:30 P.M., 6 in. snow. Met Findley (Mr. Findley was the man who with a Mr. Rice had a store in St. Anthony). Feb. 27, on cars (train) at 12:08 a.m. Ida (Idaho) Falls, some snow. Blackfoot same, little snow. Pocatello no snow, Cache Junction some snow, Brigham City 6 in. snow. Ogden no snow in town, good sleighing out. Salt Lake little snow, lovely morning. Had the honor to ride with Pres. Woodruff and Smith and a gentleman from Australia. Have stopped to get lunch the first since leaving Market Lake. Expenses on trip: Paid on organ \$13.20. Horse stable \$.25, Ticket \$15.55. Supper \$.50. One meal 26th \$.25. Suit of clothes and grip \$5.75. Total \$35.50. Goods bought on trip \$134.57. Bought for Fred Romrel, 2 pr. overalls, 1 shirt, 1 rubbers, pocket knife, \$.40, Hat \$1.50." He didn't waste words in describing anything and apparently was very interested in the difference in the snow from here to Salt Lake.

Bishop Wilson went to Salt Lake for the Golden Jubilee, which was July 22, 23, 24, 1897. Here is the account of his trip in his own words: "Left home at 7 p.m., traveled all night, got to Loosli's at 5 a.m. the 20th. Stayed to Loosli's till 4 p.m. To Market Lake 6 p.m. 21st. Got on train 12:08 at Ida Falls. Train loaded down. Stopped Pocatello 2 hrs. Grain on road to McCammon looking bad, in Cache Junction dry, grain failure. Salt Lake 10 a.m. Lots of people. Took in sights, at 8:30 went to concert in Tabernacle. The way it was decorated is beyond description. The way Main street was decorated with electricity cannot be described. The change in the last 50 yrs. is wonderful. If it improves in the next 50 yrs. as the past, it will be a paradise. Taking notes at 12 midnight and think I would give anything if all the people of Marysville were here! July 22nd, up at 9 a.m. Lunch. Saw the children's parade. Beautiful floats. Tabernacle at 10:30. Half of the people could not get in. Saw Pres. Woodruff. Crowd. Great reverence shown him. 2 p.m. ordered goods.

"Five p.m. went to Saltaire. Man jumped 80 ft., man rolled a ball up winding stairs. Back to City 8:30 p.m. Grand parade. Got jammed so cars (street cars) could not get through. Went to theatre on Joseph Smith. Now go to bed at 1 o'clock. July 23rd. Up and out at 9 a.m. Grand Parade by counties. Most beautiful. 2 o'clock went out to the Penitentiary and went through it. Took a bus trip to park. Went through electricity plant. Children's concert at night. Fire brigade run a large crowd and killed or badly hurt several people. In bed at 11:30. All is well. July 24th, up at 7 o'clock. Went to Court House. Most beautiful parade at 11:00 showing all the floats of the past few days and some new ones. 6 o'clock (couldn't make out the words). Then went up to fire works at 8:00. It was the most beautiful of all I have seen since here. It showed Brigham Young, Governor Wells on teams of Ponys and the Temple. To bed at 10 o'clock, tired out. Goods ordered, Ray McComber chew tobacco (tub. chu.) \$.25. Shoes latic No. 7, flour 50 lbs. for Watzon. Shoes No. 8 wide, garters, socks \$.25. Joe Roskelly socks \$.25, Ace Hendricks shoes, garters No. 7, Karren Boys tobacco chew \$.50."

The school house was built on the southwest corner of the 3rd block down in the north west part of the town. They later built a frame building just across the street from it. This was about the second frame building in town. It was in this first school building my parents were living when I was born. First teachers in new building:

Prof. Johnson and Hazel Kelley upstairs, Finnie Hale Hammond 3rd and 4th grades down stairs, Kate Kelley 1st and 2nd grades.

As the people settled here, everyone turned out to help build them a new house, all the men working on the house until it was done. The women cooked the dinner and then when each was finished there was a housewarming party. They split shingles from blocks of sawed logs with their axes. Anyone who could buy real shingles was considered pretty wealthy then. Grandfather Hendricks and M. M. Hammond had a saw mill at the confluence of Snake and Warm Rivers in 1894.

They needed a tithing office and a granary, so they built one on the lot where the Bishop erected a house for himself in the town on the northeast corner of the township. Tithing was then paid in produce, any kind the people could pay, and the Bishop had to take care of this tithing. He had scales installed at the granary. His brother, Lias, helped some and other members when asked, but it was a big job for the Bishop and his family. Butter and perishable foods had to be paid for and distributed to those who could use them and trade for other things, or they had to use them or store them. Grain had to be weighed and stored, hay weighed and stacked, poles sold or distributed some way, or sawed into wood. They dug a cellar to put vegetables in and if they weren't disposed of during the winter, then they had a job of cleaning in the Spring. When pork was brought in, the Bishop would cure it and store it in the grain, and several people told me it was delicious, and they considered it really something if they brought produce in or worked for the church and should be lucky enough to get paid with some meat the Bishop had cured. Bishop Wilson looked after his members like a shepherd watching his flock, and he knew each family about as well as his own.

Bishop's wife, "Aunt Phoebe" everyone called her, was a regular nurse and though she had a large family of her own, she was always ready to help someone else, and helped with the birth of many babies. (I just had to tell this and put it in the history somewhere!) Aunt Phoebe's by-word was "little bugger" this and that. Although she was as big hearted as any human could be, she had a sort of dry humor and was loved by all around here. The children used the same word. We lived across the street on the opposite corner of Britton's in a log two room house with a frame lean-to on the back. One day Earl Wilson came running right through our house without knocking, just as hard as he could run. Mother said, "Here, what are you doing running through my house like this?" Earl said, "I'm after that buggerin cat of mine." Mother said, "Here, don't you know that's swearing?" and Earl replied, "Taint swearing at our house."

Here are some tithing records taken from Bishop's diary or note book. Aug. 4th 1899 J. H. Hendricks, Hay \$1.80, Aug. 27, L. Christensen, Hay \$2.80. Joseph Glover, Wheat \$2.28 due him for hawling lumber, \$.43, Paid \$1.85. Eli Harris, Meat \$2.66. Due from Hammond \$14.05. H. A. Johnson, Hay \$3.50. Dec. 7 Ace Hendricks, Hay \$5.00. Dec. 13th, Levi Cherry, Hay \$5.00 to exchange for poles. Dec. 19, Johnson Bros. Hay 535 ft., 459 ft. \$9.94, owed \$6.10, paid \$3.84. Hyrum Coleman flour 32 lbs. Dec. 16th, Herman Johnson tithing, wood one cord. Fred Hoffman 31½ lbs. pork, J. S. Hendricks, Butter 2 lbs. \$.40. J. H. Hendricks, 11 logs, 7 poles. J. O. Olson 10 logs, A. H. Hale, Hay \$5.00, Hay \$3.00 paid in mdse. \$2.00 paid Kelly by shingles \$2.00, Kellys Hay \$7.00. This gives an idea of how the tithing was paid and how it had to be distributed. There is also a memo of an announcement to "please bring the chickens in dressed".

For several years in those early days, each fall the men would go together with the Bishop and drive herds of Elk down and corral them and kill what was needed for each family. They kept the meat frozen outside, so it kept well and they also jerked or dried it. I can remember sitting around the fire in the evenings when I was a little girl and my father would shave us off little thin pieces of dried moose or elk meat, and how good it tasted. Bishop had the men build a community ice house on the church lot also. As soon as they discovered the ice was frozen hard enough on the river they would put it away in blocks. They used to go up to Warm River meadows and all up in the Greentimber country and cut wild hay as none of that land was taken up then and was abundant with waving grass. Later the Bishop planted most of his place to hay and people would drive up here for hay from as far away as Idaho Falls.

Bishop Wilson looked after the water rights of the town. They formed a corp. and dug ditches by manual labor and horses and scrapers. Whole families moved up and camped out while the men dug the ditch. My family was one who did.

Bishop was always mindful of the young people in the Ward, organizing things to keep them interested and happy and good L.D.S. people. He had a house full of young people of his own. He and his wife had seven more children born to them in Marysville; James Hyrum, born 27 Oct. 1891, soon after they settled here. The six other children were Irvin, Roselva, Esther, and a baby born dead, Harriate Elizabeth, and then in 1902 a pair of twins, a boy and a girl named Earl and Pearl, making twelve living children in all.

I remember my sister Annie telling once that she and Esther and Roselva were over to Mrs. Brittons (who lived just across the street), and she gave them some candy and was taking some out to send home with her for the other children and asked "How many are there?" and Roselva answered "There's farten of us." in a slow drawl. Marion and Mary Whittle were the first twins born in Marysville.

While they were making the first dugway at Warm River, Aunt Lou cooked for the men up there. One day she went to the river to try her hand at fishing and she caught one. Having never done so before she got so excited she went to screaming and the men came running to see what was wrong. Tom Gooch took hold of her and shook her. She finally told them and then they were mad enough to shake her again. Some of the men who were working there with horses and scrapers were J. H. Wilson, J. H. Glover, Dime Loosli, H. L. Cordingly, J. T. Lamborn, David Wetherbee, Parley Thompson, W. R. Hardy, E. M. Harris (too many to list them all here). From this mill he got lumber and built his house in town. The front two rooms he built first for a store in 1896. He stocked it in 1897. Tom Gooch was in the store with him. A complete list of goods for the store follows, taken from the Bishop's list as he wrote it.

<u>Lbs.Etc.</u>	<u>Article</u>	<u>Price</u>	<u>Total</u>	<u>Lbs.Etc.</u>	<u>Article</u>	<u>Price</u>	<u>Total</u>
30	Sac. sugar	4.85	145.00	300	apples		12.00
6	case coffee	15.80	91.80	50	Blue vitriol		5.00
250	tea	.25	62.50	15	Nutmegs		5.00
300	rice	.04	12.00	2000	barbwire		35.00
700	dried fruit		35.00	200	tying wire	.05	10.00
750	tomatoes 10 case		20.00	50	staples	.05	2.50
600	10 case can goods		30.00	300	40 penny spikes	.02	6.00
120	2 cases soda	3.25	6.50	100	20 " "		2.00
500	soap	2.60	13.00	300	8 " nails		6.00
48	2 cases lye	2.16	4.32	200	10 " "		4.00
100	baking pdw.		9.00	200	shingle	.03	6.00
50	matches		2.00	110	10 gal. lard oil		7.50
2000	salt C & F		15.00	110	10 linseed oil		7.50

100	chew tobacco	36.00	50	brushes	10.00
100	smo. "	29.00	25	clothes line	5.00
10	" papers	5.25	200	5/8 3/8 rope	25.00
	Tobacco cutters & sawers		10	extracts for flavor.	2.00
15	3 tins bluing	1.35	25	sewing m. oil	2.50
25	chew gum	7.00	24	frying pans	5.00
300	candy	21.00	100	tinware	10.00
300	nuts	18.00	20	gunpdw.	5.00
300	soda crackers	18.00	25	shot	3.00
300	sweet crackers	21.00	25	lead	2.00
100	ginger snaps	8.00	50	olive oil	5.00
1000	25 kegs syrup	22.50	100	lb paper wrappers & outfit	5.00
1000	25 kegs pickles 3 gal.	30.50	50	lb paper bags	3.00
500	47 gal vinegar	6.11	10	stove polish	1.00
750	10 cases coal oil	22.50	25	wire nippers	4.00
300	144 brooms	25.92	100	shovels	12.00
25	5 egg cases	1.25	100	pitchforks	12.00
50	lamps & fixtures	10.00	100	crockery dishes	10.00
100	garden seeds	10.00	25	pocket knives	10.00
2000	bacon	100.00	25	hatchets	10.00
50	picks	5.00	50	picks	5.00
50	shovels	10.00	200	ft hardwood	10.00
10	1 lot candle	1.00	200	wash tubs & boards	10.00
200	corn meal	8.00	100	clevis	10.00
300	oatmeal	9.00	50	yd outing flannel	9.00
100	honey	10.00	100	box cotton thread	10.00
10	ink	2.00	100	yd factory	10.00
100	yds. calico	15.00	100	sps. warp	10.00
100	" gingham	15.00	150	sps. yarn	20.00
100	" dress goods	30.00	50	prs. corsets & steel	10.00
100	" cotton flannel	15.00	5	sps. silk twist	1.00
100	" flannel	20.00	100	fishing tackle	10.00
50	pr. underwear	10.00	20	pks. tacks	2.00
500	boots & shoes	100.00	10	lbs copper rivets	4.00
50	pk. cards pins, needles, buttons, safety pins	5.00	200	tin ware	10.00
100	pr overalls	15.00	5	bolts ribbon	2.50
50	pr pants	10.00	15	pk handkerchief & ties	5.00
100	over shirts	15.00	25	cotton bats	3.00
100	sox and hose	12.00	5	pr suspenders	3.00
50	hats	10.00		flour, starch	
300	suits and clothes	50.00			

Flour for Lodi 260.00

The shingles bought in this list were for his own house and were the first bought shingles used in Marysville. You can see by this list that the store was surely stocked from soup to nuts, as we say now. These goods were either freighted in by wagon and teams from Salt Lake or shipped by train to Idaho Falls and then freighted on up, as that was as close as the railroad was then. We now can't even imagine how hard it was for these pioneers to get the little things that we take for granted, and pay small attention to. Here are a few additional items:

50	pr. gloves	15.00
25	oilcloth	8.00
25	slates, pencils, chalk, writing paper	5.00
5	ply cotton trimming	1.00
	Harness fixtures, leather, knives, forks, spoons, scissors	
	Show case	37.90

The Bishop then sold his interest in the lumber mill to get lumber to build the rest of his house. He, with his counselors and the corp. decided to change the main street and build the town going east and west from Lamborn's to the county road. Will Hardy lived where Norman Hillam now lives, and all that land in there up to the highway and where the grave yard is was Hardy's. The first death in the town was Eliza Lamborn and that brought up the question of a grave yard, so the Bishop purchased the site of the present grave yard from William Hardy. The second death was Jane Hendricks, wife of Joseph S. Hendricks, Jr.

Bishop Wilson loved to hunt and fish and that is why my father and he were such good pals and neighbors. My father worked for him more than any other man, looking after his farm while Bishop looked after the Ward. All the Ward teachers had to report direct to the Bishop. He organized a study course of the laws and ordinances of our church and held regular meetings at which they had round table discussions. He organized a choir calling the members the same as if they were selected as officers of the Ward, and setting them apart for the purpose of singing in the Ward choir. Searn Miller was the first choir leader as near as I have found out. A man by the name of Joe Roskelly (his mother was a sister of my grandfather. She married Hyrum Watson.) was set apart to help Mr. Miller. He had a nice voice and used to sing for every big occasion as well as meetings and funerals. He married Frances Hinkley, a school teacher.

While speaking of choirs, a little story told me by Sister Egbert "One day while Sacrament meeting was in session, Annie Gooch was in the choir and Orlando and Edmund were little towheaded youngsters of 2 & 3 years or so, and were down in the audience. They called to their mother they had to go to the toilet right out loud. So she hurriedly left her seat and took them out, then came back in and took her seat. About a half hour afterward in came Orlando and Edmund right up through the audience and into the choir where their mother sat with their flaps down in back and bare behinds showing. I guess that was Sister Gooch's embarrassing moment!"

The Bishop had the ward hold reading circles and cottage meetings in the winter and in the summer every Saturday afternoon was declared a holiday and everybody met at the square for a ball game and children's races, etc.

As long as Bro. Wilson was Bishop and for years after a 4th of July celebration was never passed up as well as the 24th. He was the most civic minded man that ever lived in this town. On the morning of the 4th of July the whole town would be awakened by a volley of rifle shots. I don't know if the Bishop told certain ones to do this or not, but I know my Daddy used to be up to shoot and as soon as people could get breakfast over and kids and all dressed in their best, the floats began congregating at the square. Then there was a parade, afterwards a program, and lunch at the bowery. It would be constructed of poles with Quaking-asper limbs on top and would smell so delicious. There was always lemonade for everyone and home made ice cream. Babies were put to sleep on benches in buggies and baskets and even up on the table sometimes.

There were children's races, relay races of all kinds, 3-legged, fat men against skinny ones, married men and single ones, rope pulling, sack races, ball games and later horse races, buggy races, horse pulling, etc., and then home for supper and chores and back for the big dance in the evening. The first dance hall was Billy Sheppard's and it was on the north side of the road where John Marsden's hay yard was, across from Jones'. Some of the musicians of the early days were the Sprattlings, Dave Egbert, John Hendricks, Laurinda Hendricks, Lucy Harris, Adolph Marler, and others.

About 1898 they decided to build a new Ward House. They had built a new school (spiral) house by now and it could be seen a long ways off. The stairway, etc. they had built they really thought was something fine. I went to school my first year in this building. They formed a building committee to look after the work with the Bishop as head and he kept track of all the work days the men put in while building the Ward Hall. Some others on the committee besides the Bishopric were Steve Davis, Mac Harris and Ell McGavin. The men all went to the timber and got out logs the hard way, sawing them down by hand and snaking them out, and then hauling them with horses and wagons to the mill. They had to do this in the summer as they couldn't get up through the snow in the winter. From the accounts of the work days and lists in the record book, they were about two summers getting the lumber and building the foundations.

Annie Gooch took in boarders and Hattie Loosli and Rosella Johnson lived with her. They were Salisbury girls then and had no mother of their own, so Annie Gooch was mother to them until their marriage. Hattie became famous for her biscuits. A Mr. Carberry was foreman on the canal when they were digging it and he was boarding at Gooches, and every time she made biscuits he just about foundered.

The first organist in the Ward was a lady named Hattie Henry; she was from California and married Charlie Merrick in 1906. She wasn't L.D.S. but the Ward needed her music and she was willing to help. Hall Egbert moved up here from Lewiston in 1900 and he was put on the committee to take up donations for the Ward house. He was carrying the mail at this time. People had very little cash in those days, Fall of 1895. This was told me by Otto Stegelmeier, "I was sent up here by the U.S. Govt. as an investigator, sort of like a forest ranger is now. Wilson was here when I came. He was a good man, a good farmer and stockman. I have gone hunting with him many times and if he got more game than he needed he gave it to his neighbors and if I had any to spare I'd give it to him to give to whom he wanted. I met Hall Egbert in St. Anthony and he was taking donations to build the Ward house and I gave him \$25.00 and that was a lot of cash then. I remember the 4th of July celebration they had after the Ward house was built. There were 3 or 4 inches of snow on the ground!" A quote from Finnie Hammond "I was Miss Idaho and did it ever break my heart."

This is an example of some of the programs they used to put on and was the first 17th of March program in the Ward house. Marysville R. S. met at the meeting house March 17, 1901 to celebrate their annual day. Pres. Emily Lamborn was chairman. they commenced by singing by the choir "Now Let Us Rejoice". Prayer by the Chaplain Joseph S. Hendricks. Singing by choir, "High On the Mt. Top". The program was carried out as follows: Select reading by Eliza J. Hammond, entitled "The 17th of March", Song by Emma Huntsman entitled "We are all together again." Speech by Melvin Hammond. Recitation by Zina Whittle entitled "Caution". Speech by Lucinda Hendricks, recitation by Diamond Loosli, called "Man's Married Life", Inst. music by Hattie Merrick followed by a speech by Joseph S. Hendricks, Sr., Song by Belle Harris and company. Inst. music by Charity Baker. Speech by Wm. Hardy, sr., recitation by Wm. Barrett, called "The Blacksmith's Wife", song by Mary Taylor, song by Samuel Taylor entitled "Where is my money gone", Inst. music by Hyrum Hardy, Res. by Hattie Loosli called "A Dream". Res. by Alice Hobson, Song and music by David Egbert entitled "We Shall Meet Again", speech by Hyrum Cunningham, song by Stella McGavin entitled "Only a message from across the Sea". Comic speech by Marian Crouch, song by Joseph Roskelly, song by Roskelly and Stella McGavin. Stump speech by Alma Hale. Song by the choir "Come O Thou King of Kings" followed by supper and intermission for 2 hours, followed by a song from the choir "Praise Ye the Lord". Res. by Hattie Merrick, song by Alma Cunningham and company. Song by Christian Hanson, Res. by Finnie Hale. Select reading by Eliza Hammond entitled "Woman's Rights". Song by Mary A. Taylor, Ins. music by Hyrum Hardy, speech by Wm. R. Hardy, sr. Res. by Alice Hobson called "Maude Mullen", Song by Joseph S. Hendricks, Sr., entitled "Lacy Leroy", song and music by David Egbert.

Step dance by Wm. Hardy, Sr., Marian Crouch, Chris Hanson. Stump speech by Alma Hale, Inst. Music Hattie Merrick, song by the choir "Our God We Raise to Thee". Benediction by Chaplain Joseph S. Hendricks, Sr., meeting adjourned. Sec. Mary E. Hendricks.

This is one of the Saturday afternoon ball games between the Marysville boys and Fall River boys, played April 28, 1900, and in which the Fall River boys beat 25 to 19.

FALL RIVER

Will Richards
Geo. Wesley Rose
Thos. Richards
Daniel Hathaway
T. Oneal
Geo. Richards
T. S. Bright
Joe L. Howard
Francis Fairon
Jos. Rose

MARYSVILLE

Wess Bainbridge
High Larsen
Oscar Green
Nels Larsen
R. El. McGavin
Fred Summers
Boundy Loosli
Will Shppard
Will Barrett
Wilmer Green

I found a notation of April 19, 1897 of where Bishop took 39,601 ft. of saw logs at \$3.00 per hundred to Fogg & Farnes Co. The shingle mill where they hauled shingles from was 16 mi. southeast of Rexburg on Lyman Creek.

Here is a small list of some of the donations to try to raise some cash for the Ward house in Jan. & March 1901. Joseph Lamborn 140# wheat \$2.00, A. H. Hale .60, J. S. Hendricks wheat 140#, Dockstader .25 cash, J. E. McGavin .50, R. E. McGavin .25, Albert Zollinger oats 75#, J. D. Nelson 10 eggs, M. Crouch .15, John Whittle wheat 100#, T. Karren 100# wheat, Mac Harris .45, J. G. Harris .45, S. Miller .25, P. Fransen .25, J. Poulson .45, Cordingly 2 chickens, 60# wheat. E. L. Green one chicken, P. D. McArthur .25, J. H. Glover .25, W. A. Barrett \$1.25 cash, H. R. Cunningham oats 75#, T. W. Whittle oats 75#, W. R. Hardy oats 75#, P. Davis wheat 80#, A. Cunningham 60# wheat, G. Osborne .25, H. Smith .25, Tom Chambers \$1.00, Oliver Wetherbee .10, J. G. McGavin .50, Parley Thompson .25, J. W. McIntosh .25. This just gives an idea how hard it was to get cash and how hard it was to raise the funds to build a Ward house such as they were building. Bishop Wilson was head of all these movements in the town, the ditch co., building, making roads. Just taking in the tithing as they did then was a headache by itself without managing all the other things. But it always takes a leader with push to get the others to help. In November 1900 a scarlet fever epidemic hit the Ward and no church services were held until Feb. 1901. Most every family had it; my mother had three children with it and my oldest sister Annie was very ill, and lost all her hair and had a large abscess on her throat afterwards that had to be lanced.

On May 19, 1901, Milton M. Hammond was released as 2nd counselor to Bishop Wilson and Eli M. Harris was sustained in his place. In Sept. 1901 Pres. Ricks died and his 1st counselor Thomas E. Bassett was then put in as President of the Stake. Pres. Joseph F. Smith was one of the speakers at the funeral. Bishop Wilson and all who could go attended also.

In Nov. 1901, after the Ward House was finished but was not dedicated yet, they gave a big dance and program in it and changed \$1.00 a couple and sold refreshments to raise enough money to finish paying for the building. People came from far and near and it was so full they could hardly dance. The music was furnished by the band and their own local musicians and it was a huge success. It must have raised the funds needed for the Relief Society record book made no mention of raising more funds. The R. S. donated a carpet for the stage and a sacrament set to the Bishopric for the new meeting house. I could find no records of the dedication of this Ward House, but if it was dedicated in 1901 it had to have been the last of November or December.

On Dec. 7, 1902, Joseph Smith Hendricks was released as 1st counselor to Bishop Wilson and Eli M. Harris was changed from 2nd to 1st coun. and Levi B. Reynolds was sustained as 2nd counselor.

They had good celebrations before they had the Ward House, but they were even better after they had such a nice place to hold the programs, dramas and dances, Sunday School, then at 2 P.M. Sacrament meeting and M.I.A. on Sunday evenings, choir practice Wed. Eve., Band on Thurs., Priesthood on Mon. Evening. Religion classes were held in the school house on Thurs. after school, Primary on Sat. afternoon, and children's dances after Primary. They always had a community Christmas party and Santa passed out goods and presents for all. Santa lots of times made his way all over town. I can remember one year when we were very hard up and he came to our door and left us a sack of flour and some groceries. We never did know who, but we prayed for God to bless that Santa. The Bishop must have been back of him or how would he have known how we needed it!

The Ward house was really used. It is no wonder all old timers loved it so and hated to see its existance go into memories. What wonderful times and memories it holds and could tell both of joy and great sorrows. They had wires across and curtained off each class for Sunday School. Sometimes the teachers would get a little muddled, but I think the children were more orderly than they are now, and they respected the building more and had to be still for behind the next curtain (who knows) may be their own Mothers or Dads!

Each 4th over on the square between the Ward House and where the School House is now, they had a flag pole on which Old Glory was raised on every patriotic occasion. They would take a nut off the spindle of a wagon, put one anvil down then pour in black powder in the nut, then set another anvil on top and then light the fuse and the explosion that followed would sound like a cannon. This fourth Jake Pilant figured they needed a bigger noise than usual. He had the band of a wagon hub and it was not strong enough and a piece hit his leg and splintered it. Uncle Joe took him to Salt Lake City and they wanted to amputate his leg, but Jake would not consent. He suffered for 17 years.

Each fall Bishop Wilson would pick out a number of people in the Ward and set them apart to play in the dramatics for the winter. They felt as if they were officers in the Ward by so doing and they did the plays the same as any officer performs his office. They sure put on good dramas. They enjoyed them and so did all who saw them. I can remember one I saw when I was a small child, it was a matinee for the children. Edmund and Farrel Gooch were in it and Carrie and Milt Humphreys. Milt was the villian in the play and he had to stab one of the woman, and it was so real to me that it scared me and I went home crying.

About 1906 the railroad came through to Yellowstone Park and it was quite a glorious occasion in Marysville. The Marysville Depot was down below Cordon's about a mile before you get to the river, but it was good to have it that close. The day it was finished the Relief Society under Sister Lamborn served dinner to all the railroad men and all the town, over 200 people. The R. S. had just gotten some new dishes and knives and forks and were proud to use them.

It was at the suggestion and advice of Bishop Wilson that my father homesteaded the Big Falls. I don't know if they were first to discover them, but they probably were as my Father was constantly in the timber every chance he could get. Their idea was to harness the power of the falls and bring electricity down to our little growing town. My Father homesteaded 320 acres up there and he and my mother lived on it long enough to prove up on it. The cabin then was lots closer to the falls than the lodge that was built later, so you can imagine by mother's terror of living

there with four small children. I was a baby when they lived there. When the Bishop and Father saw how much ice formed in the winter on Snake River, they gave up their first idea and thought they would put in a turbine on Warm River where those little falls are way up at Hay Crossing, where they used to ford the river. But for lack of funds this idea was never finished either. For several years they didn't think of digging wells, they hauled all their water from the river and the children in town drove the stock to the river to drink, so they pastured their cows, etc., close to the river. Each evening the boys and girls rode horse back down to bring the town herd in. Orlando Gooch says they had good times getting the cows.

For a few years they didn't have any wells. The first one was dug by Mr. Geisler, north of town, then it was decided to dig one on the Cordingley place in town. The men took turns digging on the well and they got water, lots of it. They didn't have pumps but drew the water up in buckets, but what joy it was and they didn't have to haul it any more from the river. I think it was a surprise how much more soap it took in this well water than in the soft river water they had been using.

The ladies all made their own soap then from meat cracklings, etc., and whenever one made quilts, which was often, the neighbors all turned out and had a quilting bee. They had basket socials and in the summer each year, a community picnic or camping party, sometimes to pick wild berries and sometime just for the enjoyment of it. I can remember one where everyone took something to put in the stew and it was made on a campfire in a large pot and all the meat, vegetables, etc., that each one brought for supper was put in it and what a supper it was! It was hours before every child got to sleep that night. Some families slept on the ground, the men and young folks, women and small children in the wagons, and we spent all the next day coming home in the afternoon. What fun (clean fun) we used to make for ourselves. The whole Ward went on this outing.

By 1903 the country had developed and enough people were in the valley that our Ward had been divided and one was started at Vernon, Ora, Chester, and one at Conant. There was a conference for these wards at Marysville in the new Ward House on Oct. 1903.

The old Ward Hall which was dedicated in 1901 was sold in 1953 when the new chapel was built. Herschel Egbert, who bought it, moved it on his ranch and made a machine shed out of it. It caught fire in 1954 and burned with a loss of some \$40,000 in machinery to him.

Here is another story. After Mr. Britton's wife left him, he boarded at my mother's. One year on the day before the fourth of July, Mother had to wash some things out for the next day. It seemed like Mother always washed when other people didn't, anyway all the neighbors around seemed to know about Aunt Clara washing out a few things, so Mrs. Stott, who lived across the street where Calonges live now, sent over a white suit of Asels, Aunt Mary sent over a blouse or two, she had our white stockings and things to wear next day, and Mr. Britton's white shirts. Mother had an old washer that worked with a wheel and my brother, Harlow, and Ross Stott were running the wheel. They were in the room alone and Harlow had a real felt hat (red) and decided to wash it along with Mother's clothes, so they raised the lid and pushed it in! You can imagine my Mother's horror when about 10 or 15 min. later she raised the lid! People all around were boiling clothes the next few weeks to take the pink color out.

Bishop Wilson was kind and thoughtful of all, but he could be stern when he needed to be, too. One day in fast meeting, Bro. Loosli, Dime's father, had gotten his feelings hurt about something. He had a bad temper and took the opportunity of Fast Day to stand and tell the Bishopric what he thought of them. Bishop Wilson stood up

and asked him to desist, but Bro. Loosli was thoroughly aroused by then and refused. Jim Harris was constable and Tom Gooch was Justice of Peace then and they were both at church, so Bro. Wilson said "Jim, take him out" so they escorted Bro. Loosli out.

Bishop said "Some day you'll be able to sit right here in Marysville, in this same building if you want to and hear Conference in Salt Lake City by just pushing a button, and you will see people fly over this valley even these Mountains like birds, and people will ride in horseless carriages and have horseless plows to do their farming."

In March 1907 he sold his place here to Charlie McComber and decided to leave Idaho and go to Oregon. His health wasn't so good and his son-in-law, Asa Hendricks and Asa's brothers had moved there and were doing all right in the sawmill business. So in December 15, 1907, Bishop Wilson with his counselors was released. He had served as Bishop for sixteen years. His deal with McComber fell through and in 1908 he came back and resold his place, one 80 to Joe Whittle and Zera Whittle the other, and one 80 to H. B. Leavitt, now Earn Whittle's place. He moved to LaGrande, Oregon, and bought a fruit farm.

Orlando Gooch came out to Oregon to work for the Bishop. He called on the phone for the Wilson residence. Someone answered and he asked if this was Henry Wilson and the answer came "Oh, you want Mormon Wilson", so his staunch reputation to uphold the Gospel had followed with him there. Bishop, as we always called him, used to visit us often until he got so sick he couldn't ride out to our place in the buggy. He had heart trouble and dropsy. He died on Feb. 3, 1912. So Bishop Wilson and his wife had 14 children, 54 grandchildren and 100 great grandchildren. Total 166, at the age of 57 years. After his death my Father didn't seem to have much interest in Oregon, so we returned to Idaho. (Veda Hendricks Kidd, June 16, 1952.)



BISHOP AND MRS. WILSON AND THEIR FAMILY

RELIEF

SOCIETY

PRESIDENTS

SARIAH FIDELIA PEW HENDRICKS
First President



Sariah Pew was born in Jackson County, Mo., Aug. 11, 1833, daughter of William and Caroline Corkins or Calkins Pew. He was a ship builder, serving his apprenticeship probably in St. Louis, Mo. They heard the Gospel and joined the Church. He must have had to remain at his work, for she came on with the Saints to Jackson County. Their first child, Hyrum, was named for Hyrum Smith, who brought the Gospel to them. He was born in 1831, before she left for Jackson County.

Caroline frequently heard from her husband for a time, always saying his apprenticeship time would soon be up and he would join her. Then his messages ceased coming. She tried to learn about him, but never did, and she felt that he was dead.

She went with the Saints when they were driven out of Jackson County, and again when they were mobbed and ordered to leave the State.

Among her friends were John Harvey and his wife, Abby Jane Tippetts. They took her and her two children to travel with them. They

had gone six miles when a wagon tire broke. Bro. Tippetts and an older man, 70 years old walked the six miles to have it fixed, then back to the wagon. Brother Tippetts had been sick for some time, but he went on and joined their company about dark where they had camped. They arrived in Quincy, Ill., April 1839.

Caroline went on to Nauvoo. There she lived near the Prophet Joseph Smith. Little Sariah, now six years old, went to school in his house. One day he took her on his knee and told her she was born in the Garden of Eden. "Always remember that and tell your children," he said.

Caroline was a seamstress and worked hard to support her two children. Once the Prophet asked if he could adopt little Sariah.

In March, her friend Abby Jane died in childbirth, and the baby boy also died. In Sept. 1840, Caroline married John H. Tippetts. They named their first child Abby Jane.

Sariah was baptized in the Missouri River. When she was about 14, the family left Winter Quarters to begin the journey west. They lost two cows and three oxen on the journey. She drove the ox team and walked most all the way to the Salt Lake Valley. The morning milk was put in jars and by camp time there was fresh butter for their "salt rising" bread.

Sariah was married Jan. 4, 1857 to Joseph Smith Hendricks. They lived at the "Old Bath House." Their children were Lillian, who died in infancy, Sariah Fiedelia married William Whittle, Joseph Smith married Margaret Jane Quigley, Elizabeth Percinda married Alma H. Hale. Inez Catherine died at about nine years of age.

They left Salt Lake and lived in Richmond, Utah, Swan Lake, Idaho and then pioneered at Marysville, Idaho. There they farmed and raised most of their food, made their clothing and all the work that pioneers had to do, even living in log houses with dirt roofs. She was patient and kind and a lovable friend to everyone who would need her. She was known as "Aunt Rye". She worked in the Primary and Relief Society.

The walls of her rooms were lined with factory, a white fabric-like sheeting, and it was white washed each spring and fall. They had hand-woven carpets padded with straw, mattresses filled with straw or wild hay or feathers. They brought water from the river in large barrels and made all their soap with lye made from ashes. There were quilting bees, rag bees and days of threshing each fall.

When Sariah was 60 years old, she took a two weeks old baby with his five brothers and sisters when their mother died. They were her son's children, and with his help she raised them.

When she was 77, she went through Yellowstone Park, camping out. She had three sets of natural teeth. In late years they moved to town, then to Lewiston, Utah.

She passed from this life on June 16, 1919 in Lewiston, and was buried in Richmond, Utah.

EMILY LAMBORN Second President

Emily Hulda Sprague Lamborn, daughter of Festus Sprague, was born Jan. 16, 1858 in Grantsville, Utah. She was baptized by her father in 1866 and confirmed by Elder John Clark in 1866.

Her mother died when she was 4 years old and she and her sister, Barbara, lived with their grandparents until her father remarried. (He married Mary L. Weatherbee) Her father was killed by a bandit when Emily was 12 years old.

She met and married Joseph Lamborn from Laketown, Utah. They were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. They lived in Laketown for 6 or 8 years and then moved to Oakley, Idaho. She was the mother of five children: Joseph Edwin (born July 18, 1879), Mary Ellen (Oct. 4, 1881), Emily Eliza (Mar. 23, 1883), Lydia Malinoa (July 18, 1885), Cora (May 6, 1889)

They moved to Marysville, Idaho in 1890. It was a new territory and at this time had only about three families living there. She was counselor to the first Relief Society president. When Sister Hendricks was released Emily was put in her place and served for a good many years. She served on the Stake Relief Society Board when it was Fremont Stake in Rexburg, and she traveled miles and miles visiting different wards. Her home was always open to welcome and entertain both stake and general board members. She also worked in other organizations, but Relief Society was her life.



There were no doctors in that part of the country then, so she attended a course for obstetrics given by Dr. Ship from Salt Lake. She obtained her diploma and became a midwife for many years. Even after doctors came, she worked with them and was never too busy to go on sick calls.

Emily loved to crochet, knit and make quilts. During World War I, she knit many socks and sweaters for service men.

She was left a widow in 1912. She died at the home of her daughter Cora in Oakley, Idaho on Sept. 18, 1940 at the age of 82. She was buried at Marysville, Idaho.

ADELIA BARRETT
3rd. President

Mary Adelia Weatherman Barrett was born 9 Mar. 1872 in Centerville, Lynn Co., Kansas. She was the sixth child in a family of twelve. She was the daughter of Simon Pitts Weatherman and Julia Hannah Bridger.

The family lived in Kansas until 1875. In the spring of 1875 her parents, with their family and a few other relatives, started for Oregon. They traveled in covered wagons and had many trials as did other pioneers. They arrived in Marsh Basin, now Albion, Idaho, in Aug. 1875. It was such a beautiful valley, they decided to remain there. Her father had been a school teacher in Kansas. He was anxious for his children to get all the schooling they could. In those days the parents had to raise the money to pay the teacher. Adelia went to school and was also taught at home.

When she was about 20 years old, she went to Oakley, Idaho to teach school. She boarded at the home of Albert Hale. There she met William Arthur Barrett, a brother of Mrs. Hale. His home was in Farmington, Utah. He was also a school teacher. They became good friends, and a year later on April 23, 1893, they were married. They moved to Farmington. Their first child, William Le-land, was born. The next year they moved to Albion and both taught school near there. Their second child, Lorraine Julia, was born in Albion. They were living near Oakley when their third child, Henry S. was born. She was still teaching school. They hired a woman to tend the children. Their fourth child, Clare Barton, was born at Mirian, Idaho, but only lived two weeks.



In Dec. 1899 they moved to Marysville, Idaho, just one month before their fifth child, Leona Adelia was born. It was a new country with no doctor and a one-room school. It was a thriving L.D.S. village and they soon had a new L.D.S. Church and a four room school. Her husband had the first merchantile business there.

Adelia had joined the Church in Oakley. She was always very religious. She said what impressed her about the Church at first was the large number of men who attended. She was always active in the Church after she joined. She was a Primary President, and also President of the Relief Society in Marysville. She loved music and took an active part in anything connected with music. She loved every one and had friends in for refreshments often. Friends would come in from their farms to parties at the church and would stay at her house over night. Some of the children would sleep on the floor and think it was fun.

Four more children were born. Three boys at Marysville: Cyril, Kenneth and Clair. Afton was born in Ashton, making nine in all. She never had a doctor, just a midwife. When her sixth child was little, she and her husband took their family to the Salt Lake Temple. There they received their endowments and were sealed to each other and had their children sealed to them.

Adelia and her husband moved to Potatello in 1914, where she continued her activity in the Church. She worked in all the organizations and at the age of 74 she was Stake Chorister of the Relief Society, Pocatello Stake. She died at the age of 79 and is buried in Pocatello.

ELIZABETH A. COOPER McGAVIN
4th President

Elizabeth McGavin was born in Oxford, Idaho, February 1, 1878. She was very active in the Church, serving in the various organizations.

She was called to be a visiting teacher in the Relief Society in 1900. On Feb. 11, 1908 she was called as the second vice-president (counselor) of the Relief Society. She and Adelia Barrett, President, and Mary E. Hendricks, 1st. Coun., were set apart on Sunday, Feb. 16, 1908.

In 1910 she was appointed as President of the Marysville Relief Society, with Lorinda Leavitt and Mary B. Harris as counselors, and Mary E. Mitchell as the secretary.

Sister McGavin served until 1916, when she was released because of poor health. She was called to be the Theology teacher in 1923, and Social Science teacher in 1926.

She again held the position of 1st Counselor in the year of 1929.



BELLE HARRIS
5th President



Mary Isabelle Karren, daughter of Hyrum Karren and Martha M. Langley, was born Sept. 29, 1868, in Richmond, Cache Co., Utah. She died September 22, 1951 in Ashton, Idaho. She married Eli McGee Harris in the Logan Temple, November 14, 1890.

When Mary was eight years of age, her family moved to Lewiston, Utah. Mary attended school at Richmond and Lewiston, and went one term at college in Logan, Utah. She was a pretty girl and had many admirers. She was courted by Eli McGee Harris, whom she chose to marry. They lived in Lewiston a short time, then moved to Marysville, Idaho. They had eight children. Mary Isabelle was a good helpmate for her husband. She would care for the children when her husband went to various places of employment. Mary always had a pleasant smile, and was friendly with everyone. She had a good singing voice, and sang in the ward choir. She was Relief Society

President for a number of years, and was a visiting teacher most of her married life.

After her husband's death, she carried the responsibilities of the farm. She would go to the dry farm, staying with her boys, and helping in any way she could. She maintained her home until her death.

HATTIE SALISBURY LOOSLI
6th President

I was born May 13, 1876 at Brigham City, Utah. I was married to Diamond Loosli in the Logan Temple Nov. 11, 1898. We came from Granger, Utah to Marysville, Idaho in 1898.

In the year 1920, I was sustained as President of the Marysville Ward Relief Society and held that office into 1933. During that time my counselors were Edith Glover and Grace Gooch. We held our meetings in the Tithing Office, which was on the same lot as our church. The first few years we traveled miles with sleighs in the winter time and with the "white top" in the summer time to get our block teaching done. We took care of the dead, as we had no undertakers. I was midwife four times as we had no doctor to bring the new babies. Sometimes the roads were bad but we did the best we could. The Lord was very kind and helped us out of our difficulties--which



were many at times. Later my husband bought a car and I learned to drive so I could help out that way. We tried to take care of the needy and sick in our Ward and I sewed, made Temple clothes and clothes for the dead. My husband made caskets for many who passed away and I helped cover them with material.

My husband and I had nine children, and I raised my baby sister after my Mother's death when the baby was one year old. I was blessed with good health which was a blessing to us all. All of my family were very kind to me and helped me to perform my duties in the Relief Society.

There are many experiences I could relate, but these are some of the more real pioneer experiences we had.

It is my testimony that if we will be obedient and carry out the duties asked of us, the Lord will bless us and we will grow in His great work.

VERNA HARRIS REYNOLDS
7th President

I was born March 29, 1892--the 4th child born in Marysville. My parents were Eli Harris and Elizabeth Gammel. We were among the first settlers in Marysville. I attended school in a little log school house. My father died when I was 10 years old.

I married Ward Reynolds in the Salt Lake Temple, Oct. 3, 1913. The next summer after I was married, I joined the Relief Society, and was chorister for a few months under Pres. Belle Harris. During this time I also served as a visiting teacher. My first partner was Eva Hutchinson Glover. By this time, I had a baby daughter, and Sister Glover had a baby boy. We both had baby buggies which was a necessity because our district was long and covered eight homes in a mile and a half. Sometimes it would take all day.

In 1916 we moved to Teton Basin. I was 2nd Counselor in the R.S. of the Chapin Ward. I served with Sisters Wanless and Minnie Stone. This was during World War I, and one of our most important duties was helping with Red Cross sewing, rolling bandages, knitting sweaters and socks. One thing I particularly remember was the long full night shirts we made. I took three home hoping to do my share, but soon found I hadn't any experience in this type of sewing. They had to have flat fell seams and how I worried, fussed, basted and worked. With the help of my good neighbors I finally finished them.

In 1922 we moved back to Marysville and I again took up R.S. work under Sister Hattie Loosli as President. I was 2nd Coun. and Edith Glover was 1st. Coun. I remember so well working with these dear women. They were older and more experienced and taught so many kind and good things. Dear Sister Hillam was our work director and she was always so well prepared with new ideas, patterns, short cuts in sewing, how to make things over, and all the many details helped make a good Relief Society.

At this time the depression hit our small community and we had families moving in and out of the ward who were seeking jobs or some form of relief. We were kept busy supplying them with food, clothing and fuel. We didn't have the welfare plan or store house, so the Bishop would help us gather food from ward members and other sources. We made and gave many quilts to these needy families.



Our Ward Reunions were different then. We came at 10:00 in the morning and we stayed all day and evening. Each organization was called upon for a stunt, and Sister Jennie Gifford, our class leader was put in charge of them. The night of the program, we as R.S. officers were surprised, embarrassed and amazed, for Sister Gifford had dressed up the young boys in the ward to portray the sisters at a work and business meeting. They had observed our many individual traits and mimicked them to such likeness, I can still see them today even though they are grown men.

In 1932 Bishop Hillam chose me to be Relief Society President with Mary Mitchell and Mary Glover as Counselors. I realized more than ever during the years I was President, the great responsibility of the Relief Society. We were always helping the sick and needy, and cared for many old people. One time we sat up night and day

for three months with Mrs. Brig Nelson, a non-member who had cancer and no one to care for her. This is one of the many times we appreciated Sister Mary Mitchell's ability as a nurse. She did all the dressing and medical help possible for this 70 year old lady. When I couldn't find anyone to sit with Mrs. Nelson, Sisters Lottie Spencer and Evva Sanders were always ready and willing to go more than their turn. My youngest child, Billy, was just a baby and I took him many nights with me, making a bed for him on the kitchen table.

One of the difficult things I recall was in getting to St. Anthony for our general meetings, as the people who had cars to go in were few.

Sister Reynolds passed away 21 September 1961 at Ashton. She was the 7th President of the Marysville Ward Relief Society.

MARY MITCHELL
8th President

I was born March 15, 1891. Mother said I was born 5 minutes before my brother Marion. I have the distinction of being the first girl born in this section of the country. My brother was the second boy, Hyrum Wilson being the first boy.

My father and mother were Thomas and Fidelia Sariah (Hendricks) Whittle.

I grew up very much the same as any girl in a small community. At a very young age I took piano lessons. When I got so I could play hymns, my father had me play for everyone who might come in. While still very young, I took quite an active part in the ward along the musical line. I was organist for Primary and Sunday School for a number of years.



I remember when my twin, Marion, and I were baptized. It was the 15th of March. Father and Mother took us to

the river north of where we lived, in a bob sled. The snow was on the ground, the slush ice was in the river. They built a fire by the river and father baptized us. The only other witnesses to the scene was Frank Brower, a neighbor boy. The next sunday Bishop Wilson confirmed me.

Since there was no Doctor here in my younger days, my mother acted as nurse, maid and doctor to the people of the community, leaving Marion and me in care of our sister Alice and father.

When I was 22 years old I met a young doctor who was visiting our neighbors, and I fell in love with him. He worked in the Drug Store in Ashton that winter, and we were married in the spring. He took the job as fire guard and we went out in the forest for the summer. That winter we went to Nebraska to stay with his parents, and the following spring we came to Ashton and bought a 13 acre farm just east of Ashton. We stayed there and tried to make a living on that without success. Then he decided to use his profession, so we rented the little farm and moved into Ashton. He only practiced there 17 months when the flu struck him and he died three days later, in the fall of 1918. His father and mother came out. She and I had flu and pneumonia. Mr. Ackley, Guy's father, stayed and went on with Guy's practice, as he was also a doctor. My sister Alice had lost her husband, and Ernest had lost his wife with flu.

We went to Nebraska in February and I stayed there until spring, when Mrs. Hummell, a doctor's wife from Marysville, came through from a trip to Iowa. She called me and wanted me to go home with her. This I did.

We visited my brother in Salt Lake. He was a patient in the L.D.S. Hospital. There I got an application to be a nurse, and after I got home I sent it in and was accepted. I went into training in September. Three years seemed a long time, but it finally passed.

While I was in the hospital I met a crippled war hero. At first I thought of him as just a good boy, as he was a little younger than I, but before the training was through I thought of him as more than that, but still I hesitated about marrying him because of his crippled condition. Finally after I got through training, I started back to see my former husband's people. I met Glenn at Cheyenne. We were married then and there. We stayed in Denver that summer so he could get further treatment on his leg. I got a job with a maternity hospital. When the doctors decided they could do nothing for Glenn's leg, we went to his home town, Hayden, and bought part of his father's old homestead. We stayed there about four years. Before Wilma was born we went to Salt Lake and had our marriage solemnized in the Temple. We came to Ashton to live just before our second daughter, Alice, was born.

The farming and raising two girls took the biggest share of the next 18 years. I was active in both church and civic affairs, serving as Relief Society President and working in the music of various organizations to mention a few.

Glenn and I worked in a defense plant at Ogden, Utah during World War II. We finally bought a home in Salt Lake City, Utah, and enjoyed a great deal of pleasure in caring for and improving it. It was in Salt Lake that I suffered a severe stroke. Glenn tenderly cared for me for 3 or 4 months until I was able to get around again. In June 1959 Glenn died of a heart attack. I moved back to Marysville after selling my home in Salt Lake, and have lived here since.

ALICE ROBBINS
9th President

I was born September 6, 1887 at Oxford, Idaho. We moved to Marysville, Idaho when I was three years of age. (My parents and four brothers).



The following March 15, 1891, twins came to the family, a boy and a girl, making five brothers and one sister.

I grew up as many pioneer girls did. The men fishing, working on the roads and clearing the sage brush off the land. The women at home, cooking and caring for the small children. But even though there were many hardships, there was joy and happiness too, as I grew up.

I was married June 10, 1912 to Rolland LeRoy Robbins. To this union two girls were born.

I worked in different branches of the Marysville Ward. I was Relief Society President for a short time. I love the Church and enjoy to labor in the many offices and callings. The Church has been a great help to me in many ways.

ROSELLA SALISBURY JOHNSON
10th President

I was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, March 31, 1884. There were six of us. Mother died in May 1897 when my sister Alice was one year old. As times were then, my oldest sister, Hattie worked in Millcreek, so at the age of 13, I had full care of my baby sister.

After father's death in February, we left for Marysville, Idaho in 1898. We made our home with our only living relative, mother's sister, Mary Ann Taylor.

I was counselor in the Relief Society to Alice Robbins. After her release I was chosen President.

I have worked and taught in every organization for forty years. At present I am a Visiting Teacher and I am thankful for this opportunity. Service is the greatest joy that can come to us in life, and sharing what we have with others.

I have 10 lovely children. One died at the age of 3. I am happy we have been able to teach them to live good lives and appreciate the Gospel. I am so thankful for the opportunities I have had to work in this Church and for those who have labored with me.



TRIBUTE TO THE PRESIDENTS OF THE MARYSVILLE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

"It is through the teaching and the hearing of God's word that faith is made possible". -- Romans 10:17

T'was before our ward was organized
In the year of eighteen hundred and ninety one
That a branch of this Relief Society was formed
With Sariah Hendricks, as President, this good work was begun.

For everyone that God gave breath
He gave some talent too
And Aunt Rie, as she was known
Is loved and remembered, as her good work we review.

Our next two leaders, Emily Lamborn and Adelia Barrett
Faithfully carried on; and many a mile they trod
To give helping hands, or light a lamp of love
Ever ready and willing to perform this work of God.

Elizabeth McGavin and Belle Harris are the next we honor
For they set examples by their noble living and their noble deeds.
Each day they let their light shine out in service
And their goodness still blossoms from their seeds.

I surely feel that the plan of our Great Master
Was for Hattie Loosli to answer the next call;
T'would take pages, Aunt Hattie, to list your kind services,
The love, understanding and happiness you've given to all.

A tribute to Verna Reynolds, our next president
For her ability, willingness, humor and warmth of love.
Thanks, Verna, for service freely given to community and church,
And may you receive rich blessings from Him above.

Our next two presidents, Mary Mitchell and Alice Robbins
Were chosen for qualities of mind and heart nobly expressed,
For their courage, guidance and kindness
And their faith to meet each new test.

T'is true that time is a circle without end,
And again we were blest by loves endeavor,
For Rosella Johnson tended her flock with truth and wisdom.
Thanks, Sister Johnson, and may God bless and guard you forever.

You received inspiration at meetings with Neva French as President,
Just forgot your cares and worries, left all to him above.
She made you feel that right living was worth while
And all sisters left with their hearts filled with love.

As president we shall long remember Hope Stohl;
Her very presence made us humble and cast all doubts aside.
She placed within our hearts her name "Hope"
For the happiness she gave, God's blessings will not be denied.

A gesture from the hand of God gave us Zelda Hill.
To this work she gave her all, ever loyal and fair,
Eager to help, and for the joy of working with her
I breathe an earnest and thankful prayer.

And now to the present, t's Mildred Stringham we salute,
You are God's pattern of friendliness, good will and cheer.
You plant seeds of love, give happiness, restore faith,
And so, may God bless you always, my dear.

The years have rolled by, our lives here have been enriched
By these God given leaders, to whom we extend a thankful hand.
They have toiled and prayed to make our lives much brighter,
And all performed their duties in the way that God planned.

We all know if we plant a sturdy rose bush in fertile soil, without the warmth
from the sun's rays, or moisture and care, it will not thrive. Fertile soil alone
cannot do all that is required to make the rose bush grow and bloom and send out
its fragrance. And it is also true that to carry on this great and worthy work
of the Relief Society each president must have their counselors, teachers, secre-
tary, music leaders, etc., and there is much credit due them, so to all of these
helpers and to all of the sisters of this great organization I give this tribute.

I've always had a feeling
That God sent you our way.
He knew, that we would need your help
To walk along life's way.

You're steady, true and loyal,
An anchor in life's sea;
And when our ships get to tossing
You always stand by willingly.

Just your presence helps us
To know that you're around.
We're honored with your friendship
Few friends like you, we've found.

You're always there to help us
When the road of life gets rough.
We've found out through the years
You're a friend that we can trust.

Each time that we have needed you,
You've given your advice.
What you have said has made us stop--
Listen -- and think twice.

You have wisdom -- your decisions
Seem always right and just.
It makes us all so happy
To have friends who care for us.

PRIMARY
PRESIDENTS

ELIZABETH H. M. GAMMEL HARRIS

1st. President of the Marysville Ward Primary



Elizabeth was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, 23 July 1851. Her parents were James and Elizabeth Hendricks Gammel. Due to the hardships and poor care the pioneer mother suffered at childbirth, Elizabeth's mother died when she was three weeks old. Her grandmother, Drucilla D. Hendricks raised her to womanhood. The family moved to Richmond, Utah in her early life and this is where she spent her girlhood days.

She had little education, but through her own determination, she was well read in the Gospel and her testimony of the Gospel was very sincere and humble. She was always pleasant and cheerful, with an ability to turn trial and disaster into fun. She was loved by little children for her wonderful stories and little snacks for hungry tummies. Everyone loved and respected her.

She met Eli Harris in Richmond, Utah, and they were married 20 Dec. 1867 in the old Salt Lake Endowment House. She was 17 when she married. With her own hands she made her wedding dress; first washing the wool and getting it ready to spin into thread, then into cloth. She also gathered the herb for the dye and finally did the sewing herself.

They lived in Richmond for 17 years. During this time seven children were born to them, two of which died during an epidemic of diptheria. Her husband freighted from Utah to Montana, and she was alone during this trying time, and because he was away from home so much, the responsibility of raising their children fell upon her shoulders.

In 1884 they moved to Lewiston, Utah. Two girls and twin boys were born to them while they were in Lewiston. One of the twins died soon after birth. Their farming ground was poor, and this place soon became known as "Poverty Flat".

They moved to Marysville, Idaho in 1890. They were among the first settlers. The city of Ashton had only a few log cabins in it at the time. They helped build the community, with the digging of water canals, building of bridges, churches and schools, and through it all Elizabeth kept people happy, encouraged and contented with their daily life.

For many years she was the only nurse for miles around. Her thoughts were always for those in need. She helped bring many of her grandchildren into the world as well as many others.

She was the first Primary President in Marysville, Fremont County, Idaho, and held this position almost 12 years. She had very good control over the children and they loved her very much. She used to drive her own team and wagon $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Primary. She took her own children, grandchildren, and neighbor's children with her. They used to glean wheat and sell it to get money for their needs or else give it to the Bishop for the poor.

While she was President of the Primary, a very wonderful incident occurred that she would always cherish in her memory. There was in their community a very poor, elderly couple who didn't have any children. Elizabeth made arrangements with all the children to bring rags from home. They tore them into strips and sewed them to make a large rug as a surprise for the elderly lady. When the rug was done, the Primary officers and children planned a party which was to include the parents, and the guest of honor, of course, was the elderly lady to whom they were to present the rug. They had a nice program, then as Elizabeth was getting up to present the rug, the elderly lady arose first, and presented it to Elizabeth as a surprise gift from the Primary children and officers and teachers. This was indeed a happy surprise, especially since Elizabeth did not have a rug on her own floor at that time.

Everyone was always welcome at her home. She entertained the Church officials who visited the community, and she made each and every one feel welcome and wanted.

While in Idaho, she gave birth to two more children, making a family total of 13 children, four boys and nine girls, all of which have been active in the Church and civic affairs.

She was always a diligent worker in the Church, doing all the things she was called to do. The latter part of her life was spent in Logan, doing Temple work. It was while living here that she had a stroke and was a semi-invalid for three years. She died at her home in Marysville, Idaho, 9 July 1919 at the age of 68. She was buried in the Marysville Cemetery.

EMILY MORTENSON REYNOLDS
2nd President of Primary



I was born 6 July 1865 at Chelstrup, Sweden. It was in the northern part of Sweden and is called "Schona". My parents were Monts and Karen Olsen Roslund Mortenson. The name "Roslund" being a trade name my father used as a blacksmith. We were known by this name more than we were by our given name of Mortenson.

We lived in a home rented from the noblemen, and we owned land there also. My parents were Lutherans. I can remember when the L.D.S. missionaries came to our home. My father was converted at once to the Gospel, and after some time my mother was also converted.

We were then anxious to come to America, and with the help of money obtained from the "Immigration Fund", we set sail for America in June 1873. The journey was almost uneventful. I was sick only one day.

We landed at Castle Gardens, New York and stayed there over night along with many others, and the next morning we boarded the train for Salt Lake City. We arrived there on 24th of July 1873, and were met by a friend, who took us to Sandy, Utah. We lived there for nine months and father did blacksmith work for the railroad.

We next moved to Mt. Pleasant, Utah. Here I took an active part in Sunday School, M.I.A. and the ward choir.

I can remember the first time I ever tasted ice cream. It was the summer before I was married. After choir practice one night one of the boys of the crowd asked me to go have some ice cream, and it surely was a treat at that time.

When I was 19 years old, I met and married Levi Burt Reynolds. We were married 14 February 1883. We lived first at Indianola, Sanpete County, Utah for about one year, then we moved to Castle Valley, Emery County, Utah, where we lived and farmed for about 17 years. During these years we had four children, Boyd, Carrie, Ward and Bruce.

I was President of the Primary for several years and my husband was counselor to the Bishop. He went on a mission to Illinois when Bruce was three years old, but he only stayed nine months because he contracted Malaria. He suffered with this disease for many years.

We moved to Marysville, Idaho about 1902. Here again I was President of the Primary and my husband was counselor to the Bishop. We took care of a hotel for which I did all the cooking. We later bought a 300 acre cattle ranch in the Teton Basin and we lived there for 8 or 9 years. My husband became ill with cancer and passed away in 1922.

I lived with my children until 1930, when I bought a small home in Ashton and there I served as a Relief Society teacher and also did research work on my family line in Sweden.

During my life it has seemed that I have had the power of the evil one to contend with and trying to hinder me from doing the things I should. At one time it seemed I wrestled with him, finally overpowering him as it seemed he wanted to destroy my life.

When I was President of the Primary in Castle Valley, I had a dream. I thought we were going to have a program or festival and we had the children march around the liberty pole with some one playing the accordion and as we got ready to march up some stairs, I held out my hands seemingly to protect the children and as I got them to the door, I thought, "Well, I have them safe again." As I looked back, a woman in a black silk skirt and green blouse and a man dressed in black were watching us. After I took the first step it seemed I could go no farther until I saw a girl who also worked in the Primary, and I called to her to take my hand, and not until she took my hand was I able to take a step up the stairs. I have always felt that it was the power of the evil one trying to stop me, and I hope I will always have the power to cast him out.

Sister Reynolds died 19 February 1950 at the age of 85. She is buried in the Ashton Cemetery.

She was President of the Marysville Ward Primary for three years.

ZINA ADELINE POND WHITTLE
3rd President of Primary

Zina Adeline Pond Whittle was born 7 June 1865, at Richmond, Cache County, Utah. She was the daughter of Stillman and Abigail Thorne Pond. She was one of nine children. Her mother was a convert to the Church. She heard the Mormon missionaries and joined the Church at the age of 17. She was the first in the community to be baptized, and she was well acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum.

On the 6th of January 1885, she married John Casper Whittle. They were endowed in the Logan Temple on 13th of January 1886. Five sons and five daughters were born to this union.

Zina and John moved from Utah to Idaho in the year of 1893. The eldest girl, Ada, died at the age of three, so they brought with them, Elma, Mary and Inez. They traveled in a wagon and lived in a tent in Eli and Elizabeth Harris' back yard until John got out enough timber to build a two room house. This took most of the summer. They homesteaded the place that is now the Bill Griffel place.



Zina and John had almost more than they could bear. After losing one child early in life, they lost four more, very close together.

Gertrude, whose husband was in the service overseas, and her baby died of the flu. The husband knew nothing about it until he returned to the States. Three months after this tragedy, Mary died of the flu also. Five years later, Inez and a daughter were killed in an automobile accident, and five months later Martin died of infantile paralysis while serving in the Navy. His body was sent home in a sealed casket. His parents had not seen him for four years.

These tragedies were very hard on Zina. She was a woman who loved her family and she was a good mother. She was very religious, working in the Primary and Relief Society a great deal. She also did a lot of Temple work.

She served in the Marysville Ward Primary for 12 years, six of which were President. She died 20th of June 1939.



HENRIETTA MARTINDALE DALEY
4th President of Primary

I was born 3 September 1869 at Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah. My parents were William Clinton and Matilda Jane McMurry Martindale. I was the eighth child in a family of twelve. I was baptized 27 September 1879, by Alma H. Hale.

In May 1881, my father was called to help settle the Goose Creek country, so we moved to what is now called Oakley, Cassia County, Idaho.

From the time I was 14 years old, I began teaching and working in the Church. I loved working among the little children.

On 7 December 1886, I married John Wm. Daley at Oakley, Idaho. We were endowed in the Logan Temple in October 1891. We had three little girls at that time. There were several of us who went to the Temple and our company consisted of 12 or 13 wagons. We had just \$1.50 when we left home, but our Bishop told us to go and the Lord would open a way for us to accomplish the work that we so much desired to do. The Lord surely did bless us. The way was opened for us and we were able to get feed for our horses and also get enough money to pay all other expenses. We returned home with a little more money than we had when we started, which certainly built up our faith and strengthened our testimony. The Lord surely does provide a way for those who serve Him and strive to keep His commandments.

By now we had four little girls and I was still teaching Sunday School and working in the M.I.A. We had our fifth child, and our first boy in 1898. My health was very bad at this time and the doctor advised us to go to a change of climate and see if it wouldn't help.

We left our little girls with their aunt and my husband got his mother, who was a nurse and we began the journey with a team and wagon. We had to travel so slowly because I was suffering so much.

We stopped at some relatives in Shelley and my husband worked in the hay, trying to help with our expenses, but I was getting worse, so we started out again for Marysville, Idaho, where I had some cousins living.

When we arrived in Marysville, I was taken by kind relatives and friends and we felt like we had come to a heaven of rest.

I almost gave up the first two or three days. The Elders came in and administered to me, and with my prayers and also those of my relatives and friends, I began to improve and at the end of six weeks, I was much better than I had been all summer.

The next spring we moved to Marysville, where we resided until 1918, and, of course, I was once again active in the Church.

In 1905 another baby boy was born to us. In 1906 I was sustained as first counselor in the Primary. I labored in this position until 1911, when I was put in as President of the Primary. During this time we had two more children, a girl and a boy.

I held the position of Primary President until 1916, when I moved to Rexburg in the winter time to be with the children who were attending Ricks College. I was then sustained as a Primary Stake Board member in the Yellowstone Stake, and I also taught Primary in the Rexburg First Ward.

In 1918 I moved to Rexburg and was released from my Stake position. I was sustained as a counselor, and then to Primary President in the Rexburg First Ward, and later, when I moved to the Fourth Ward, I was sustained as Primary President there.

I have labored most of the time for 28 years in the Primary Association and learned to love the work more each year. It is a wonderful work and I have learned many things and deemed it a pleasure to have the opportunity of working

with the children of Zion and instilling into their hearts, the principles of the Gospel and I trust that I have been able to do some little good. I feel I have received far more than I have been able to give.

JENNIE BAINBRIDGE GIFFORD
5th President

Jennie Bainbridge Gifford was born September 23, 1877 at Richmond, Utah to James Wesley and Sarah Johannah Lewis Bainbridge. She was the second child of a family of seven children.

Her childhood was spent in Richmond, Utah. Her father came to Marysville, Idaho some time in the 1890's and homesteaded. Here she met and married Arthur Gifford on May 30, 1898 at St. Anthony. They then moved to Oregon and for awhile were engaged in the sheep business. Here, two sons were born to them; A.L. Gifford or "Montie" as he was known here, and Lee Gifford.

They then moved back to Marysville when her husband's father died and took over the homestead here. In 1905 their third son, Rodney, was born. Rodney still lives on the same homestead that his grandfather took out. Jennie's son, Lee died at the age of eight or nine.

Jennie worked in the Primary under Henrietta Daley, as also did her son Montie, who was the organist. In 1915 she was sustained President and served in that capacity for six years. She loved the Primary and the children. She cared for her sister's motherless children for a time, and she was always welcoming someone into her home.

She was a faithful worker in the Relief Society, serving as a class leader and also as a visiting teacher. She was a very good neighbor and would be among the first to call on anyone in time of trouble.

She died following a stroke in 1931 at the age of 54. She was well loved by everyone in Marysville, and people who remember her still speak very highly of her.



ROSELLA SALISBURY JOHNSON
6th President



I was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, March 31, 1884. There were six of us. Mother died in May 1897 when my sister Alice was one year old. As times were then, my oldest sister, Hattie worked in Millcreek, so at the age of 13 I had full care of my baby sister. Father was a musician and had his own band. He was also a lover of books and had a wonderful library which included all of Shakespeare's works.

After mother died we were very close to father. He mourned so over her death, and the following February he died of pneumonia. Sister Hattie came home to care for us then, and

it is to her that I owe everything that has come to me for good.

I was baptized in the Salt Lake Temple in 1893. I can remember the dedication of the Temple, which was given by President Wilford Woodruff, and I can remember seeing Emmeline B. Wells. She was such a noted figure in her field. One couldn't help but gaze at her, she was so dainty and sweet.

After father's death in February, we left for Marysville, Idaho in 1898. We made our home with our only living relative, mother's sister, Mary Ann Taylor.

After sister Hattie got married, I stayed with Goochs'. She was one of the first postmistresses. She also kept a good house. I worked at the sawmill, helping with the cooking. It was while I was working here that I married Otto Johnson from Preston, Idaho, who came here the same year we did.

We soon had a family and we took them to Primary and Sunday School. I learned to love the Gospel and what it meant to me and my family. I taught Kindergarten in Sunday School with almost a perfect record of attendance. I also served as first counselor to Jennie Gifford in the Primary when she was President. I owe much to Jennie. I loved her as a sister and enjoyed working with her and hearing her testimony of the Gospel. We had fun and heartaches. Some of our plans would fail because we lived so far apart and it was hard in the winter. We learned to love all our co-workers and that is the joy of service.

I inherited a love for drama from my father, so I was drama leader in the M.I.A. I directed many three act plays, then I was chosen President, with Bertha McGavin and Claudia Daley as counselors. What a lovely experience! I didn't think I could ever give it up, I loved this work so much. It was mostly dramas, contests, and those wonderful trips to Salt Lake City in June!

After I was released, I was a counselor in the Relief Society to Alice Robbins. After her release, I was chosen President.

I have worked and taught in every organization for forty-five years. At present I am a Relief Society Visiting Teacher, and am thankful for this opportunity. Service is the greatest joy that can come to us in life, and sharing what we have with others.

I have 10 lovely children. One died at the age of 3. I am happy we have been able to teach them to live good lives and appreciate the Gospel. I am so thankful for the opportunities I have had to work in this Church, and for those who have labored with me.

IDA ETHEL HAMILTON LEMMON
7th President



Ida Ethel Hamilton Lemmon was born in Salt Lake City, Utah on the 24th of July 1884.

Her young life was spent on the farm her parents owned, and they all worked very hard. She had four brothers older than she.

She remembers going to the city to visit her cousins. In the evening they would play on the streets and follow the lamp lighter when he would light the lamps around the block. There were street cars in the middle of the streets pulled by donkeys. None of the

streets were paved and the side walks were made of boards. The sides of the streets were lined with Mulberry trees and they had lots of silk worms in Utah at that time.

When she was 13 years old, she was Secretary of the Primary in her Ward. When she was 16 years old, she went to a sewing school and learned to make her own clothing.

In 1898 the telephone was installed in that part of the country and also the gas lights were put into the country homes that were close to the city.

She was married in 1901 to Washington Lemmon, who was a childhood friend. They lived with his mother because she was a widow and had a farm and children to care for. When their first son was born they moved to Rigby, Idaho to farm with his brother. They lived there until 1918 when they came to Marysville, Idaho. By this time eleven children had been born to them.

She was called to be Primary President, 31 January 1926 and served in this position until 27 May 1928, when she moved to Pocatello, Idaho. She continued to serve as President and later as chorister in the Primary of the Tyhee Ward in Pocatello for four years.

Her husband died in 1945. She still lives on her farm in Pocatello and enjoys having her friends and family come to visit her there.

MAMIE ANN TAYLOR HILLAM
8th President

Mamie Ann Taylor Hillam was born in Brigham City, Utah on the 10th of December 1878. She was the second child and the first daughter in her family. Her parents were Samuel and Hanrah Eliza Warren Taylor. They were both born in England and were converts to the Church.

Mamie's childhood was spent in North Ogden, Utah, where her mother had a home and raised her family of five children mostly by herself after the Manifesto was passed causing the polygamist family to be separated. Mamie learned early in life the value of work and to appreciate those things for which one works.

At the age of 18, she married Abraham Baron Hillam, also of Brigham City, in the Logan Temple on 31 March 1897. After their marriage they lived in Brigham City for three years, where their first two sons were born. Then they came to Marysville, Idaho, where they bought the farm which Samuel Taylor had homesteaded some years earlier. "Abe" as he was known, loved the farm and was very industrious and thrifty and took much pride in having things done well.

Those first years as pioneers were difficult for them, as within four years, three sons passed away. They kept their faith through these trials and were diligent in serving the Lord by working in the Church, and they were blessed abundantly.

In all, there were seven sons and five daughters born to them. The baby daughter died of pneumonia at the age of one year, bringing sadness again to the family. Four sons and four daughters grew to maturity and each was married in the temple.

Theirs was a united family who enjoyed working together. They also enjoyed playing together, and had many happy times together, camping and picnicking in the forests and spending Thanksgiving and Christmas at home with all the children and grandchildren.



Mamie served in various positions in each organization in the Church, the longest being in the Primary as a teacher, counselor and then as President, while "Abe" was Bishop of the Marysville Ward.

She has loved creating beautiful handwork all her life, having learned to be a seamstress to help her mother when she was a very young girl. She did all the sewing for her family and taught the girls early in life to be accomplished needleworkers. She is also an immaculate housekeeper and has always cherished those possessions which make a house a home by making it more beautiful and attractive.

After the family was raised, Abe sold the farm to a son, Marvin, and bought a comfortable home in Ashton in June 1944. They were permitted to live there together only eight months, as Abe passed away of cancer of the stomach the following February.

Two years later, Mamie became totally blind, but in spite of this affliction she continued to live alone in her home and take care of herself. She

also crocheted baby shawls and afghans by the dozen and read scores of books and magazines, including the Book of Mormon, The Doctrine and Covenants, and parts of the Bible, on the phonograph that was furnished her by the National Society for the Blind.

Her most precious possession is her testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Whenever she is able, with the help of family and kind friends, she attends Sacrament meetings, Sunday School and Relief Society meetings. She is still active as a Relief Society visiting teacher.

On December 10, 1958 she celebrated her 80th birthday with an open house party given by the family, which she enjoyed immensely!

She served in the Marysville Ward Primary for seven years.

LOLA WILKES HOLBROOK
9th President Primary



Lola Wilkes Holbrook, daughter of John and Martha Hunt Wilkes was born in Afton, Lincoln County, Wyoming, 1 January 1890.

Her girlhood days were spent in Afton, and she attended school there also.

On 18 December 1907, she married Joseph L. Holbrook in the Salt Lake Temple. They lived in Auburn, Wyoming for about seven years. She was sustained as a counselor in the Primary at this time.

They moved to Marysville, Idaho in 1926, where they were in charge of the Marysville Post Office for a number of years. By this time they had six children. Three boys and three girls.

She was sustained as a counselor in the Primary in 1929, and she held this position for three years. She was then sustained as President of the Primary and she held this position for one year.

In 1942 she and her family moved to Ashton.

FARREL McARTHUR GOOCH
10th President Primary

I, Farrel McArthur Gooch was born 3 June, 1888 at Lawrence, Emery County, Utah. My parents were William Henry and Zetta Malinda Hutchison McArthur.

My family on both my mother's and father's side were great pioneers. My great grandfather, Duncan McArthur was the first one in the family to join the Church, in 1883. He came west, after being among those driven from Kirtland, and serving a 2 year mission. He arrived in Utah in 1848. My great grandmother, Sarah Wilcox, on my mother's side was the first to join the Church, and she came west with her children in one of Brigham Young's companies. They were two years getting to Utah because of so many men being taken for the Mormon Battalion. She was a wonderful seamstress and did much sewing for those in the camp.

I lived in Southern Utah until 1900 when we moved to Idaho. Later I met Edmund Gooch. We went through school together. We were married 27 June 1907, and after eleven years we had one child. Our lives have been very happy together.



One can hardly think back through the years. I can only remember that we had such a wonderful group in our Primary. Our board consisted of: Farrel Gooch, Mabel Cordon, Nellie Burrell, Mamie Hillam, Edith Croft, Lola Holbrook, Mary Glover, Laura Hillam and Gertrude Gifford.

We worked in such harmony. We put on one act plays, which they all remember was a fine success. We strived very hard to comply with demands made of us from the Stake Board and did so 100 per cent.

We went to Salt Lake City and asked to enter a child in the Primary Children's Hospital. Later, Mabel Cordon, following me as President, succeeded in doing this very thing.

All in all, our Primary was a great success!

Sister Farrel Gooch served as President of the Marysville Ward Primary for two years.

MABEL EDITH SWAINSTON CORDON
11th President of the Primary

Mabel Edith Swainston Cordon was born 23 June 1899 in Star Valley, Wyoming. Her parents were Ebenezer James and Harriet Ann Hughes Swainston. They were immigrants from England. Mabel was number nine in a family of thirteen.

Her early life was spent happily, except when she was tied close to the dish towel and dishpan and other home chores that little girls of that time had to learn. The task she disliked above all others was the weekly job of cleaning the silver ware. Either sand, wood ashes or sometimes the dust from a brick was used as silver polish, and it fairly well took the skin off a young girl's hands.

As soon as her household tasks were finished, she could be found out enjoying the wonders of nature, watching the birds build their nests and playing with the baby chickens, rabbits, puppies, kittens and whatever pets there were to be found on the farm.

Her father was her special pal. She followed him around while he did his chores on the farm. He would slyly help her slick up her plate at dinner just so she wouldn't miss dessert. He taught her to write her A-B-C's. She in turn would almost break her back just to weed long rows of carrots for him and any other tasks he would ask of her.

Her only transportation to school in the winter time was to ride on the back of her brother's skis.

She and her parents moved to Marysville, Idaho and lived there for four years and then to Alberta, Canada. They lived there for 10 years, and after the death of her father and sister, they moved back to Marysville. She was the eldest one home by this time and she had the responsibility of helping raise four of her brothers and sisters. Her mother died in 1921.

She married Ralph Purl Cordon the 16th of February 1924. He had four children by a previous marriage and they had five more, so she was busy being a mother to nine children.

She still had time for many positions in the Church. She was President of the Marysville Ward Primary for 12 years, almost 20 years as Sunday School Librarian, Secretary at different times for almost all the organizations in the Church,

Teacher in all the organizations, Chorister, and even substituted as organist. She held Stake positions in the Primary, Genealogy, and Sunday School, besides being a 4-H leader and a postmistress for six years.

She has enjoyed living in the "Old Days" and had the pleasure of seeing a new era of time ushered in with the car, radio, T.V., airplanes and many other wonders of a new century.

She loves life, her family and friends and especially her grandchildren, who love her just a "Wee Bit" too.

She does a lot of temple work, genealogy and "Good Samaritan" work in the winter, and is just as busy in the summer with her garden and her grandchildren and Church work. She is loved and respected by all who know her.



GERTRUDE PORTER GIFFORD
12th President of the Marysville Ward Primary



I was born in Rexburg, Idaho on the 28th day of March, 1906, the third daughter of Gertrude M. Paull and Arthur Porter. My mother died when I was thirteen days old, due to complications following childbirth. My maternal grandparents took me, the baby, to Logan, Utah, where I lived until their death. By that time, my father had married again, so I came back to Rexburg to live with my father and step mother. I then had one little half sister and my two older sisters, but our family increased until now I have four half sisters and three half brothers.

We learned early to attend Primary and Sunday School regularly. For several years when prizes were awarded for the best attendance, my sisters and I would win the prize in our classes.

I received my schooling in Rexburg, attending Ricks four years for high school and two years at the Junior College. I have since returned to Ricks and taken my degree, so I have graduated from a Church school three times.

As my father had a Book Store and a printing office, we all took our turn as we got old enough to help in the business.

When I was 14 years old I was put in as organist in the Rexburg First Ward Primary. I also taught Sunday School in Rexburg.

After I got my teaching certificate I started teaching in Public Schools in Madison County. I had to live away from home, so I worked in the various wards. M.I.A. seemed easiest for me while I was teaching. In Plano I held the office of Counselor in the M.I.A.

In 1931 I married Rodney Gifford and moved to Egin Berch and then to Southern Utah at Cedar City. In the winter of 1932 we returned to Marysville, and here we have lived until this time. Three children have been born to us, two sons, Paul and Dennis, and a daughter, JoAnn. My health was very poor after the birth of my second son, when I nearly lost my life. The Elders, including my father, administered to me and I fully believe my life was spared because of their ministry.

Since I have lived in Marysville, I have worked in the Relief Society, Sunday School and Primary. In 1935 I was a teacher under Pres. Mabel Cordon, and from then until 1947 I held the offices of organist, secretary, 1st and 2nd counselors to Pres. Cordon. In 1947, I was sustained as President and in 1990 I was released in order to go back to school teaching. I also served as a teacher under Pres. Hazel Worrell.



PRIMARY FLOAT

FESTUS FRANK SPRAGUE FAMILY
by Edith Sprague Crofts

Festus Frank Sprague was born in Grantsville, Utah, 14 Sept. 1867. Mother Anna Maria Moultrie was born in Tooele, Utah, 2 Oct. 1871. Later both families moved to Oakley, Idaho. They were married 29 Jan. 1888 in Oakley, Idaho. Their first son, Wm. Frank, was born in Oakley, Idaho, 24 Aug. 1889. My Father, Mother and Brother, also Father's brother Morris, moved to Marysville in the spring of 1890. They came by horses and wagon, and made several trips to haul their belongings. They camped at Bakers until Father filed on a section of land south of the cemetery on the east side of the road. He built a log house where their other seven children were born.

John Morris Sprague, born 18 June 1891, died 10 Mar. 1894
C. LeRoy Sprague, born 13 June 1893
Fess Sprague, born 21 Dec. 1895
Edith Sprague, born 27 Mar. 1897
Mae Sprague, born 10 Dec. 1900, died 16 Jan. 1901
Ray Sprague, born 12 Sept. 1902
Ross Sprague, born 17 Mar. 1906

The only Doctors our family had were Mrs. Mary Baker, Mrs. Loosli (Dimond's Mother) and Mrs. Humphrey (Milt's Mother).

Later in the summer of 1890, my Grandmother Green, who had remarried after grandfather's death to Emmerson Green, their three children and two step daughters, moved to Marysville. Grandmother purchased the lot from Bishop Wilson that is now owned by Wayne Jenkins, and raised the rest of her family and lived there until she passed away 8 Oct. 1927.

Uncle Morris carried the mail from Market Lake with our old dog (Bob), which also served to protect Mother and Frank from the Indians, who were more than plentiful at this time.

Our water was hauled in large barrels from the Baker Spring. Father raised horses, cattle, pigs and chickens, besides farming ground that is now owned by Gus Steinmann, also Greentimber country. He helped build canals. He worked at Pete Wilsons and Bill Engets sawmills and helped on building school and church, also other business buildings. He and the boys hauled freight for the Jackson Dam. He took tourists through the Park for years in camp and by stage. He also did contract work in Montana during haying season. They kept the old farm until the fall of 1915 when Mother's health failed rapidly, and they sold all but some horses and cows and bought a lot in Marysville. They spent their whole life there. All their family got married and all had families, but Ray. They left numerous grandchildren and great grandchildren. We, as a family, have scattered, with only three of us, Fess, Edith and Ross alive at this time. I am the only one left here and can say I love the people and country and feel I have many good friends. Mother passed away 11 July 1919 and Father on 4 Nov. 1929.

FREIGHTING TO MORAN, WYOMING FOR BUILDING OF DAM



SPRAGUES OUTFIT



RAY OSBORN AND HIS FREIGHT OUTFIT FORDING PILGRIM CREEK

ELI HARRIS AND
ELIZABETH HARRIETT MAHALA GAMMELL family

ELI HARRIS, son of McGee Harris and Mary Givens, was b. 13 Feb. 1842, at Marion, Williamson Co., Illinois; d. 17 Sept. 1902, Marysville, Fremont Co., Idaho; bur. Marysville, Idaho. He md. 20 Dec. 1867, Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell, in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co., Utah.

Eli's family were converts to the church and crossed the plains to Utah in the Heber C. Kimball Company in 1848. As a child he was given the nickname of "Cap" by his father, and this name stayed with him for life. As a young man Eli went to Richmond, Utah. Here he met and fell in love with Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell. They were married in Salt Lake City, Utah. For the first seventeen years of their married life they lived in Richmond, Utah. Eli freighted from Corinne, Utah to Montana. He was away from home much of the time. In 1884 he moved his family to Lewiston, Utah, where he purchased a farm. In the spring of 1891 he cast his lot with several other families and moved to Marysville, Idaho, where he acquired a homestead.

Eli was a leader in the pioneering of the Marysville area. He helped with logging, building of cabins, bridges, and canals into this virgin country. He served on the school board for a number of years. He was ever willing and helpful to others in getting established in this new community.

Eli was a very congenial and jovial man. He loved people and most of all his own family. He liked a good joke, and played many on his children and others. Eli was a father of thirteen children, four of whom died in their youth or infancy. The rigors of pioneer life took their toll, among which was Eli who died before he turned sixty years of age.

Eli Harris and Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell had issue:

1. Drusilla Elizabeth Harris, b. 25 Sept. 1868, Richmond, Utah; md. Ernest Fredrick Hale
2. Eli McGee Harris, b. 25 Sept. 1870, Richmond, Utah; md. Mary Isabelle Karren
3. James Gammell Harris, b. 17 Nov. 1872, Richmond, Utah; md. Sarah Francetta Coleman
4. Mary Bernis Harris, b. 16 Jan. 1875, Richmond, Utah; md. Hiram Philip Spratling
5. Lucy Azeneth Harris, b. 23 Mar. 1877, Richmond, Utah; md. William Joseph Salisbury
6. Emily Virginia Harris, b. 27 Sept. 1880, Richmond, Utah; d. 13 June 1883
7. Jeanette Harris, b. 1 Feb. 1883, Richmond, Utah; d. abt. 1884
8. Edna Harris, b. 8 Mar. 1885, Lewiston, Utah; d. 1 Jan. 1900
9. Ivy Harris, b. 30 Oct. 1887, Lewiston, Utah; md. Joshua Albert Brower
10. William Vernal Harris (twin), b. 14 Oct. 1889, Lewiston, Utah; md. Edna Agunda Hansen
11. William Vernon Harris (twin), b. 14 Oct. 1889, Lewiston, Utah; d. 14 Oct. 1889
12. LaVerna Harris, b. 29 Mar. 1892, Marysville, Idaho; md. Ward Willard Reynolds
13. Effie Harris, b. 20 May 1894, Marysville, Idaho; md. Percy Duncan McArthur.



Eli Harris and Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell family. Front row, left to right: James G., Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell, Eli McGee. Back row: LaVerna, Mary B., Effie, William V., Lucy A., Ivy. Pictures on the wall: Eli Harris, Drusilla. Inset: Wedding picture of Eli Harris and Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell.

ELI MCGEE HARRIS AND MARY KARREN HARRIS

Eli McGee Harris, son of Eli Harris and Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell, was born 25 Sept. 1870, Richmond, Cache Co., Utah; d. 21 May 1929, Clementsville, Teton Co., Idaho; bur. 24 May 1929, Marysville, Fremont Co., Idaho. He md. 14 Nov. 1890, Mary Isabelle Karren, in the Logan Temple, Cache Co., Utah.

Eli lived in Richmond with his parents until a young man. He attended elementary school, and later went to the college at Logan, Utah, for one year. His family then moved to Lewiston, Utah, where they engaged in farming. At Lewiston Eli met and courted Mary Isabelle Karren, and on the 14 Nov. 1890 they were married in the Logan Temple. The following spring they went to Idaho, and filed on a homestead at Marysville. Eli McGee constructed a two room log house. The land was covered with sage brush that had to be removed. After clearing his land he planted oats and wheat.

A saw mill was built at Warm River, about eight miles north of Marysville, where Eli worked for lumber during the winter. He hauled it to Idaho Falls to sell. As the years went by he tilled more land. Harvesters were needed to cut and thresh the grain. Eli and three other men bought a thresher, and did custom work for many farmers.

Eli was a leader, he did much for the advancement of the community. He was elected to the Idaho State Legislature for two terms from 1907 to 1911. He was active in church work, serving as counselor in the Sunday School Superintendency. He took part in dramas, and managed the dances in the area for many years. He served as First and Second Counselors in the Bishopric, and was ordained a Bishop of Marysville Ward on 10 Dec. 1907. He was released in 1916, and served on the High Council until his death in 1929.

Eli McGee Harris and Mary Isabelle Karren had issue:

1. Oral McGee Harris, b. 16 Aug. 1891, Lewiston, Utah; md. Nora Alldredge
2. Zora Harris, b. 9 Feb. 1894, Marysville, Idaho; md. Bruce Francis Reynolds
3. Cliff Karren Harris, b. 27 June 1896, Marysville, Idaho; md. Leone Hobbs
4. Orlin Langley Harris, b. 24 Jan. 1899, Marysville, Idaho; md. Sarah Saphrone Thompson
5. George Gammell Harris, b. 20 June 1901, Marysville, Idaho; md. Thelma Wakeman
6. Edna Belle Harris, b. 20 Mar. 1904, Marysville, Idaho; md. Leonard Elliot Hacking
7. Linden Eli Harris, b. 20 July 1906, Marysville, Idaho; md. Clella Russell
8. Rulon Albert Harris, b. 22 Oct. 1909, Marysville, Idaho; md. Margaret Hollingworth.

MARY BERNES HARRIS

Mary Bernes Harris, dau. of Eli Harris and Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell, was b. 16 Jan. 1875, Richmond, Cache Co., Utah; d. 27 Jan. 1914, Ashton, Fremont Co., Idaho; bur. 29 Jan. 1914, Ashton, Idaho. She md. 21 Apr. 1895, Hiram Phillip Spratling, at Marysville, Fremont Co., Idaho.

Mary received a limited education at Richmond. At the age of sixteen she went with her parents to Marysville, Idaho, to homestead land. At the age of twenty she married Hiram Phillip Spratling. Mary was a sweet and gentle woman, loved by everyone. She was a beautiful singer, and was frequently asked. She was a wonderful mother and wife. She lived all her married life on a homestead on the north side of North Fork of the Snake River.



Eli McGee Harris



Mary Isabelle Karren



Oral M.



Zora



Cliff K.



Orlin L.



George G.



Edna Belle



Linden E.



Rulon A.

Mary was active in church. She was President of the Primary in the Vernon Ward, and was an active member of the ward choir. She worked very hard assisting her husband in the farm and dairy work. She was very handy with horses, and enjoyed horseback riding with the family. She died at Ashton, Idaho, and was buried there.

HIRAM PHILLIP SPRATLING

Hiram Phillip Spratling, son of George Spratling and Mary Davis, was b. 25 Sept. 1866, Bruton, Somerset, England; d. 6 Feb. 1945, Gridley, Butte Co., Calif.; bur. 9 Feb. 1945, Gridley, Calif. He md. 21 Apr. 1895, Mary Bernes Harris, at Marysville, Fremont Co., Idaho.

At the request of his father on his deathbed, his mother and family came to America. Phillip celebrated his tenth birthday aboard a ship enroute to America. They arrived at Salt Lake City on 6 Oct. 1877, and made their home at West Jordan, Utah. Phillip worked at various jobs, and at the age of fourteen went to work herding sheep. He spent many months alone in the mountains near Salt Lake City, and had many frightening experiences as a young boy.

In 1888 his family moved to Marysville, Idaho, where his father homesteaded land. Phillip worked away from home much of the time. He worked at Dillon, Montana, and also at Butte for mining companies as a cook. Later he worked as a cook at the River Side Hotel at St. Anthony, Idaho. At this time he met and courted Mary Bernes Harris. They had five children. During the following years he became active in the church. He was Sunday School Superintendent for a number of years, and served as a ward teacher at Ashton. He died at Gridley Calif.

Mary Bernes Harris and Hiram Phillip Spratling had issue:

1. Mary Bernes Spratling, b. 5 July 1896, Marysville, Idaho; md. Hyrum Farnworth, Jr.
2. George Phillip Spratling, b. 9 Aug. 1898, Marysville, Idaho; d. 1 Jan. 1901
3. Eli Douglas Spratling, b. 11 Aug. 1900, Marysville, Idaho; d. 5 Jan. 1901
4. Alexander Deless Spratling, b. 9 Mar. 1902, Marysville, Idaho; md. Elva Maud Bramwell
5. William Glen Spratling, b. 7 Jan. 1904, Vernon, Idaho; md. Melba Lucille Hill

LUCY AZENETH HARRIS

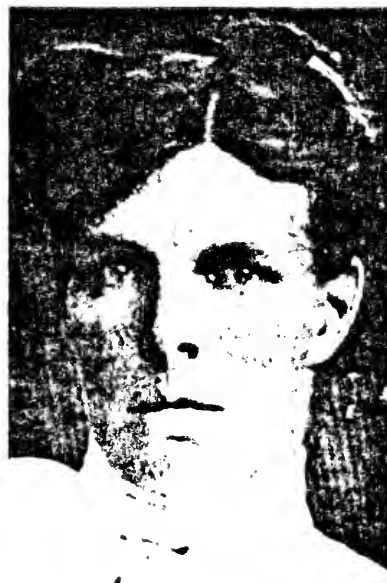
Lucy Azeneth Harris, dau. of Eli Harris and Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell, was b. 23 Mar. 1877, Richmond, Cache Co., Utah; d. 6 June 1952, Ashton, Fremont Co., Idaho; bur. 9 June 1952, Ashton, Idaho. She md. 14 Nov. 1905, William Joseph Salisbury, in Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake Co., Utah.

At the age of fourteen Lucy and her family moved to Marysville, Idaho. She was reared on a homestead. She loved horses, and became an excellent horsewoman. When she was seventeen she went to Thatcher, Idaho, and worked in a store. After two years she returned to Marysville. Lucy was asked to teach the children of the community, which she accepted, and was a wonderful influence for good.

She married William Joseph Salisbury. They had two children, both of them passed away in infancy. Soon after this her husband was called on a mission. She went to work for the Barrett Merchantile Company, keeping her husband on his mission. Soon after his return home from his mission, Lucy and William were divorced.



Hiram Phillip Spratling



Mary Bernes Harris



Mary Bernes



Alexander D.



William Glen



William Joseph Salisbury

Lucy Azeneth Harris

She accepted a job in St. Anthony for the Fogg and Jacobs Co., which she held until she was elected County Treasurer and served for two terms. Later she accepted a job in Oakley, Idaho, and eight years later she went to Boise, Idaho where she worked as a clerk in the State Capitol Building until she retired. She then returned to Ashton making her home with her sister Effie Harris McArthur. She was with her sister for about two years before she died.

WILLIAM JOSEPH SALISBURY

William Joseph Salisbury, son of Joseph Morris Salisbury and Miranda Ramsden, was b. 10 Oct. 1880, Salt Lake City, Utah. He md. (1) 14 Nov. 1905, Lucy Azeneth Harris; md. (2) 10 Aug. 1910, Cleo Edna McRae.

In 1885 his family moved to a farm in Granger, Utah, where he worked on the farm. The first schooling he received was from his father, who was a school teacher. His parents died in 1897 and 1898. He and his three sisters and a younger brother moved to Marysville, Idaho, in May 1898.

William lived with an uncle and aunt in Marysville. For a number of years he helped on the farm, and did janitor work at the church. He completed the eighth grade of school at Marysville. For a number of years he carried mail from St. Anthony to Marysville.

He married Lucy Azeneth Harris in the Salt Lake Temple. In 1906 he was called on a mission to the Western States, and labored in Colorado and Nebraska. Upon his return he attended the LDS Business College in Salt Lake City, Utah. He taught a class in mathematics at the college at night, and worked as a shoe salesman on Saturdays. While at school he took an examination for Railway Postal Clerk. He passed and was appointed clerk between Ogden and San Francisco. Later he served between Portland and Pocatello, Idaho.

His marriage to Lucy was a failure, and ended in divorce. He later married Cleo Edna McRae in Independence, Missouri, on 10 Aug. 1910. After a short honeymoon to Chicago, they settled at Pocatello, Idaho. Later he was transferred to Kansas City Missouri Post Office where he worked for 43 years. He retired in 1950, at which time he was a supervisor. The next day he went to work for a music company. William and Cleo resided in Independence, Missouri, and were the parents of three daughters.

Shortly after moving to Independence, William was appointed Sunday School Superintendent of that branch, where he served for twenty-five years. He also served as a board member of the Sunday School for the mission, helping the various branches with their problems. He also served as Ward Teachers clerk, speech director, and teacher of the High Priests Quorum in recent years.

IVY HARRIS

Ivy Harris, dau. of Eli Harris and Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell, was b. 30 Oct. 1887, Lewiston, Cache Co., Utah. She md. 25 Mar. 1908, Joshua Albert Brower, in Logan Temple, Cache Co., Utah.

When Ivy was four years of age her family moved to Marysville, Idaho. They lived in tents and covered wagons until a log house was constructed on their homestead. When Ivy was twelve years of age, she got a job working for a family for fifty cents a week. She assisted with the washing, house cleaning, and cooking. When she was fifteen she got a job helping in the Barrett Store.

At the age of seventeen she was chosen as the "Goddess of Liberty" for the July 4th celebration at Marysville. She went to school at Rexburg, Idaho. Here she met Joshua Albert Brower in 1903. He went on a mission for the church, and when he returned they were married.

Ivy was always active in the church. She served as a Primary teacher, counselor in the Relief Society, a visiting teacher; and for many years was President of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. In 1848 Ivy and her husband moved to Provo, Utah; and in 1962, they sold their home and moved to California.

JOSHUA ALBERT BROWER

Joshua Albert Brower, son of Joshua Brower and Caroline Amelia Allen, was b. 1 Feb. 1885, Richmond, Cache Co., Utah. He md. 25 Mar. 1908, Ivy Harris, in the Logan Temple, Cache Co., Utah.

Joshua and his father's family moved to Ora, Idaho, in 1894. He received his early education from teachers chosen from among the settlers. Later he was sent to Rexburg to normal school, where he met Ivy Harris. He stayed there until he received a call for a mission to the Southern States.

When Albert returned from his mission, he married Ivy Harris. They made their home in Marysville, Idaho, where he worked in a local store. Later he drove a stage coach through the Yellowstone Park. In 1914 he moved his family to Logan, Utah, where he attended the Agricultural College. He specialized in forestry. Later he went to Missoula, Montana, where he finished his training, and passed his civil service examinations. He was employed by the Forest Service as a Forest Ranger at Victor, Idaho. After a few years he entered into the mercantile business. He bought the Victor Mercantile Company, and renamed it the J.A. Brower and Son Company. He had this business until 1929, when he lost it to the Utah Credit Assoc.

Albert then moved his family to Logan, and became a car salesman for Chrysler Corp. In the spring of 1933 he returned to the Forest Service. He worked in the Salmon National Forest, and lived in Salmon, Idaho. He worked here for sixteen years until retirement age. In 1948 he moved to Provo, Utah; and in 1962 sold his home and moved to California.

Albert has always been active in civic and church affairs. While at Victor he served as Bishop of that ward for six years. He was a member of the High Council in Salmon, Idaho. He became the group leader of the High Priests of the Eighth Ward while in Provo.

Ivy Harris and Joshua Albert Brower had issue:

1. Albert Carl Brower, b. 16 May 1909, Marysville, Idaho; md. Helen Joice Stroud
2. Venna Brower, b. 26 Apr. 1913, Marysville, Idaho; md. Willis Emil Von Almen
3. Marjorie Amelia Brower, b. 3 Jan. 1919, Marysville, Idaho; md. Joseph Warren Herndon
4. Melvin Harris Brower, b. 5 Dec. 1925, St. Anthony, Idaho; md. Gloria Mollie Ruppert
5. Robert Delano Brower, b. 20 Feb. 1933, Trenton, Cache Co., Utah



Joshua Albert Brower



Ivy Harris



Albert Carl



Venna



Marjorie Amelia



Melvin H.



Robert D.

WILLIAM VERNAL HARRIS

William Vernal Harris, son of Eli Harris and Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell, was b. 14 Oct. 1889, Lewiston, Cache Co., Utah; d. 10 Mar. 1962, Ashton, Fremont Co., Idaho; bur. 13 Mar. 1962, Teton, Teton Co., Idaho. He md. 18 Oct. 1916, Edna Agunda Hansen, in Logan Temple, Cache Co., Utah. (Div.)

William Vernal was acquainted with pioneering and hard work from his youth. When he was only eight years of age he carried water by pony to the men building the Brady Canal, the first one into Marysville. After his father's death in 1902 he and his brothers helped break and clear sagebrush on the homestead. In his early twenties he moved with his family to Cache, Idaho. He received his education in Marysville and Ashton, and studied one year at Ricks College. As a young man he was very particular about his own clothes. He had a special love for horses, and his horse, buggy, and harness had to be the best.

While living at Cache he met his future wife, Edna Agunda Hansen. They were married in the Logan Temple, and had three sons. William acquired a ranch close to his wife's parents. He worked hard and was a successful rancher. Besides his ranch and cattle he worked for the Nelson-Ricks Creamery Company. He was a loyal employee for thirty-six years. During this time he was very ambitious and a good manager, and purchased several hundred acres of land, and milked a big herd of cows. In 1948 he turned his property over to his wife and sons. He moved to Ashton, where he continued in the employment of the creamery company in their cheese plant. He retired at the age of sixty-five.

EFFIE HARRIS

Effie Harris, dau. of Eli Harris and Elizabeth Harriett Mahala Gammell, was b. 20 May 1894, Marysville, Fremont Co., Idaho; d. 28 Jan. 1952, Ashton, Fremont Co., Idaho; bur. 3 Feb. 1952, Ashton, Idaho. She md. 4 Mar. 1926, Percy Duncan McArthur, in Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake Co., Utah.

Effie was reared in Marysville, where she obtained her education. She was very devoted to her mother, and felt keenly the responsibility of caring for her. She became the Post Mistress at Marysville, and worked there until her mother died in 1919. She then decided to go into nursing, so she attended the LDS Hospital at Salt Lake City, where she graduated. She then studied special nursing at the Alhambra Hospital in Alhambra, California. At this time she accepted an assignment to work as a special nurse for Mrs. Percy Duncan McArthur of Monrovia, Calif. She was confined to her bed and needed special care. She worked here until Mrs. McArthur died.

Effie continued her nursing career for two more years. During this time Percy Duncan McArthur courted her. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple. They made their home in Marysville, Idaho, where they purchased a ranch. Accepting all the responsibilities to make a happy married life, Effie became familiar with all the farm machinery, and learned how to operate it.

At the completion of each harvest Effie and her husband would take their trailer and spend the winter months visiting Florida, New Mexico, Mexico, and California. When they decided to retire they bought a home and moved to Ashton, Idaho.

Effie's husband died at the age of seventy. The loss of her constant companion seemed to be more than Effie could bear. Her health began to fail, and she passed away in 1952 at the Ashton Memorial Hospital. Effie and Percy had no children.



William Vernal Harris and Edna Agunda Hansen family. Back row, left to right: William Vernal Harris, Edna Agunda Hansen. Front row: Earl E., Neils Vernon. Inset: Shirley H.

PERCY DUNCAN MCARTHUR

Percy Duncan McArthur, son of William Henry McArthur and Henryzetta M. Hutchinson, was b. 6 Mar. 1878, Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete Co., Utah; d. 13 Oct. 1948, Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co., Idaho. He md. (1) Harriet Shaw; md. (2) 4 Mar. 1926, Effie Harris, in Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake Co., Utah.

As a boy Percy helped his father on the ranch, one of his responsibilities was to herd the cattle. His family moved to Lawrence, Emery Co., Utah, when he was ten years of age. When he was nineteen he met Harriett Shaw. After a period of courtship they were married in the Manti Temple, Sanpete Co., Utah. They had no children.

Percy continued to work on his father's ranch after his marriage. In 1900 he moved with his parents to Marysville, Idaho. Here Percy and his wife purchased a ranch. He was active in church work, and served a two year mission. He was active in civic affairs. He was State Representative of Fremont Co., and was the Mayor of Marysville for some time.

Percy and his wife moved to California where he was engaged in the real estate business. His wife became very ill, and a special nurse was hired. This was Effie Harris. After the death of Percy's first wife, he married Effie. They were married in Salt Lake City, Utah, and made their home at Marysville, Idaho. Percy purchased another farm, and he and Effie operated this together. During the winter months, following the harvest, they would travel to warmer parts of the country, and into Mexico. Percy died in 1948, at Idaho Falls, Idaho.



Percy Duncan McArthur Effie Harris

JOSEPH ORLANDO GOOCH

Joseph Orlando Gooch was born December 4, 1890 at Wilford, Idaho. His mother died when he was a small boy and he was raised by his father along with his older brother, Edmund. On September 27, 1911, at Marysville, Idaho, he married Grace Mildred McArthur, who was born in Lawrence, Utah, September 18, 1890.

Orlando started his elementary education at Wilford and finished it at Marysville. He attended one year of Missionary School at Rick's Academy.

Four children were born to this couple: Perry E., 1913; Arlo O., 1916; Rex J., 1918, who died in 1980; Grace Ann, 1923.

Following marriage, Orlando started farming and continued farming his own and rented land until 1940. He sold his 120 acres of farmland in 1944 due to poor health. In the early 1920's he purchased 10 acres of land in the townsite of Marysville and moved a small home on to the land. Here he lived up until two years before he died in 1960.

Grace Mildred died Oct. 6, 1923 at Marysville of complications connected with childbirth. The baby girl, Grace Ann, was placed with her uncle, Dr. Rex C. McArthur, who raised her as his own, in California. Orlando kept his three small boys. He would hire a woman to cook and keep house during the summer months, but most of the time he and his three sons kept the cleanest, most orderly widowers home in the country for eleven years.

In the early 1930's, the new Yellowstone highway was completed. It ran adjacent to Orlando's home. Orlando built a Service Station and two double tourist cabins. The Station was called "Ashton Service Station". This annoyed a few business men in Ashton. "Business is business", he told them. Orlando had seen his Father and his Father-in-law go out of business in Marysville as Ashton businessmen persuaded the railroad to by-pass Marysville. His service station and cabins proved to be a profitable enterprise for about 20 years.

During the summer of 1931 and 1932, Evelyn Windley Pugmire, of St. Charles, Idaho and her two children, worked for Orlando as cook and housekeeper. She was a wonderful woman. She captured the love of Orlando and his three sons. They were married in 1932. Nola was born in 1933 and Keith in 1934. This made quite a family with Evelyn and her two children, Cleone Windley, a young woman, Paul Pugmire, about 8 years and Orlando with his three grown sons, 16 to 21 years of age. They referred to the family as "His, Hers and Ours", but they got along remarkably well. They were and are still family.

Orlando was a good farmer. He was one of the first certified seed potato growers in Idaho, working closely with the Pathology Dept., University of Idaho and the Idaho Crop Improvement Association. He built his first potato cellar in 1924. It was replaced in 1936.

He was always involved in area activities: canal companies and city improvement projects. He served in several capacities for the L.D.S. Church. He was counselor to Bishop Abraham Hillam and Bishop R. P. Cordon. He was a Stake High Priest. He got involved in politics early, serving four terms as County Commissioner of Fremont County and two terms as State Representative.



Evelyn

Orlando loved to hunt and fish. Some of his favorite partners were his brother, Edmund, W. W. Reynolds, his brother-in-law Eugene Rich and most of all his boys, while they were growing up.

Orlando died July 20, 1960 at Ashton, Idaho and Evelyn died May 19, 1962 at Montpelier, Idaho.

THOMAS EDMUND GOOCH FAMILY

By Edmund Gooch

My Mother, Ann Baumann, was born September 22, 1865 at Lenzburg, Aargau, Switzerland. When Grandfather Ulrich Loosli went on his mission to Switzerland, he converted Grandmother, Elizabeth Eggiman, 27 Sept. 1859. She was a widow at that time. They got married and she and her two daughters, Ann and Elizabeth, came with him to Preston, Idaho. He had a ranch and they all worked hard. The girls were in their teens, both old enough to get a job. My Mother Ann got a job over in Clarkston, working for Martin Harris's son who lived there and had a young family at this time. My Father, who lived in Oxford, Idaho, met my mother at a party and they started going together. Father would go over to see my Mother. About this time Martin Harris, the witness to the Book of Mormon, came to see his son. One time when Father Gooch, my Father, met Martin Harris, they started to talk about the Book of Mormon. Finally Father was converted and joined the church, and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

I was born 6th of February 1888 at Wilford, Idaho. Our house was about two blocks from the Wilford Ward Church. There were no doctors, just a mid-wife whose name was Mrs. Birch. When I was two years old, we moved to Chester, Idaho. Father bought 40 acres of land there. When I was five years old, we moved to Marysville. Father filed on 80 acres of land just east of the Marysville townsite. He also bought two lots in Marysville where he built his first house, kitchen, living room, one bedroom down stairs and two bedrooms up stairs.

Mother was the first postmistress. She had the office in the front room. The first two winters the road was closed to St. Anthony and the mail was delivered by dog team. Paul Fletcher was the driver at this time. I was six years old and started to school. The first year school was held in the church house, which was a log house. Two years later they built a school house. I went to school until I finished the 8th grade.

Father was called on a mission to England. He was gone about two years when Mother became very sick, so Father was called home. He was home a short time when she passed away. I was $9\frac{1}{2}$ years old at this time. I was baptized by Joseph Lamborn.

About two years later I went to Rexburg. At this time Father took a contract with the government to haul the mail from St. Anthony to Marysville six days a week. Father had two teams of horses. He left one team at Chester at Mr. Smith's place. He changed teams and drove the other team to St. Anthony and back to Chester. I was the mailman for two or three years. I saved my money and bought me a span of horses and also a wagon and box.

Marysville had a ball club. They had a grandstand on the Lamborn place. My Father-in-Law, Wm McArthur and P.D. McArthur built a hotel of rock with 14 bedrooms, big dining room, a kitchen and living room. About this time Uncle Limond Loosli was choir leader in the Marysville Ward. It was at one of these practices that I met Farrel McArthur. She had a good voice. We went together for about two years and got married. The second year we were married, we moved up on Fall River, just above the Farmer's Dam and worked on the canal all summer. Next year we went to Blackfoot, Idaho and filed on 160 acres of land over in Teton County. We moved up on the land and lived in a tent.

That fall, we went up in the timber and got enough logs to build a house and barn, also we bought lumber from a saw mill for the house. We went back down to Marysville and lived with Uncle Boundy Loosli. He bought him a ranch about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Ashton. We worked in the timber getting out logs for his buildings. In the spring, Uncle and I went up to our ranch and built a small house, kitchen, living room and a bedroom up stairs, also a small barn. About the 10th of April we moved up to our ranch. The next two years we finished cleaning off the sage brush and finished plowing the rest of the land. That fall we planted it to fall wheat, Turkey Red. The next fall we harvested a fine crop of wheat.

We sold the wheat crop and also sold the ranch to Hyrum Stott, who was our neighbor at that time, then we bought my Father's ranch in Marysville, also 30 acres of the Lamborn ranch which joined the Marysville townsite on the east. We lived several years on Father's ranch. It had a nice house on it. Then we bought two lots in Marysville townsite on the east side. I dug a basement, then cemented the walls, then we bought a house from Bishop Leavitt, who was moving to Idaho Falls. We moved the house over and put it on the basement. After we got it remodeled, we had a nice home. Also we had the Rankin Bros. drill us a well and installed an electric pump and had a modern home with all the fixtures. Here we lived until we sold out and went to California. While we lived in Marysville, we both worked in the Church. We were in the YMMIA and YWMA. I was first counselor in the Sunday School and she was a teacher. We both sang in the choir, and later I was Bishop for about six years, also was second counselor in the Stake MIA. Willis Humphreys was President. I spent two years as deputy assessor of Fremont County.



HISTORY OF THOMAS WILLIAM AND MARIE ANTOINETTE KARREN
By a Daughter: Marie Antoinette Karren Egbert

My father, Thomas William Karren, was born in Lehi, Utah Co., Utah, March 4th, 1864, the son of Thomas Karren and Sarah Gibbons. His parents were sent there by the Mormon Church to colonize that area. After a short time, when father was still a small boy, they moved to Vernal, Utah and he spent his childhood there.

When he was 21 years old he went to Lewiston, Cache Co., Utah to live and work with his Uncle Hyrum Karren. This is where he met and married my mother.



THOMAS WILLIAM KARREN

My mother, Marie Antoinette Van Orden, was the daughter of Everett Clark Van Orden and Elizabeth Harris. She was born in Kaysville, Utah, Nov. 9th, 1865. Her childhood days were spent there, where she attended school. She was the 6th child of a family of 15 children. Her family moved to Lewiston, Utah when Mother was in her teens. On the 11th of Sept., 1887, at the age of 21, she was married to Thomas W. Karren in the Logan Temple. They started their home back in his home town in Vernal. Here a son, William Everett, was born, Aug. 4th, 1888. Then Dec. 17, 1889 a daughter, Ruby Mae, was born. After three years they moved back to Lewiston where another daughter, Edith Elva, was born on Dec. 31, 1891.



MARIE ANTOINETTE VAN ORDEN

At that time, a number of young residents of Cache Valley became interested in the advantages offered to young farmers who would move to Canada. My father, who loved adventure, was determined to join a group of six families who organized a wagon train to make the long trip. Mother disliked the idea and tried to discourage him in going, but she finally gave up and helped make ready for the trip.

When the day of departure came, their three small children had the whooping cough. Father was determined to go anyway so the start was made. After three days on the road the children were so sick Mother refused to go on until they felt better, so they made camp and waited three days. The rest of the group went on ahead. They attempted to catch the others by driving more hours each day, but they took a wrong turn and became confused in regard to directions, and after much traveling, they met a man who told them they were headed back toward Oaden, Utah. By this time they were so far behind, they gave up and went back to Lewiston.

The following summer they decided to join my mother's sister and husband, Edith and Joseph Glover, to cast their lot in the Upper Snake River Valley in Idaho. The long trip was made from Lewiston, Utah to the northern part of Southeast Idaho in a covered wagon. In 1893 they filed on homesteads and built one room log cabins, but went back down to Egin to spend the first winter. Here they could get feed for their stock, and Mother had a sister living at Egin. The men hauled freight from Market Lake, now called Roberts. Another daughter was born at Egin, Delphia, Born Sept. 16, 1894.

The Homestead was located $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of the present town of Ashton, and on Fall River. The first few years in the new home were trying ones. The log cabin just had a dirt floor, oiled paper on the windows and a quilt hung at the door. Water had to be hauled from the river in barrells, so in the summer time Mother often took her laundry down to the river where she built a fire and heated the water in a tub resting upon three rocks around the fire. The clothes were washed on a washboard and hung on the bushes to dry. When the wild berries were ripe, she would gather berries while the clothes were drying. In the winter, Dad would saw large cakes of ice from the river and pile them up by the north side of the house to melt for water. Many were the dangers and hardships of those first few years on our Homestead. The winters were long and cold and the summers hot and dry. They worked hard to get fences built and ditches made for irrigation. Mother said her first gardens were eaten up by antelope. They could jump over a real high fence. There were also many coyotes. One time my sisters stood watching as a coyote snatched a hen as she drank water from a pan only a few feet away from them.

One summer while father was down the country working to earn hay to feed his horses and cow through the winter, the country was swept by a prairie fire. Mother saw it coming and put the four children on top of the chicken coop. She only had one barrel of water, so she tied a burlap sack onto a pitch fork and dipped it in the barrel of water to beat out the flames as they crept close to the house. She fought desperately and saved the buildings, but a lot of the fence and grain was destroyed.

Father would go every summer to drive stage coach in the Yellowstone Park to earn money for our winter supplies. It was a thrill when he would come home with a bolt of calico for dresses and shirts, and a bolt of outing flannel for night wear and unbleached muslin for underwear and garments. Mother made them all and we all had clothes out of the same material. Father would bring home dried applies, peaches, prunes and raisins, also other food stuffs for which we were so grateful.

Most all of the people in the little village of Marysville were Mormons, but it took time to get a church and schools going. They had to make their own entertainment, so they organized a home talent drama club. My Father took part in many of their plays and Mother entertained between acts by step dancing. Father was an excellent reader and pleased the crowds. During the long winter evenings he would read to the family while Mother knitted stockings and mittens.

When the family got old enough to go to school, Father got a log home in Marysville so the children could go.

A daughter, Grace, was born out on the farm, July 16, 1895. She lived 18 months and died of a spinal defect. Dad had been laid up with a badly cut foot so had not been out to break road, so he went on snow shoes to a neighbor for help. Two men skied seven miles to a saw mill and carried a board back from which a little casket was made. Mother lined it with a cotton quilt bat and the satin from her wedding dress. Grace was buried in the field a short distance from the house.

My Father's brother, Charley Karren, homesteaded here about two miles west of our place. He decided to go back to Utah, so about the year 1900, my father sold his place to George Garrett, and took Uncle Charley's place. This place is now owned by Sherman Hess.

As time went on, seven more children were born to join the family: Estella, born Mar. 16, 1898, Marie Antoinette, Dec. 7, 1901, the twins, Ada and Ida, born July 16, 1903, Sylvia, July 16, 1905, Evelyn, Nov. 28, 1907 and Thomas Edward, June 10, 1910.



Back row: Ruby Ashcraft, Delora Marshall, Edith Gee, John E. Gee
 Middle Row: Marie Egbert, Sylvia Willes, Stella Dicks
 Front Row: Wm. Karren, Evelyn Lemke, Leo Karren.

Educating a family of twelve children was a big task in those days. About the time the first school house was built in Ashton, Father built a house in Ashton close to the school and we would move in for the winter. We all survived the terrible flu epidemic of 1918, although most of the family was very sick.

My Father was a hard working man, good to his family and had many friends. On July 2nd, 1925, he passed away with quick pneumonia at the age of 63.

After Father's death, Mother moved from the farm into Ashton and spent the rest of her life there. She lived to see all of her children married. She did her housework, took care of a few chickens, garden and berries to within two months of her death. She loved flowers and each of her homes was adorned with them, both inside and out. She passed away June 22, 1942, at the age of 76, and was laid to rest beside my Father in Pine View cemetery at Ashton, Idaho.

This is the home on the ranch. It is the first home that I can remember, and I lived here with my family until I married.



THOMAS WILLIAM WHITTLE

Thomas William Whittle, the eighth child of Thomas Levi and Mary Amelia Fulmer Whittle, was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, 10 November 1855, after these staunch pioneer parents, and early converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints had migrated to the valley of the Great Salt Lake in the Zera Pulsipher Company.

The family lived at Fort Harriman west of Salt Lake City for a few years. It was here that Will, as he was called, and as a small child learned the fear of Indian raids, wild animals, and the beginning of self-survival. From Grantsville, to where they had subsequently moved, the family was called to settle in Cache Valley. Will was then about five or six years old. In Richmond, the men and boys immediately built a fort for protection against the Indians for themselves and additional families that came later. As time passed, some families ventured outside the fort and made their homes.

Will worked along with the other children and parents to make gardens, fight coyotes and rabbits, and take care of livestock. Many a long day or night he hunted for a lost horse. During the winters he fed cattle, horses, and sheep when snow was too deep and cold for the cattle to graze.

Will's father was killed in a freak accident in 1868, leaving two families to care for themselves. Will worked at jobs, wherever and whatever was available to help his mother and family.

On April 10, 1876, he married Fidelia Sari (su ri)Hendricks, (Also known in some records as Sariah Fidelia Hendricks.) daughter of Fidelia Sari Pew and Joseph Smith Hendricks, a pioneer family that came all the way with Joseph Smith (who named and blessed him) and Brigham Young. While living at Richmond, Will worked at a sawmill, freight line, and wrangled horses. Three sons were born in Richmond, Thomas William b. 2 January 1877, died 14 May 1879; Joseph Whittle b. 4 November 1878; and Utellus b 16 December 1880. In 1881 they moved to Swan Lake Flats near Oxford, Idaho. While living in Oxford, Idaho, Zera was born 15 January 1883, Ernest Hendricks b. 22 January 1885, Alice Fidelia b 6 September 1887.

The family later moved to what is now Marysville, Fremont County, Idaho, where they cleared land and cut and hauled logs for a log house. They were homesteading, so they thought. Ernest broke his leg and his mother set it as best she could, but still worried about him, so the family returned to Rexburg for medical help or security. They spent the winter in Rexburg and returned in the spring to their logs and homestead and someone else had used the logs, built a house and moved in.

The Whittle homestead was started again about one mile north of the previous site, nearer the Snake River. With patience, prayer and hard work their home became a prosperous place. Mary and Marion (twins) were born 15 March 1891. Will was ambitious and tried hard to provide for his family. It took all hands, large or small to beat the elements and clear the land. Many times Will had to leave home to secure work else where. One time he worked on the Oregon Short Line Railroad and worked into Portland, Oregon.

His loving wife was all the medical help available in Marysville for many, many years--always on call. Will never tried to stop her. God seemed to protect their young ones while she was away.

This I will write as Will's granddaughter. He will be grandfather from now on. I remember the family prayers always. Never a raised voice or cross word. He learned never to harm anything. While living in the log cabin, he disposed of a mother cat's kittens. During the night the mother cat dug them up and when he awoke he found them all along the side of his bed. When chicken dinner was planned Grandpa was not to be found until all was on the table. He just couldn't hurt anything again.

He served the Church well. His father-in-law was in the Bishopric for 15 years. His children respected their parents and sought their guidance and advice. No call for help came without his quick and immediate response, for his Lord or his fellow man. I never ever heard him cross or distasteful in his manners. He served on the School Board of Trustees for many years. He fought the building of the large \$30,000 school house built in Marysville. He wanted it one-half as large and made to be added upon as needed. He was home ill with the gout when time came to vote on the building. The decision for the large one was won by one vote. I attended this school through grade school and one-half of the building was never used for any school classes. The LDS Church rented the remaining half to hold meetings to help support the school budget. He was always regretting his illness and absence.

He enjoyed his Deseret News paper and read it faithfully each mail day. I remember all the family gathering at Grandma and Grandpa's on Christmas Eve. Always the largest Christmas tree, presents, eats and all, and Santa came and gave out the gifts and Grandpa was always late to see Santa. He arrived soon after Santa left. He enjoyed his family and loved them dearly. His two daughters were his greatest joy.

In August 1924, I was helping my cousins take the milk cows to the pasture. We were in a hurry in order to go to Ashton for a quick trip for machinery parts, but mostly a treat at the drug store--to sit at the glass table and have ice cream soda. Homemade ice cream was plentiful at home, but my now grown up we were to go to the drug store most every week day with an uncle or grandpa himself. Today we had to hurry or hold up the hay crew. Old Meally, the one cow (everyone said she gave straight cream) had a sore toe and couldn't hurry. We left her at the barn. We went on to town, and our soda and after dinner a short nap. Old Meally missed the herd and became rather noisy. Grandpa thought some new fresh hay from the loft of the barn would please her, so he climbed the ladder into the hay loft, and he stepped off into fresh hay just moved into the barn. He fell from the loft, injuring himself severely. On 18 August 1924, he passed to a new life beyond.

Grandmother's older brother, Joe, was buried the same day. I was standing beside Grandpa's coffin with Grandma and she was holding my hand and calling him to wait for her. One year later she joined him.

SARIAH FIDELIA HENDRICKS WHITTLE

Sariah Fidelia Hendricks Whittle, daughter of Joseph and Sariah Fidelia Few Hendricks, was born 24 September 1859 in Salt Lake City. The family moved to Richmond, Utah, in the early sixties, where she grew to womanhood and on 10 April 1876 married Thomas William Whittle. Three sons were born in Richmond and the eldest died when only about five months old.

In 1881 the family moved to Oxford, Idaho, and later to Swan Lake. Bill and his father-in-law contracted to haul freight by wagon and work on the railroads through

Beaver Canyon into Montana, leaving the women folk home to carry on with the dairy business of milking the cows and making butter and cheese.

'Deal', as Fidelia was affectionately known by the family, occasionally accompanied her husband when he camped out in his freighting.

About 1889 they settled in Marysville, Idaho, which was their home for the rest of their lives. Though they encountered many hardships, they bore them patiently and looked on the bright side of life, often expressing their hope by saying, "Oh, there are better days coming."

On their arrival in Marysville, they chose a beautiful wooded building spot. After spending time cutting and preparing logs to build a house, Ernest broke his leg, so the family went back to Rexburg to a doctor and to spend the winter there. When they returned, they found someone had "borrowed" their building spot and their house logs. They built a pioneer log cabin a short distance north on the next quarter section.

From the humble little pioneer cabin, their home grew to a fine, two-story structure which was at once the pride and envy of the community. She was an ardent worker in the Church. Their family contributed much to the success of the organizations of the Marysville Ward. Two of their sons filled missions.

The first years were lean years indeed. They hauled water on a go-devil in covered barrels from the Snake River $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north. Every night when the dishes were washed, the boys had to wash their feet in the dishwater. They went barefooted except in coldest weather. The snow got four feet deep at times.

The boys, Ze and Earn, caught fish by the sack full. These fish and the lumber hauled from the nearby mountains were the only source of income until the land was cleared for farming. They were forced to sell their only milk cow to prove up on their land.

'Aunt Deal' as she was known in the community, was for years Marysville's only nurse. She answered every call, far and near, in sickness and in sorrow as nurse and doctor. Many are the births she attended, many are the eyes she closed in death. Her training--the stern school of experience, supplemented by a few hours of pencil sketching and helpful suggestions from her Uncle Lucius Cantwell, M.D. when he came up from Salt Lake City on a visit. Her strength--prayers and faith. Her help--the spirit and inspiration of the Lord in answer to her plea.

She worked in the primary for many years, and her husband was first superintendent of the Sunday School in the Marysville Ward. He was committeeman on lumber to build the ward house which was finished in 1901. He played in the home talent plays, usually the villian.

Aunt Deal was loved by all who knew her. She was one of those noble spirits who could see what needed to be done, and so far as possible, went forth with determination and did it.

Her husband, whose kindness and help made it possible for her to render such unforgettable service, did not stop there. He provided employment and gave of his sustenance many times to those less fortunate than himself.

He died August, 1924, and fifteen months later she joined him in that better world.

JOSEPH WHITTLE

Joseph Whittle, second child of Thomas William and Fidelia Sari Whittle, was born 4 November 1868 in Richmond, Utah. His family moved from Richmond a few years later to Oxford, Idaho. When he was nine years old the family had moved to a homestead that was in a place later known as Marysville, Idaho. The Snake River was near and he spent many hours catching fish to help feed the family. As soon as he was able to work at a job for profit, he was sent out to work. His father worked away from home. Times were hard and he wore gunny sacks for shoes and overshoes. Many meals consisted of cornmeal mush and thickened milk. Both of these he liked very well even when he was many years older, to everyone's surprise.

He worked for Bishop Wilson and later bought the Wilson home with his brother, Zera. This was home to him the full time of his life. He was a great reader and attended school in Marysville. Books were a good part of his enjoyment.

He courted Mary Elizabeth Cooke when she was a school teacher in Marysville, and when she returned to Twin Groves, he drove his two horses and buggy to see her often. He served in the mission field for his Church in Kansas. Henry Hutchinson was his companion. Many were the experiences and near tragedies they had. But with God's guidance and protection they completed their mission. He loved his teaching and when called upon in the Ward, in later years, I remember he gave sermons loud and clear. He was President of the Stake Seventies Quorum for many years.

He married Mary Elizabeth Cooke in the Salt Lake Temple 5 October 1910, and brought her to his home in Marysville. Their brief years together were happy ones. She died 12 March 1921, leaving three children to care for.

He worked at farming, sold ice, and hauled from the Snake River in the winter and stored at his home. He converted a buzz saw and gasoline motor to a cord wood saw and sawed wood for many years. A piece of steel from the saw pierced his eye ball and he later became blind in one eye. He grew vegetables and sold them to the stores in Ashton. He worked at heavy construction. Many old roads in the area were graveled with gravel from his section of land and with his help. He worked during World War II in the Vancouver, Washington shipyards. He had a partner to see what to do and he did the work as a pipe-fitter, because he was blind in the one eye and had less than 30% sight in the other. Still books and reading were a great thing in his life and he read with the help of a large magnifying glass. He passed from this life on 18 October 1951 at the Ashton Hospital.

UTELLUS WHITTLE

Utellus Whittle, the third child of Thomas William and Fidelia Sari Whittle, was born 16 December 1880 in Richmond, Utah. He married Edith Amanda Nordquist, 2 March 1905 in Marysville, Idaho. She was born 9 December 1887 in Tooele, Utah, the daughter of John Erick and Brella Kathleen (Lundgren) Nordquist.

Utellus worked at farming and homesteaded in Milk River, Montana. He worked away from home while his family lived in Marysville, Idaho. He was raised as a child and young man under the influence of religious and prayerful parents and family life. His hardships were many. He worked for wages as soon as he was old enough to work away from home.

He moved his family to Shelton, Washington, near Tocomo in 1926 and worked in the woods and lumber mill. He was killed in a logging accident 12 September 1937 in Shelton, Washington, and is buried there. Utellus and Edith had 12 children. One son was killed when thrown from the wagon when the horses were frightened by a train.

One other died as an infant.

Children are:

William Utellus b 5 March 1906 at Marysville, d. 9 November 1908
Erma Elda b. 18 June 1908, Marysville
Lacon Marcus b. 5 May 1910, Marysville, d. 20 September 1910
Beva Myrtly b. 25 August 1911, Marysville
Sterling Nordquist b. 19 January 1914, Marysville
Fern Sariah b. 11 August 1916, Marysville
Lenore Levone b. 24 April 1920, Marysville
Edna Ilene b. 2 June 1922, Farnum, Idaho
Verner Alden b. 12 March 1925, Coburg, Montana
Melvin Lafa b. 8 September 1928, Tacoma, Washington

ZERA WHITTLE

Zera Whittle was the fourth child of Thomas William and Fidelia Sari Whittle and was born 15 January 1883 in Oxford, Idaho. Zera was a natural for problem solving. Wise and thrifty he was too. He worked as his brothers before him. He worked for Bishop Wilson at farming. Later he purchased the Wilson farm with his brother, Joe. The farm was paid for several years before Bishop Wilson and Zera got together to sign the deed. Bishop Wilson had moved to LaGrande, Oregon, and transportation was difficult.

Zera raised horses and beef cattle. He bought more land and grew wheat, oats, hay and later on seed peas. He never married (not that he disliked girls). He lived at his parents home for his entire life. After his mother and father died he purchased the homestead, with Alice his sister keeping her share and remained there all his life. Zera and Homer Henry bought a threshing machine and each summer moved it from field to field all over the county to thresh peas, wheat, and oats. He loved fishing and hunting. He died 28 January 1947 and is buried near his parents in Marysville, Idaho.

ERNEST HENDRICKS WHITTLE

Ernest Hendricks Whittle, fifth child of Thomas William and Fidelia Sari, was born 22 January 1885 in Oxford, Idaho. Ernest was a fisherman when he was a small boy. He sold his fish to help feed his family. He wore gunny sacks of shoes and boots. Ernest hunted ducks and rabbits for meat. He farmed south of Ashton for many years. He married Mary Jenny Brower in the Temple 25 March 1908. No children blessed this home. Jenny died during the flu epidemic in 1918 and Ernest returned to the family home to live. He was working at a saw mill 25 miles north of Ashton. He was working on the buzz saw and his glove caught on the saw; it sawed the palm of his left hand out. The trip to Ashton, by sleigh was slow due to the depth of the snow. He was taken on to Idaho Falls to the hospital. Infection set in and his hand had to be removed above his wrist. He later returned to the mill as chief cook. You should have seen him break eggs with one hand. His handicap was no handicap to him. He found other ways to work and I can't remember any job or fun stopping him. He repaired machinery or anything anyone could do with both hands. He never complained of his handicap. He did have "sympathy" aches to a great degree. He later married Clara Colon and bought a piece of land from Zera and went back to farming. After Clara's death he married Gladys Kays. He died in Ashton, Idaho 18 May 1963. He was 78 years old.

ALICE FIDELIA WHITTLE

Alice Fidelia Whittle, sixth child of Thomas William and Fidelia Sariah Whittle was born in Oxford, Idaho, 6 September 1887. She was small child when her parents moved to the homestead in what later was called Marysville. She was called on to help with the housework and cooking and all the chores around home at a very early age, because her mother was called away so much for sicknesses in other homes. Her schooling was first in Marysville and later at Rick's College in Rexburg. She worked away from home to help pay her way to school. When she was thirteen years old, she cooked one summer for what they called a dude ranch, near Henry's Lake, north of Marysville. Everyone was amazed that she could make such delicious biscuits. When sister Mary helped at home, the girls took turns cooking meals. They laughed together in later years because Grandpa Whittle always called Alice to finish Mary's dinner as she was at the piano.

Alice married LeRoy L. Robbins 10 June 1912. They moved to Henry's Lake to live, where they owned a ranch. Two girls were born to Alice and Roy, Mary Ruth b. 27 May 1913 and Edna Fidelia b. 29 September 1917. Roy died from flu 10 November 1918, at their home at Henry's Lake, Idaho. Alice had two small children to bring out in deep snow to get help. She lived at her parents home where she raised her two girls.

She was a perfectionist and expected the same from others. She raised chickens for food and eggs and a garden with brother Ernest's help, also berries. She and her mother churned butter to sell. They churned sixteen to twenty pounds each time. She helped can vegetables, fruits and cured meat. She ground wheat with Joe's hand mill. She cooked meals for hired men, threshers, hay crews and a family of no less than ten, with her two girls and a niece. She lived her religion, went to the Temple in Salt Lake, and worked in the Church and for her fellowmen. She was President of the Relief Society for many years. She sewed and cooked for anyone in need or in trouble. She cared tenderly for her mother who suffered a stroke and was bedfast until her death. As time went by and old age came, she contracted cancer, then broke her hip in a fall. Her daughters took her to their homes to care for her. On 7 January 1967 her suffering ended in the Ashton Hospital. She was laid to rest in Pineview Cemetery where all the members of her family rest, except one brother, including her husband. They all preceded her in death. Alice was sealed to Roy in the Temple, 2 February 1921.

MARY WHITTLE

Mary Whittle, seventh child of Thomas William and Fidelia Sari Whittle, a twin of Marion, was born 15 March 1891 at Marysville, Idaho. Since she and her sister, Alice, were the only girls, they had plenty of work to do. They were friends as well as sisters.

Mary's love was music. She sang and played the piano so well, we always said she made it talk. She married Dr. Guy Ackley and lived in Ashton. They had no children. Guy died in November 1918 from the flu epidemic. She returned to her parents' home with Alice and Ernest in their sorrow. She later decided she would take nurses training. Effie Harris and Mary left for Salt Lake City to attend the LDS nurses training. They were interviewed and then taken for a tour of the hospital. Mary said the first thing they saw was where an amputation had just been performed and they happened on to the remains. They both felt ill and tried to run out.

She worked in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City for some time, then went to Denver where the veterans were cared for. While she was there her brother, Joe, lost his wife. Mary came home to stay with his three motherless children.

While at the Veterans Hospital she met Glenn Leland Mitchell who had been severely wounded in France. He had been the head of an eight-man machine gun crew in the Argonne Forest and after a battle, the only survivor, he had been left for dead. When they came for the bodies, he was found with his leg shot off. They took him and his leg to the hospital where it was put back on. The flesh healed but the bone never did. He had over 13 operations on the leg, but up to the day he died he had to wear a 30 lb. brace on the leg and had to change the dressing on it twice a day. It made him very muscular, but not bitter.

Mary and Glenn were married 11 June 1923 in Cheyenne, Wyoming. They resided in Utah until 1926 or 1927, then purchased a farm on the Snake River north of Marysville, Idaho. Two daughters were born to Mary and Glenn: Wilma Glenn b. 25 June 1925 and Alice Mary b. 9 April 1928. Glenn and Mary were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple for time and eternity 17 December 1924. Later years they moved back to Salt Lake City, where Glenn passed away. Mary spent vacations with her daughters, Wilma in Marysville and Alice in Portland, Oregon. She had suffered a stroke while in Salt Lake City, but was not severely handicapped. She was always ambitious and impatient. When there was work to be done she'd get at it at once. She suffered a massive hemorage while visiting in Portland and passed away at a Portland Hospital 19 January 1965. She was buried in the Pineview Cemetery, just across the road from the home she lived in when she was married to Dr. Guy Ackley.

MARION WHITTLE

Marion Whittle was born 15 March 1891 at Marysville, Idaho, the youngest son of Thomas William and Fidelia Sari Whittle. He spent his younger life at Marysville, Idaho. He worked on his father's farm and hauled timber from the Island Park area. At age nineteen he was called to fill a four year Southern States Mission, laboring around the Norfolk, Virginia area. He married Coral Walker 9 September 1929 at Pocatello, Idaho. The couple had three children: Marion Guy b. 13 March 1935, JoAnn b. 10 January 1937, and Lois Dee b. 1 January 1940. Marion continued farming after his marriage. He farmed north of Idaho Falls, Idaho, and also worked at the Idaho Falls Stockyards for 17 years. He retired in 1960 due to illness. He died 9 November 1967 at Pocatello, Idaho and was buried at the Ashton Pineview Cemetery.

This above account was sent to me (Elva Jewell) from JoAnn Whittle Olson about her father. Below is the information I got from Fidelia Whittle Allison, Marion's niece.

Several families moved from Virginia to Fremont County, Idaho, after joining the Church while Marion was their missionary. Many came to visit him regularly for years later. He received his endowments 8 December 1911 and left for two years in the mission field in the late fall of 1911. Later he enlisted to serve in World War I. He was on the army train and had arrived in Pocatello, Idaho, where the troop train was side-tracked early in the morning. Later that same night they were informed that the war was over and they could return home. He served as counselor for the Young Men's MIA, Marysville Ward, for several years during the 1920's.

When Marion and his brother, Ernest, were young men, they worked together on a job cutting out a road. They would tie a rope around their own waist and then lower themselves over the edge of a rock cliff to chisel at the rock. When they were ready to move on they would climb back up the rope and move it over to where they wanted it and then lower themselves again. This was at Needles Canyon at Tower Falls, in Yellowstone Park.

Note: The historical sketches on Thomas William Whittle were submitted by Mrs. Glenn (Fidelia Whittle) Allison, granddaughter of Thomas William and Sariah Fidelia Whittle, and her daughter, Mrs. Arthur A. (Elva Allison) Jewell. The story of Sariah Fidelia Hendricks Whittle is a combination of accounts written by Alice Fidelia Whittle Robbins and Alma H. Hale. Assisting also in furnishing these sketches were John and Jane Garvey.



Whittle Brothers
Left to Right - Ernest, Utellus, Joseph, Zera



Ernest Whittle and wife, Mary Jeanie Brower.



Home of Thomas William and
Fidelia Whittle in Marysville,
Idaho.



Joseph Whittle and wife,
Mary Elizabeth Cooke



Left to Right - Robert Garvey, Ruth Garvey,
Edna Robbins, Alice Robbins. Front -
Robert & Edna's sons.



Left to Right - Zera Whittle, Ruth
Robbins, Fidelia Whittle, Marion
Whittle, Thomas Whittle, Alice Robbins,
Ernest Whittle



Alice Robbins, Mother of Ruth and Edna

JAMES DUNN MCGAVIN

James Dunn McGavin, son of Robert McGavin and Jarnet Johnston, was born 25 Nov. 1845 in Glasgow, Scotland.

In 1849, James' Mother and his four elder sisters were converted and baptized into the LDS Church, and about 1850 his Mother with her six daughters and two sons booked passage on a ship with a Mr. Holman and sailed for America. They landed in Holyoke, Mass. where five of the girls worked in the mills until they came west where they settled somewhere around South Cottonwood, Utah.

James met and married Margaret Alvira Lockheart, daughter of John Lockheart and Margaret Towery Lockheart. She was born 29 Aug. 1843 and died 20 Dec. 1909. Soon after they were married they moved to Tooele, Utah where their first two children were born. Adelaide was born 24 June 1866 and died 29 Oct. 1867. Mary Agnes was born 19 Jan. 1869 and died 1 Dec. 1924. She married John McIntosh.

When Mary was only a few months old they moved to Oxford, Idaho, where he was engaged in farming. She was one of the first school teachers in Oxford. She had to take her baby to school with her. She made a bed on chairs for her and nursed and cared for her at recess.

Their first son James Edgar was born 3 Aug. 1871 at Oxford and died 22 Apr. 1950. He married 1 Oct 1894, Sarah Emily Moultrie. She died March 1907.

Their children:

James Fredrick	Born 27 Sept. 1895,	Marysville	Died 30 Sept. 1895
Lawrence Earl	19 Nov. 1896	"	18 Mar. 1898
John Lewis	24 May 1898	"	4 Jan. 1899
William Carl	27 Jan. 1900	"	Nov. 1950

James Edgar married second: Bertha Wheeler - 17 Aug. 1910

Their children:

Enid Aileen	Born 6 June 1911	Marysville	Died 27 Nov. 1915
Edgar Blake	27 June 1913	"	
Bess	6 Nov. 1916	"	
Edna	2 Mar. 1920	"	
Lowell Don	13 Aug. 1921	"	8 June 1922

Another son Robert Elmer was born 22 Nov. 1874 at Oxford, Idaho, and died April 1946. He married Elizabeth Cooper.

Their Children:

Howard J	Born 26 Oct. 1895	Marysville
Ivan Vincent	16 Apr. 1897	"
E. Cecil	10 Feb. 1900	"
Florence Fern	2 Oct. 1901	"
Nyde May	4 June 1904	"
Grace	10 Sept. 1906	"
Mark	23 Oct. 1909	"
Robert Blaine	23 Oct. 1913	"
Ruth	2 Apr. 1916	"

The third son Frank was born 1 July 1876 and died 26 June 1936. He married Emma Cunningham, daughter of Hyman R. Cunningham and Miss Olive Wilson Cunningham, 18 Sept. 1893.

Their Children:

Closet Selwyn	Born 17 Oct. 1904	Marysville	Died 3 July 1955
Grantford James	20 Nov. 1905	"	6 Oct. 1955
Leda Clive	6 Oct. 1907	"	
Dazel Margaret	4 Apr. 1910	"	
Janette McDoon	22 Feb. 1912	"	21 Apr. 1942
Mildred	25 Feb. 1912	Ashton	
Frank H	13 July 1926	"	12 Jan. 1947

The next daughter was Estelle H. 13, born at Oxford, 10 Sept. 1878 and died 11 Nov. 1940. Married 6 Oct. 1900 to Earl J. Kidd.

Their Children:

Myrtle Haud	14 July 1902	Marysville	
Garland Earl	16 Sept. 1904	Ashton	21 Feb. 1957
John Theron	6 Nov. 1906	"	
Norma Alvira	10 Aug. 1909	"	
Thera Morrell	15 Jan. 1911	"	
James Darwin	22 May 1913	"	
Frank Lemarr	6 Nov. 1915	"	19 Oct. 1957
Burgess L.	20 Feb. 1918	"	

The next son Lorin was born 28 Sept. 1923 at Basin, Idaho and died 27 Jan. 1966. He married Fern Grover.

Their Children:

Blanch Louise	25 May 1910	Marysville	24 Apr. 1937
Thelia Lucile	16 Aug 1912	"	
Neita Cleon	18 Aug 1914	"	
Georgia May	4 May 1917	Line, Montana	30 May 1967
Lorin Keith	25 June 1920	Richland, Utah	
Dottie Margaret	25 July 1926	" "	
Robert Gordon	26 Jan. 1927	" "	
Nolen Chad	4 Feb. 1934	" "	

The next daughter Janette, Born 16 June 1888 at Basin, Idaho and died 25 Dec. 1967. She married Elden Ellsworth Force, 25 Mar. 1914.

Their Children:

Thera	14 Aug. 1916	Ashton
Marian Ellsworth	13 July 1919	"
J. Lorin	24 Aug. 1923	"

The McGavins moved from Oxford to Basin where they were engaged in farming. They also owned a part interest in a sawmill. In 1928, they moved to Marysville where James Dunn died in 1901 and his wife in 1909. Most of the members of the family lived in Marysville and Ashton until their death.

HYRUM AND SARAH KAY COLEMAN
By Phemie Coleman Wolff
Burlington, Idaho



In about 1891, a number of families living in Smithfield, Cache Co., Utah, had a desire to spread out, hearing of land for homesteading in Idaho. They went north about 250 miles or so to a little valley, to their liking, between the North Fork of the Snake River on the North and Fall River on the south in Fremont County. They filed on this land, and in the fall of 1891 the men went up and staked their farm land and lots, which was to be town. While there they got out logs and built each a log cabin on their town lots.

The following April 1892, Henry Wilson, Hyrum Coleman, Eli. Harris, Joseph Lamborn, T. W. Whittle, their families and others left Smithfield in horsedrawn, covered wagons for their new homes.

Hyrum and Sarah Kay Coleman filed on 160 acre homestead $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles SE of the town, which was named Marysville, in honor of Mary Lamborn, who was midwife, delivering many babies. The farm neighbors were Baums on the north, Glovers and Looslis on the South and East. The farm is now owned by Loosli.

Their lot in Marysville was located one block south of Main Street, South on corner in same block (back) of Lucas' Store. Their neighbors there were Lamborns, Doxsteads, Hutchensons, and others. They brought with them from Utah, currents, raspberry and gooseberry bushes (starts of), which they planted soon, having lots of berries and always having a very good garden.

They were active in the L.D.S. Church, also helping build church buildings, school house, canal, ditches, roads and some telephone lines.

Hyrum played a horn in the first Marysville Band until he had the misfortune of getting his hand mangled in the horse power trashing machine, which he owned a share in. Later a steam power thrasher was purchased by the company.

One summer Hyrum drove a stage coach in Yellowstone Park, hauling passengers to help with finances.

In about 1902, they moved their house from town to the farm, which they had cleared of sage brush and had under cultivation, transplanting their berries, also planting some apple trees. They bought some milk cows and sold milk, and lots of berries for 15¢ a big quart.

About 1906, they built a large frame house and barn on the farm, Hyrum doing most of the building.

The first few years on the farm (before getting a well dug) they hauled water in the summer in 50 gallon barrels for house use, in winter melting snow to use and drink. They drove their cattle and horses to Fall River to water each day. Fall River was $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of the farm.



Sarah used to take her washing to the river to wash, heating water to wash on a bonfire and rubbing the clothes to get them clean on a hand wash board with home made soap, drying them on a rope strung from tree to tree. They would make a party of those days, and take their lunch, always having something special, sometimes meeting neighbors there. While the clothes were drying, they picked berries, fished, played games and visited. The children always looked forward to these days.

They were always on the lookout for Indians, as the Indians were bothersome in the summer as this was their route to travel to get to Teton camping grounds.

In about 1910 Hyrum Coleman bought a 360 acre dry farm about three miles north of Marysville, north of Snake River; also 80 acres of Carey Act land (squatters right) one mile south of homestead on the North side of Fall River. They built a small cabin on this land to prove up on it. While proving up on it, someone had to be on the place night and day for about six months or anyone could move in and take possession.

One evening, after moving to the farm, Sarah was getting her baby to sleep and the girl who was staying with her, went to listen. She opened the door and started screaming and run back, landing in the middle of the bed, pulling the covers over her head, waking the baby. Sarah blew out the coaloil light, closed the door and went to the window. She could see a huge object. It looked like a giant about 10 feet tall, coming toward the house. Just then the moon came from behind the cloud. It was the neighbor's big dog and his shadow.

Another time while Hyrum was gone Sarah was alone with the babies, the wind was blowing hard and it was raining, Sarah was awakened about one hour before dawn to hear about a dozen horses running around the house. She thought it was Indians raiding. Getting out of bed praying and wondering what to do, and trying to make herself know she had to act brave, she went to the window, but it was very dark and she couldn't see. It seemed ages when it started to get light. She could see it was riderless horses trying to get into shelter.

Lots of times when the Indians were seen around, the settlers would go into their fields at night to sleep. Another time it was very dark and raining, the dog barked and woke Hyrum and Sarah. They got up but couldn't see anything, thinking it was a coyote the dog was barking at, as the coyotes came close at nights; but the next morning, to their sorrow, their beautiful big gray team of horses were gone, the only horses they had. The horses were never seen again, although they hunted and kept looking for them.

In their spare time, and in the fall after crops were in, the men would go to the canyon and get huge wagon loads of timber for wood to burn in the stoves for the winter, for heat and for cooking.

In the spring (March) 1919, wanting to get their land in one big farm so the boys could all have something to do, they sold their farms at Marysville, Idaho, and bought 480 acres of land at Darlington, Butte Co., Idaho, which they always regretted.

Hyrum Coleman was born 19 Aug. 1867, at Smithfield, Utah. Died 8 Oct. 1947. Sarah Kay Coleman was born 10 Jan. 1870 at Paradise, Utah. Died 22 Dec. 1938. To this union 8 boys and 2 girls were born: Joseph, Amy Coleman Weaver, Ezra, John, Prime, Phemia Coleman McAfee, Douglas, Howard, Edward and Ira. Eight of their 10 children were born in Marysville, Idaho. The two oldest boys served in the first world war.

THE HILLS IN THE MARYSVILLE-ASHTON AREA
By Zelda Hill

James Nelson (Jim) Hill was born 29, Aug. 1882 at St. John, Oneida County, Idaho, the seventh son of Mathew Hill and Cathrine Nelson. There were twelve children in the Mathew Hill family. Eleven boys and one girl. Mathew was born in Scotland. He was a hard worker and taught his sons the value of work.

Jim, along with other members of his family, never forgot his Scottish heritage, and was proud of it. He loved to sing the songs of his father's native land.

As a young man, Jim and his brother George, left Malad and headed north. They thought of settling around Blackfoot, Idaho, but their father told them to get up closer to the timber-line where they could get wood for building. When Jim and George came to Marysville, they, the Hill Brothers, settled on the place known as the R.D. Merrell place, more recently farmed by Gordon Nelson.

Jim loved to entertain. At one time, the Hill Brothers and other bachelors in the area prepared and served a dinner at the school house. Of course, all the young people around the neighborhood were invited. It was a very good dinner and evening of entertainment. At the close of the meal, Jim apologized for forgetting an important item for the dinner. Going outside, he brought in a block of wood and an axe. In his humorous way, so much a part of him, he said, "We forgot the toothpicks, split your own."

At the age of 27, November 15, 1905, Jim met and married Elma Whittle, daughter of John Casper Whittle and Zina A. Pond Whittle. They were endowed in the Logan Temple Dec. 13, 1907. Jim and Elma bought the place where the brothers were living and lived there for four years in which time they had two children: Edwin Casper, born Nov. 18, 1906 and Leonard Matthew, born April 16, 1908. Later they moved into a small log house across Fall River, about a half mile beyond the river bridge. While living at this location and farming the land nearby, three other sons were born. They were: Bruce Whittle, born 18 Aug. 1910; Leslie Whittle, born 17 Aug. 1912; and Eugene Whittle, born 1 April 1914. Jim then purchased a small home on the banks of the Fall River about a quarter mile down the road, that was located beside the Old Farnum Store and Post Office, operated and owned by Silas Green. The store and post office was part of the business arrangement, but while James and George owned the store, it actually was operated and managed by Mr. Dotter for some time. Later the Hill family ran the store and post office, but as Jim and George became more involved in the livestock and farming business, they closed the store and post office. Mail was then delivered via rural free delivery from Drummond. It was while the family lived here that the other five children were born to Jim and Elma: Blaine Whittle, 1 April 1916; Jay N, 20 Oct. 1918; John Eldon and Elma Ruth (twins), 26 March 1924; George Neal, 14 Aug 1929.

It was around 1915 or so that George and James Hill went into the sheep business, and for a time they were in the cattle business with T. T. Murdoch. The livestock business took them beyond the confines of the local farming community since they utilized the desert Spring and Summer Ranges as part of their sheep raising operation. They also increased and extended their farming operation to some of the State land in the Lamont and Drummond areas.

Jim and George became quite well known in all of the Upper Snake River Valley, and Jim held many positions of trust and responsibility. He was a member of the school board for School Dist. #64 in Farnum, Idaho for many years. He was also a Director of the Conant Creek Canal Irrigation District that supplied water to the farmers and stockmen east and south of Fall River.

Jim purchased and operated the old "Gray Place" and the Oberhansley place just east of the home on Fall River, and employed many men for years in the livestock and farming operation. In 1934 he ran unsuccessfully for Fremont County Commissioner on the Republican ticket. He owned and operated, sometimes in partnership or association with Hans Neilsen, a steam engine powered threshing machine. He owned and operated one of the first gasoline powered tractors in the area. While George and Jim were in partnership for many years, most of the business was attended to by Jim, while George spent most of his time in the actual job management until about 1930 when George married a widow, Mable Davis of St. Anthony, who also had sheep. At that time they split up their operation.

Jim had a reputation of being one of the most charitable men of the area. He distinguished himself particularly during the Flu epidemic of 1918 in administering to the needs of many friends and neighbors at whatever cost to his own comfort and rest. He took the lead in collecting funds for neighbors who had sickness or death in the family.

He read the paper and kept abreast of what was going on in the community and abroad. He enjoyed good books and poetry. He loved music, his kind of music, and had a collection of practically all of Harry Lauder's songs, and loved to sing them or better still to hear his boys sing.

THE LIFE OF ELMA WHITTLE HILL

By Elma Whittle Hill

15 January 1959

Elma Whittle Hill, was born in Richmond, Utah, Cache County, 2 September 1888. Father, John Casper Whittle was born at Richmond, Cache County, Utah, 11 August 1861. His Father was Casper Whittle and his Mother was Mary Ann Harris. My Mother was Zina Adeline Pond, born at Richmond, Utah 7 June 1865. Her Father was Stillman Pond. Her Mother was Abigail Thorne, born in New York.

I was blessed by James Allen, 4 October 1888 and baptized by Alma Hale, 6 June 1897. I married James Nelson Hill 15 November 1905 by William Whittle, at Marysville, Fremont Co., Idaho, and was Endowed in Logan, Utah at the Logan Temple.

My childhood memories were of coming to Idaho in a wagon from Utah. I was 5 years old and two more children, Mary and Inez came with us. We arrived in May and lived in a tent in Uncle Eli and Aunt Elizabeth Harris's yard from May until late Fall, while my Father went to the timber to get logs to build our two room house which was a mile from my Uncle's. My Father homesteaded the place that belongs to Bill Griffel now. I lived there until I married. After we were married we owned the place Gordon Nelson farms, owned now by Gust Steinmann. We lived here 4 years then moved to Farnum, just southeast of where we had lived on Fall River. My son Jay N Hill owns the place at this time. We moved to Ashton 16 January 1935 where we resided when on 14 February 1935, my husband was in a car accident and died as a result of it. This was a very tragic thing. I had always left the management to him, and now to be left with 10 children was a big responsibility. Although the older boys were pretty much on their own, the worries were on my shoulders.

I had very little schooling. It was very difficult to get there, especially in the winter. We walked $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the Summer months and when my Father could not take me in the Winter I stayed with Uncle Will Whittle and Hollis and Ina Egbert. Aunt Ina taught me to make yeast bread.

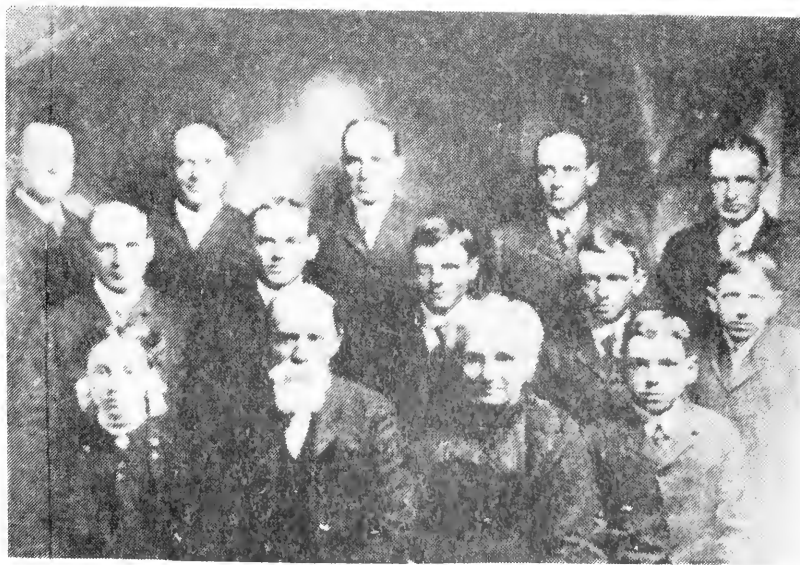
During my married life I wasn't very active in Church activities, I was so tied with my small family and household duties, however, I tried to see that the children went to Sunday School. We had no modern conveniences such as electricity, and it took longer to do our washing, ironing and cooking. It took a lot of cooking to feed so many mouths, but I was well and happy, and I had a wonderful companion to help me.

I did have two sick spells, one in June of 1918. This was the year Jay was born. I had pneumonia, then in November there was a Flu epidemic. There were 7 of us down with the Flu at one time. Jay was only a few weeks old at the time and we did not know whether he would pull through. There was so much sickness at that time, we could not get anyone to come in and help us and I was very ill. My wonderful husband and his brother George took care of us until we could get a nurse from Seattle, Washington. She was a fine nurse and worked night and day trying to make us comfortable and well, until we were out of danger. When the day came for her to leave, we all cried, we had learned to love her so.

My sisters Mary and Gertrude died of this terrible flu. Gertrude lost a baby at the same time. Her husband Dwain Aldridge was in the service at the time and didn't get to see either before they passed away. Another sister Inez, along with a daughter 6 years old was killed in an automobile accident. Another tragedy was my brother who had spent 4 years in the service was returning home and got spinal-meningitis. He died on board ship and was brought home in a sealed casket. My parents felt they had almost more than they could bear.

I had 6 sons in the service, all of them in the Navy. They all returned without harm, for which I am grateful. My 5th son, Eugene served a mission in the East Central Mission.

I have been a Relief Society Visiting Teacher for 20 years. I enjoy the work which involves Relief Society, and all my friends I meet from day to day. July of 1958 I had all my children home for a Family Reunion.



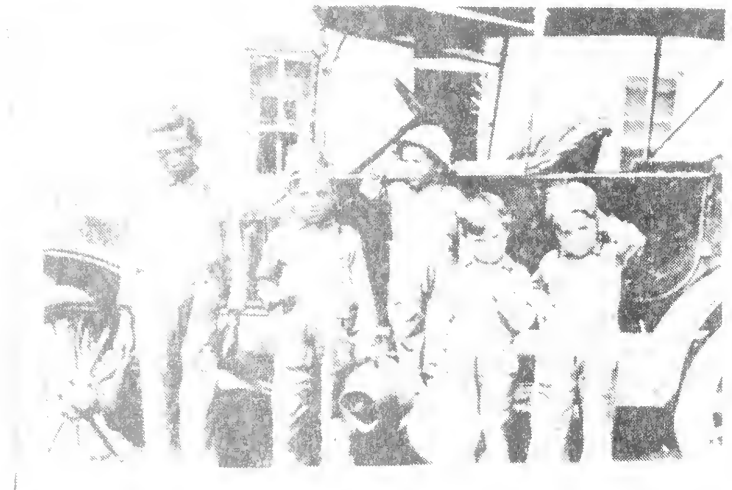
HILL FAMILY

Andrew, John, Will, Mathew, Ed
George, Jim, Dave, Tom, Alex
Catherine, Father, Mother, Bruce

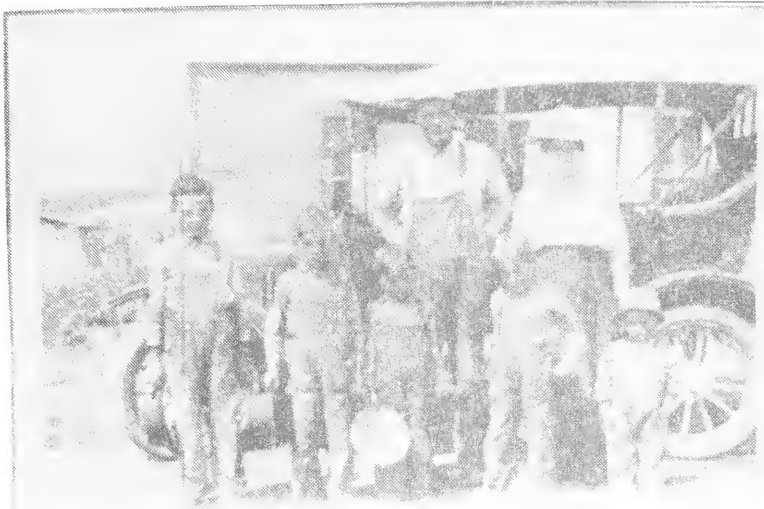
HILL FAMILY



Edwin & Leonard
And Father Jim



Bruce, Les, Jay
Blaine and Gene



Jim and Elma
Bruce, Les, Blaine
Gene & Jay

JOHN AND ZINA WHITTLE HOME
Grandparents of Jay Hill
(Present Heseman Place)



Top row: Newell, Floyd, Mart
Middle: Mary, Gertrude,
Stillman, Inez
Bottom: John & Zina Whittle
Arnold on lap, Elma



George Hill with his pack Mules

JASPER MELVIN HAMMOND
Written by his Wife Elizabeth (Finnie) Hale
And Daughters

Jasper Melvin Hammond, always called "Jesse", was born 9th Sept. 1882 in Providence, Utah, a little town south of Logan, Utah. He was the third child of Sarah Elizabeth Thornton and Milton Melvin Hammond. Milton Melvin Hammond was the first child of Milton Datus Hammond and Lovisa Miller. Sarah Elizabeth Thornton was born in San Bernardino, Calif. Her people answered the call from the church to go there to settle that valley. Hard times followed their endeavor and soon after they were called back.

Little Jesse was a fat little red headed boy, quiet and shy. He was often teased about his red hair by telling him a lantern was not needed when they went out to care for the Hamiltonian thoroughbred his father raised. All they needed was to take Jesse with them and they could then see very well. One day he went with his father to exercise a beautiful stallion hooked to a trotter cart. His father touched the horse with a whip as they turned a corner and Jesse (about three years old), rolled over and landed in the mud, sitting up. His father drove around the block before he could quiet the horse and there Jesse was, still in the mud. They do say it was so sticky it took the seat of his pants out to get him up.

When Jesse was four years old he had to have his feet operated on. He had a malformed toe, the third one on each foot. It grew over one toe and under the other. The faulty toe was taken off at the first joint. Jesse remembered his mother going out to the barn so she would not hear him cry. The boys could always track Jesse from the tracks his bare feet made in the ground. A high arch gave him away too.

Jesse loved his mother very much. He would rather brush her beautiful long hair, which reached the floor as she sat in a chair, than go out and play with any of the kids in the neighborhood. He had a very small throat so he was always a slow eater and remembers finishing after the rest had gone out to play. One day his mother came into the house from seeing the Doctor. She removed her long kid gloves and went into the bedroom. Everyone was trying to help her. She asked Jesse for a drink. He hurried to the well, let down the bucket on the roller and rolled it up by the roller handle, filled the pitcher and took it in to his mother, but it was too late. His mother had passed away. Little Jesse was broken hearted.

Father Milton Melvin went to railroading after his wife's death, taking some large contracts on the Northern Pacific and the D.R.G., then some on the new Oregon Short Line going to Silver Bow, Montana. He hauled freight as well as laid track through Idaho and Montana. One of his partners was Hyrum Watson who was with him from Pocatello through Red Rock and Market Lake (Roberts) to Silver Bow.

Aunt Zina Brown took care of the children: Milton James, Cora Elizabeth, Jasper Melvin, Darvil Ray and Frances Marion, until their father took them with Aunt Jenny (Eliza Jane Tibbits, whom Milton Melvin married in polygamy) to Rexburg, Idaho. Gertrude Marler, a little girl who often played with Jesse, came over to say good-by. She said, "Good-by Jesse, I will wait for you to come back and marry me." He never saw her again. Jesse never did forget the pleasant hours he spent up in the top of a tree listening to the band practicing during the warm summer days. Nor taking an egg from the chicken coop down to the W. Law store for candy.

In 1892 the family arrived in Marysville, Idaho. Milton Melvin had already gotten out the logs and lumber to build in Marysville. Milton James was left in Logan, Utah so he might attend the Brigham Young College. This made Jesse the oldest boy home. He helped his father in the lumber mill at the confluence of the north fork of the Snake and Warm Rivers, which mill they bought with Joseph Hendricks.

Jesse helped build the canal. He was so small he had to stand on the handles of the tongue scraper to load it. Old Sam and Bird were so wise, they would stop about then and off Jesse would go, then they would have a little more rest before Jesse could get the scraper in shape again. At the mill Jesse fired the old boiler with edgings cut from the logs. He ran the edger, cut rustic flooring, molding and all kinds of lath the next year. The third year they put in the water wheel. They brought the water from Warm River by means of a dam and brought the canal into the damsite and put in a wheel and did away with the steam boiler. They used the water power until they sold their mill. They strung a steel cable diagonally across the North Fork to channel the logs toward the mill, then a wench fastened to the water wheel could be driven into the log and pulled up to the saw, then the water wheel gear. He cleared sage brush and plowed. He hauled hay for the stock from Parker through the winter. The hay would be all gone by the time he reached the ranch home and he would have to start back the next day for more. It took three days for the round trip.

Can you picture life there at that time? No doctors, no churches, all meetings were held in a home. No railroads, no telephones, no electricity, no means of travel but by sleigh or lumber wagon. Only one or two buggies in the valley. Wooden tubs, tin wash boards, home made soap, clothes lines in the snow, mail once or twice a week, weekly news paper. Clocks were set by a mark on the door sill at noon day. Water was hauled in barrels on a wagon all the way from the river. Most people made salt rising bread as yeast was too hard to keep in the cold. The house would creak and pop in the cold, cold night. Market Lake was the nearest railroad. There in the store, everything from shoes to sugar could be bought. Flour was ground from the wheat they raised. Everyone had a large cellar to store home grown vegetables, another for milk, eggs, cheese, butter and sorghum. There was meat from chickens, elk, fish, pork and beef.

Jesse got his schooling at Ricks Academy and helped Alma Carbine, the Stake Clerk for his board and room. One year before that he went to Teton to school and stayed with his brother Milton, who was teaching there.

In 1900 Jesse worked on a survey for the U.S. Government. Taking a string of horses they surveyed north of Ashton into Island Park, then to Camas Prairie and north to the Montana line, east to Wyoming border, 44 townships in all. He was lead chairman and had to walk each mile and back and mark the survey corners. William Kimberley was the surveyor and wanted Jesse to go to Boise with him and train. Instead he went to school at his brother's school in Teton again. The next year Jesse worked in Yellowstone Park, and was caretaker at the Canyon Hotel for the winter. He had many experiences with bears while there.

In the year 1905 Jesse bought the first steam threshing outfit in the Fall River Valley. It could thresh out 1800 bushels of wheat in a day. The old horse power machine would do only 700 in a day, so they were much in demand. Jesse had all he could do looking after the business end of the job, so he hired an engineer and a separator man from Kansas who were old hands at the trade. They were finishing a job and preparing to move. Jesse had gone to his buggy to leave but had a hunch to stay and see them on the road. Usually he drove ahead to the next job and had things ready for the next set by the time the machine arrived.

The engine was set in slow motion to make it easy to move and to couple on to the separator. The throttle was a combination, having the reverse and forward gear in easy hand position. Jim, the engineer had the reverse lever in his hand with the throttle moving slowly backward to couple on to the separator tongue. As he passed by the tongue for coupling, Jesse hailed him to stop. He held up the tongue for the union, but he still backed up. Jesse signaled again to stop, but he kept on moving backward. Jesse dropped the tongue and yelled, "Jim, you're too far!" but still Jim slowly backed. Again he yelled, "Ahead! Forward!" Jim looked back but still came slowly toward Jesse, moving under the self-feeder and lifting the front end of the machine off the ground. Realizing at last that something was wrong with the man, Jesse jumped up on the platform and looked into his face. He was suffering from shock. He looked scared to death. By this time he was being pinched between the two big machines, which would surely crush his life out if the engine was not stopped or he could be gotten out. Jesse grabbed the throttle, but he could not break Jim's hold. He seemed made of stone. The engine was crawling under the self-feeder and crowding him over the boiler head. Jesse tried again to get Jim's hand off the throttle, but no use. It was like the grip of death. Jesse knew he had no time to break his hold. By then the crew was so excited they were insanely trying to roll the engine ahead by the wheels, working against the power of steam. Quickly Jesse jumped to the top of the engine where he could get direct leverage against Jim's grip on the throttle, and by the work of a second quicker than it could be told, he got the reverse lever near enough on center to cut the steam off to a point where he could open the drains to the cylinders and cocks and stop the backward motion of the engine. As he jumped to the top of the engine, the corner of the self-feeder caught the steering wheel where Jesse had been standing and mashed it. This let the full power of the machine behind Jim crushing him farther and farther over the hot boiler head. His eyes were red blood blisters. He kept crying for Jesse to save him. "Hook your horses on, Jesse, save me. Help! Help!" he kept moaning.

Frantically Jesse worked, but he could not move the levers in his hand enough to put the engine in forward. He called the men up and by rolling the band wheel they succeeded in moving the engine forward enough to release the injured man, who by now was beyond speech. Being still up on the top of the engine, Jesse put the lever in forward and jumped down on the platform as it emerged from under the self-feeder. Poor Jim sank into Jesse's arms. In a second Jesse stopped the engine and they took Jim to the hospital twenty miles away. There he lay for six weeks, nearly blind and with five ribs broken and some bad burns, but no other serious injury. Jesse said he shuddered to think of what might have happened if he had not followed the prompting to stay to help get the engine on the road.

In the spring of 1906, he took his thresher engine up to Bear Gulch where they needed a rock crusher to build a fill in the railroad they were putting through to West Yellowstone, a new proposed terminal for the Union Pacific through Ashton. Jesse took his engine up the Bear Gulch hill without a road, only a narrow wagon trail. The men piled rocks ahead, making the road wide enough for the big wheels. By the time he got to the top, they had to put wet cloths on his temples and wrists for his pulse, he was so exhausted.

Jesse had made a good sum of money. He had homestead in the Marysville district, and that year he was called to the Central States Mission. At this time he was clerk of the Vernon Ward. Parley Egbert was Bishop.

There was a cricket scare. Everyone went out to help. They dug trenches and drove the crickets in it and burned them. That fall Jesse leased his land, horses and thresher to his brothers and prepared to go on his mission.

Before he left, on December 18th, 1907, he married Elizabeth (Finnie) Hammond, who was born Sept. 5, 1885, in Swan Lake, Idaho, daughter of Alma Helaman Hall and Elizabeth Precinda Hendricks Hale. Her family lived in the Preston area until she was 10 years old when they moved to Marysville, Idaho. She completed grade school there and attended the Ricks Academy in Rexburg, graduating in 1907.

One month later, Jan. 20, 1908, Jesse left on his mission to Missouri. In September Jesse was released from his mission as a call came to him that his wife was not expected to live. She was expecting their first child, Zara, and was in a very serious condition. The baby was born Oct. 3, 1908, and the mother's life was spared.

Jesse returned to his homestead and farmed. In 1912, Jesse bundled up his wife and four year old daughter and took them to his wife's folks to stay while he went into the timber for a load of wood. When they returned to their home, they found it burned to the ground. The only thing they had left was a trunk of wedding gifts they had left at her parent's home.

They moved into the town of Marysville, Idaho. Finnie became postmistress, while Jesse continued on the farm and became active in the community as chairman or clerk of the school board, etc. In 1913, September 14, a second daughter was born, Maxine. By the following spring Jesse was appointed State Superintendent of the fish hatchery, first at the Warm River Hatchery on the North Fork of the Snake River, then at Hay Spur Hatchery on Warm River.

In 1918 they were back on the homestead in a newly built log house located on the Fall River bottom, where, with the protection against frost and heavy winds, they could raise wonderful gardens. They survived the dreaded flu epidemic and faired well until a series of drouth seasons drove them off the farm. Jesse was employed in the Union Pacific Railroad yards. At first he worked the farm at night from the light of his tractor and on the railroad in the day. In this way he got out of debt, but nearly gave his life.

April 11, 1922, a third daughter was born. She was named Melva for her father. Finnie Hammond taught school in Marysville. Jesse died September 3, 1958 and Finnie July 11, 1975.



JESSE, IRUS, ROBERT, LOUIS, LOVISA, MELVIN, RAY, KARL



Mrs Elizabeth [Finnie] Hammond

HISTORY OF JOSEPH HYRUM GLOVER AND EDITH VAN ORDEN GLOVER

Joseph Hyrum Glover, son of Joseph Smith Glover and Ellen Mariah Rice, was born in Farmington, Davis co., Utah, 15 April 1869. He was the first child born to this union. He was born at his grandparents' home, William Kelsey Rice and Lucy Witter Geer.

When Joseph was 6 years old his father took him to the home of Martin Harris in Clarkston, Utah and while there Martin Harris bore his testimony to them as a witness to the Book of Mormon.

When Joseph was 11 years old he moved to Lewiston, Cache, Utah, with his parents and two sisters, Lucy Jane and Ellen Eliza. They settled on a farm on Bear River. Many days he worked in the fields barefoot and drove the oxen on the plow. He worked hard with his father. He was the oldest of a family of 7 girls and one brother. Joseph was nicknamed Jode by his family.

When Jode was a young man he went to Anaconda, Montana and to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho and worked in a copper mine. He stayed with an Uncle John Rice. He saved most of the money he had made and eight months later he came home; his parents were very proud of him. In those days your pay was in gold pieces; Jode had a \$20.00 gold piece down to a \$2.50 one.

On 19 February 1891, at the age of 22, Jode married Edith Van Orden in the Logan Temple in Logan, Cache, Utah. Edith Van Orden was born in Kaysville, Davis, Utah on the 4th of December 1870, to Everett Clark Van Orden and Elizabeth Harris. Edith was the ninth child of a family of 15. When very small her family moved to Lewiston, Cache, Utah. Her father was a farmer and cattle raiser. When Joseph asked her parents for her hand in marriage her father said, "You are getting a fine girl, Joseph. Edith has never been a strong, healthy child, but I know she will make you a good wife."

At the time they were married they asked to have a health blessing for Edith. Surely she was blessed because she went through all the hardships of pioneering and raising a family of 12 children, 10 to maturity. She was blessed with love, patience, kindness, and a desire to do her part without complaining. She was a wonderful companion to her husband and a wonderful mother. She was a true friend to all.

Jode and Edith made their home in Lewiston on his father's farm until after their first baby was born 11 January 1892. They named her Lourena.

In April of 1893, they moved to help colonize the Upper Snake River Valley, and pioneer the wild country. Many Indians were still there, some were friendly. Jode and Edith hitched old Chip and Jack, a bay team, on to an old iron tired covered wagon; a pair of bed springs across the wagon was their bedroom, under which all their belongings were stored and all their food stuff. A cow led behind and a calf was carried in a rack on back of the wagon. They were warned of Indians at Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls). They arrived in Egin, Idaho in the spring and lived there that winter. Alta May was born there 23 of November 1893.

Since Jode was looking for a good place to homestead, they were in Egin for only one year. Then they farmed one year south of Ashton, Idaho, about 29 miles north-east of Egin. In the spring of 1894, they left for Springville (now Marysville) and settled on a farm on Fall River, living in the covered wagon until Jode could get the logs to build, then they built a two room log cabin with a dirt floor and

roof on the 100 acre tract, and began clearing the tall sage brush from the land, which in those days was a tedious job. Water was hauled in a barrel on a wood go-devil or drag, drawn by a horse, from the Fall River for all their needs.

Since money was so hard to come by, father would work in the timber logging in the winter and would take lumber for pay. He would haul it to Market Lake (Mud Lake) west of Rexburg. Many times when father came home from the timber he would be so wet and cold that his clothes would be frozen on him. Father would trade lumber for tools, farming implements, medicine, food and clothing. Each load would be worth \$17.00. It would take about a week for each trip. Mother was home with the small children and it was several miles to the nearest neighbor. Their food was bread, butter, milk, eggs and some dry fruit they had brought with them. Both father and mother were ready and willing to do all they could to bring about their ambition of a good productive farm.

In August, 1895, Jode became worried because so many Indians visited his family while he was away, so he moved his family back to Egin, where twelve other families were living in a church house. He was sure his third child would be born while his family was there, but they returned home before the baby was born. On the 6th day of September 1895 a baby boy was born. They named him Joseph Everett, which was after his father and both grandfathers. People told them that because they had used all these namesakes in his name that they wouldn't have any more boys. But they had 7 boys in a row, which was quite unusual.

Father and Mother were one of the first to go out in a tent and help build the Brady Ditch. Mother with 3 children helped cook for the men.

In 1897 they pitched a tent on a 160 acres southeast of Marysville, now owned by Henry Schaefer. Now the other homestead was given up. A box was made for the three older children to sleep in on a straw tick, which could be put under their bed in the daytime. Ether LeRoy arrived 26 August 1897. Before snow came, father got logs out and built a log room. It had a dirt floor and a dirt roof. In the spring of 1898 father got another team so mother could help him with the harrowing. With the children riding on a board she helped to get the crops in.

When Everett was 3 or 4 years old, he could see his father plowing on a hillside some distance from the house, and he decided to go to where he was. He got to the field all right and started walking around in the newly plowed furrow. As it was quitting time, and father didn't know that he had come looking for him, father went home and didn't see him. When he reached home he found mother looking everywhere for Everett. Because they lived so close to the river they were afraid he had gone to the river and fallen in. With the tall sagebrush in all directions, they couldn't see him anywhere. It was getting late and the sun was going down. Jode went on his horse to the nearest neighbors for help and word was sent on to other neighbors. Men came on horseback carrying lanterns to look for the child. Some decided to go to the field where father had been plowing. They heard a bird chirping excitedly in a tree and decided to go see what the problem was, and beneath the tree lay Everett sound asleep. It was almost morning when Mother heard someone from way over the hill call and say, "Here he is." Imagine the feeling of joy and thankfulness that came to our parents when they knew he was safe and unharmed. There were still wild animals that prowled around through the sagebrush. What a comfort to know that his little body wasn't in the river. When they brought him home and his parents took him into their arms he said, "I was cold and I cried and cried for you."

Mother did all her washing on a scrubbing board, in water from the river. She would heat the water on the stove, sort the clothes, then scrub them with lye soap, one batch at a time, the white clothes were put on to boil in soapy water. Then they were rinsed. The wringing by hand was a tiring and hard job. Mother ironed the clothes with heavy irons that were heated on the stove. In the summer when it was hot, mother would do the baking and cook a kettle of beans while she had to have a fire. Mother was so happy to get some winnie-edged lumber to cover the dirt floors in front of her stove and the beds. This is the first board that is sawed off the log and still has the bark on one side.

Leland Smith Glover was born 22 August 1900. Father was in the hills for wood when Alta May passed away with scarlet fever at the age of seven, 26 March 1901. Father purchased a two room house in Marysville as the children were starting to school. Raymond was born in the log house on the ranch, 7 June 1902. A new house was planned for the ranch, but a hail storm came and took all the crop, so the old house was daubed and they lived in it that winter. Father moved his family to town the next winter and Hyrum was born on the 12th of December 1903 and he died on the 27th of December 1903.

Mother wasn't able to work outside like she had done before as there were too many things to do in the house with her growing family. She had to make all the clothes, knit the stockings for the family and make the quilts. Mother made the cheese, butter, bread, cured and canned their meat, (remember there were no stores to go to in those days). They had several cows by this time and she had to strain the milk, set it in pans for the cream to raise on the top; then she would skim it off and set it to sour just right to make the butter. Mother made lovely butter, quite yellow because of the Jersey cows.

Father and Mother had planned a dream home to build upon the hill where they had a lovely view from all directions. It was of red brick and was a large two-story home. It had four large bedrooms, some large enough for two beds. There was a large kitchen and dining room combined, a large pantry that always had crocks filled with good things to eat, and a nice living room. Everyone worked hard to finish this home. It also had a big bathtub in it.

Arvid Favie was born 3 February 1905.

It was in 1912 that the large tin roofed barn was built. This barn and house are still standing. By this time things were going pretty well and father was considered one of the prosperous farmers in the area. Father promoted and helped to build the two canals and many of the roads serving the area. Their old log house was used to store wheat in. They had planted an apple orchard between the house and the barn, also a large raspberry patch, asparagus, gooseberries, red and white currants, strawberries and had a large place for a garden.

Clement Orville was born 11 December 1906. Audessa LaPriel was born 25 July 1908. Lourena was married to Edwin James Martindale, 7 December 1910.

Eva Elizabeth was born 24 August 1911. Van Orden was born 15 April 1915. Mother had always had a mid-wife to attend her at the time her children were born, but with her last child she engaged a Doctor Hummel. He was the only Doctor in the thriving little town of Marysville. When mother needed him, one of the boys went in a buggy to get him, but by the time the Doctor arrived the baby was born and a neighbor, Hattie Loosli, was there and everything was fine.

Father was interested in choir many years. He played in the Marysville band. He was a Sunday School Superintendent for years. Father and Mother both had strong testimonies of the Gospel and always took their children to church; in a buggy in the summer and in a sleigh in the winter time. Family prayer was held in their home--as their family sat down to eat their evening meal. Every one who was old enough took their turn. We were also taught to say our secret prayers. We were taught the gospel both by word and example.

The only means of transportation was a wagon or white top buggy until 1915 when Father purchased our first automobile, a "Baby Buick". The boys said, "It must go 40 miles per hour." We kids used the team and buggy or sleigh to go $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to school, until we moved to town in 1917. We would take turns with the Coleman's and Loosli's. A covered sleigh with a stove was used in the winter time; sometimes several hours were spent in bitter cold blizzards.

It was about 1914 that a large red brick school house was built in the center of the community of Marysville. It had eight rooms, one for each grade. They hired eight teachers. There were two large play rooms and nice rest rooms. The families in the community were very proud of this accomplishment.

Another very important event was the coming of the Union Pacific Railroad to our area. The line going from Ashton to Driggs went through our farm and this caused a lot of excitement. A large railroad bridge was built in the field to cross the Fall River.

There wasn't a high school in Marysville or Ashton, so the boys had to go to the Ricks Academy in Rexburg: Everett, Ether, Leland, Raymond, Clement and Arvid.

Every fall the men folk would go to the timber to get the wood for fuel and enough to last for the next year; this was quite a job, then to get it sawed and chopped into stove lengths to burn. Each night wood had to be carried into the house and enough water to fill the reservoir on the stove.

It was a great responsibility for father to run the big farm and to keep all the boys busy at their separate jobs. They had to milk 30 head of cows night and morning, feed and harness the horses for work in the fields; cut the hay and haul it into the big barn for feeding the cattle and horses in the winter.

Threshing time was a big event in the fall, everyone was busy. Diamond Loosli, our neighbor, had a threshing machine (Old Rosie) and he did threshing for most everyone in the area. It would take about two or three weeks to get the harvesting done on our farm, longer if it rained. There would be from 15 to 20 men to cook for and usually thresher meals were the best. Of course, it was fall when the things from the garden were plentiful. Corn on the cob would be cooked in great big wash boilers on the stove. Father raised all of our own meat so it was the best. Lovely desserts and just everything was served to the threshers. The boys all helped and after they were married their wives would come and help with the cooking, so sometimes we would have a large group to eat afterwards, too. The men would wash in large tubs of warm water outside. There was a large Transparent apple tree just at the end of the path coming from the barn, and the men would eat an apple or two as they were waiting their turn to wash.

Adolph Marler was a man who loved to play the organ and sing and many times when he was through eating he would entertain the others.

Father and Mother had helped and had waited, as all the people in the area had, for the time when the Stake Tabernacle in St. Anthony would be finished and ready to be dedicated. This was another very important occasion for everyone. Our parents wanted to have every member of the family there. This took some definite planning by each one to do this. There were the cows to milk, cattle, pigs and chickens to feed, the team and buggy was to be ready, breakfast, and dressed in our best clothes. The passenger train backed up to Marysville every morning at 7:00 A.M. We had to go $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Marysville in the buggy. When we got to the depot dad went in to get the tickets for all of us except the two boys as they were driving the team to Ashton to leave there where they could be fed as the return trip ended in Ashton. It was an important and long day.

Everett was married on the 23 of July 1918 to Mary Farnsworth. The same day his call came to go into the service of his country, World War I. He left about a month later and was sent to Brest, France. On the 11 November 1918 the Armistice was signed. It took until the next summer for Everett to get home.

It was the winter of 1918 that the Influenza or "flu" was so bad in the U.S., many people died with it. Schools were closed and all public gatherings. Everyone had to wear a mask when they went out in public.

The depression came in 1929. The stock market went down and there weren't any prices for farm products, or any money. Everyone worked hard on their farms, but couldn't get anything for their products. Each year they would plant again hoping and praying that things would change.

Jode and Edith had lots of company in their home. The relatives seemed to always gather there for special occasions like Thanksgiving and Christmas. Jode and Edith were kind and considerate to everyone.

It was in 1901 that the large Ward house was built and was used for church and all entertainments. There was a big ward party on the 17th of March. There were lots of dances for all who wanted to come. Marysville was a thriving and growing community. We had a Doctor, a drug-store, a bank, grocery store, a dry goods store, a bakery, shoe shop, Post Office, Board sidewalks and a saloon.

The 24th of July was always a very important day; a big celebration was held every year and everyone participated. There were bowerys, and stands (covered with limbs of trees to keep them cool) where there were many things to buy, especially to eat. In the afternoon there would be horse racing, bucking horses, baseball games, and races for the children and adults. In the evening there would be a dance in the ward house.

At Christmas time there was a special Ward party for everyone. We all came dressed in our best. There was a pretty decorated tree and a bag of candy and nuts or an orange for everyone. In the afternoon there was a children's dance and all the family came. To start the dance they would have a grand march to get everyone out on the floor.

There was a musically talented family in the ward who played for all the dances. They were always there to do their part whenever music or singing was needed. It was the John and Clara Hendricks family.

Joseph Hyrum Glover passed away on the 8th of October 1936. Edith Van Orden Glover passed away on the 21st of January 1944.

These are Joseph and Edith's children, who they married and their families:

Lourena married Edwin James Martindale, 7 December 1910
Their children: Reva, Verald, Oren, Van Orda, Loye, Alta, Ted and Clenden

Joseph Everett married Mary Farnsworth, 23 July 1918
Their children: Barbara, Darwin, Regina, Kent, Carol, Lillian and Cherrie

Ether LeRoy married Barbara Schimer, 13 October 1926
Their children: Richard, Donnetta and Beverly

Leland Smith married Hazel Hendricks, 28 January 1922
Their children: Darlene, Viva, Laurel, Maloah, Loyal, Lynn, Bonita, Brent and Trenna

Raymond married Reta Edginton, 23 March 1929
Their children: Dale, Leah Ray, Betty, Perry and Raymond Dan

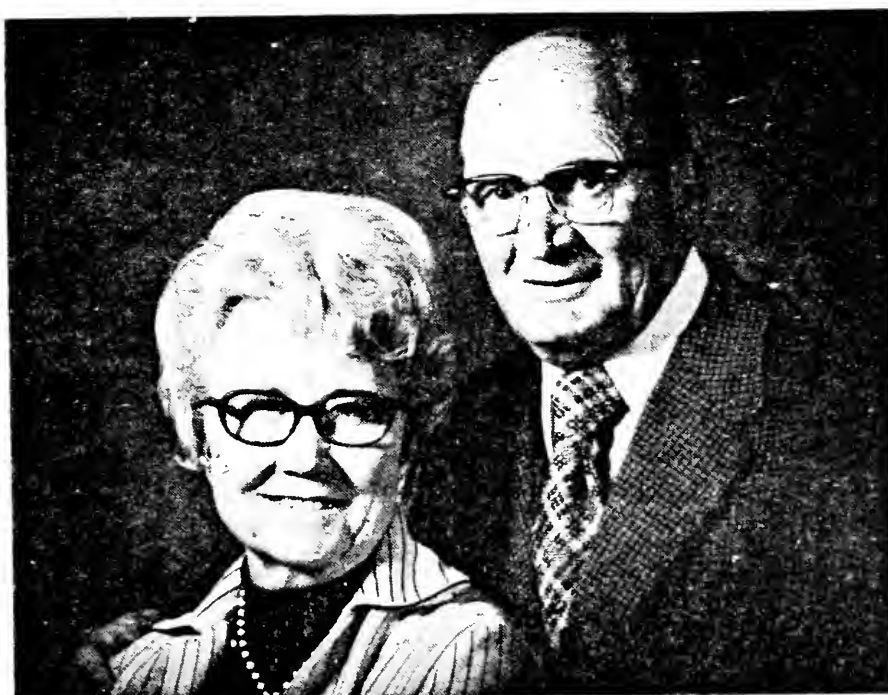
Arvid Favie married La Jette Gardner, 7 November 1925
Their children: Yutenah, Jacquolin and Marsha

Clement married Opal Sanders, 26 March 1926
Their children: Orville Lavell, Avenda, Kenneth Ray, Eva Kay and La Dawn.

Audessa married Irvin Lemuel Hathaway, 11 June 1932
Their children: Clayta, Gale, Marita, Edith Ann, Danny J. and DeLynn K.

Eva Elizabeth married Bee Wilbur Hedrick, 29 March 1932
Their children: Wilbur Bee, Lois Ann and Norman Eugene

Van Orden married Zelta Crofts, 5 January 1938
Their children: Edith Roena, Shaunna B. and Dennis Orden



Mr and Mrs Arvid F. Glover

RODNEY VEACH GIFFORD AND GERTRUDE PORTER GIFFORD

By JoAnn Gifford Richards, Daughter

Rodney Veach Gifford, son of Authur Gifford and Sarah Jane Bainbridge, was born January 15, 1905, at Marysville, Idaho.

He had a busy life growing up on a farm in pioneer days. From these early times he developed a love of animals and of the soil which was to direct his later life. One of Rodney's favorite memories was Dove, his horse. Rodney got Dove when he was 12 years old and a year later, in 1918, he rode Dove through Marysville to tell everyone the news of the signing of the Armistice to end World War I.

Never once did he take his family to Jackson without pointing out the stream where they had camped as his family had moved the cattle from Marysville to Tetonia for the late summer grazing. His favorite job was to go with his father to the mountains to cut wood for the winter. Early residents in Marysville grew up fast knowing how to work. While still a very young man he helped haul cement from Ashton to Moran, Wyoming, over the Reclamation Road for the Jackson Dam.

His life was not all work. There were the fun times as a boy when he did the boy things. His only swimming instruction was when his brother Mont threw him into the river and it was sink or swim. The lesson was short and successful. Rodney had his turn when he taught his cousin, Fred Sommers, to swim in the same manner. In those days there was a Railroad "Y" by the river where the trains would turn around. One time Rodney and his friend, Elwood Baum, decided they would climb on top of the box-cars and have a chase. Maybe they were pretending to be train robbers. Anyway, Rodney fell off, broke his arm, and that ended that activity.

As a money making venture, Rodney would gather pigweed and sell it to the Negro Porters on the trains.

He received his schooling in Marysville and Ashton, completing High School at Ricks Normal in Rexburg. He attended one year of college at the University of Idaho at Moscow. This was not the end of his education as he was an avid reader. He especially enjoyed reading history and about the accomplishments of great men.

Rodney married Gertrude Porter of Rexburg, Idaho, daughter of Arthur Porter, Jr. and Gertrude Paull, on January 17, 1931. Those were depression times and setting up a household was not easy. Gertrude was teaching school at this time, but was forced to resign at the end of the school year as married women were not allowed to teach school.

The young couple spent one year in Cedar City, Utah running a laundry. Rodney worked 12 hours a day for 12 2/3 cents an hour. At the end of a year they had saved what seemed to be an incredible fortune--\$50.00--and returned to the farm in Marysville where they were to raise their family, farm, and become an integral part of the Ashton community.

Times were still hard. Only those who lived through the bad days of the depression can appreciate the hardships that they endured. It was hard enough to buy the necessary food; clothes were unheard of; but they also had to struggle to make payments on the farm. Gertrude and Rodney worked side-by-side trying to get established in the farming business. When at last the farm was paid for, they were happy, but Rodney was not satisfied.

Three children were born to them during these years--Paul, born May 28, 1934, Dennis, born May 11, 1936, and JoAnn, born Sept. 30, 1941. Gertrude enjoyed her children and openly admitted spoiling them. She was patient with them as she taught them to love all things bright and beautiful and to be compassionate for things not so bright and beautiful. Rodney once jokingly complained that his sons would never be hunters because their mother had taught them to love and respect all living things.

Rodney was always interested in his community and very proud to be from Idaho. He was active in the Farm Bureau for many years. He was proud of being among the Lobbyists who spent one winter in Boise fighting for the passage of the bill making it illegal to sell liquor in any place but an incorporated village or city.

Life on the farm was never easy. The family learned to live with failure as the bad years seemed to be more frequent than the good ones. As the children grew older, they also became part of the farm help. Winters, though long, were never too bad as the family was kept busy with jig-saw puzzles, books, music, crokinole, games and making fudge, pasttimes Gertrude had inherited from her parents. She was always involved in family recreation, but she never did master the art of winter sports and couldn't ski because she said the skis always went faster than she did. She tried to help out with the animals. Rodney tried to teach her to ride a horse and drive a team. "Just let them know who is boss", he told her. And Gertrude replied, "They know who the boss is and it isn't me, it's them."

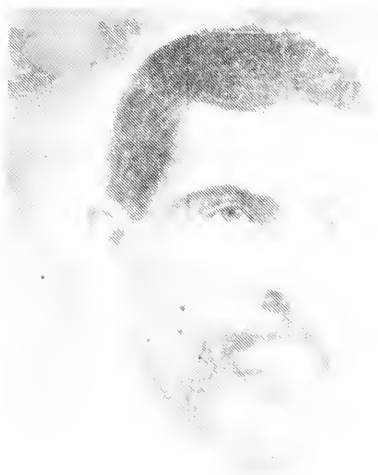
In 1954 Gertrude resumed her teaching career as a fourth grade teacher in Ashton. For the next 17 years she devoted many loving hours to her dear students, teaching several different grades, ending up as a second grade teacher. Hardly a family in Ashton was not touched in some way by her dedication.

Rodney believed in Idaho Potatoes and built his life around them. He knew that for a farmer to survive he had to have a more economical way to harvest. With his brother Mont, they built one of the very first mechanical harvesters ever used in Idaho, which they loving christened the "Rodmont". This was a strange looking contraption, different from most of the harvesters because it picked the potatoes after they had been dug and then loaded them on the trucks.

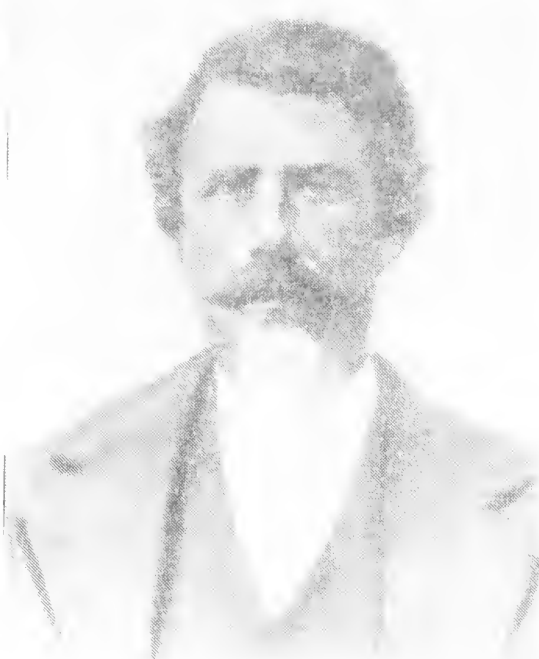
Rodney and his sons expanded their farming operation to include more land and later to develop a potato warehouse. At this time they became known as Rodney Gifford and Sons. The three worked closely together on the farm. In the winter Rodney was the seed salesman, known to hundreds of farmers throughout Idaho with his personal contact for selling seed. Dennis managed the potato cellars, and Paul ran the warehouse. Through the warehouse the name of Rodney Gifford and Sons became known as far west as California and east to include Florida and Chicago. Rodney passed away July 8, 1969, leaving Gertrude to carry on alone.

After Rodney's death, Gertrude taught for two more years, finally retiring to fulfill her dreams of travel and Church work. Before her teaching days, Gertrude was an active Church worker. Shortly after moving to Marysville, she was sustained as an organist in the Primary. This was a double blessing, for although most of the time her feet were her only transportation, she often said she felt like running the mile to Church because it gave her an opportunity to play the piano. She also served as Primary President, Young Women's Secretary, and as a teacher, organist and chorister in the various organizations. She was also active in the Ward and Relief Society Choirs.

The six years following her retirement were not idle ones as she did all sorts of needlework and crafts, such as rugs, afghans and pillow tops. She also loved to garden and spent many hours working in her immense yard. She passed away June 12, 1975.



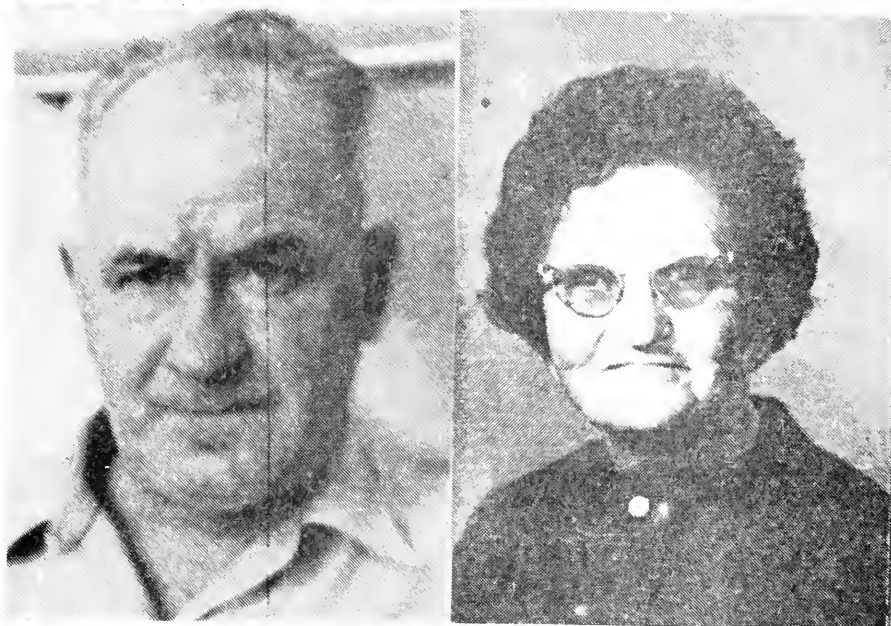
James Wesley Bainbridge - Wife Sarah Johannah Lewis Bainbridge
Grandfather and Grandmother of Rodney Gifford
Homesteaded Northwest of Marysville in the 1890's.



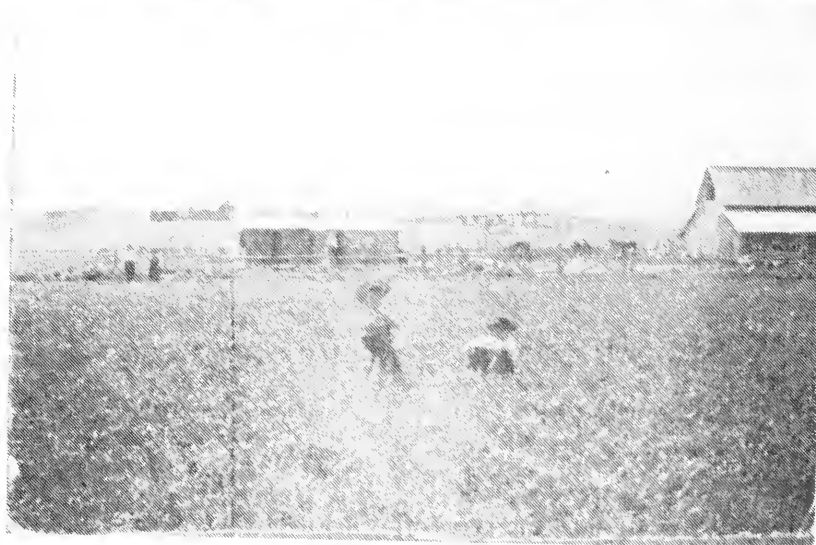
Levi Gifford, Jr.
Grandfather of Rodney Gifford
Also homesteaded Northwest of Marysville in the 1890's.



Arthur Gifford and
Sarah Jane "Jennie"
Bainbridge Gifford

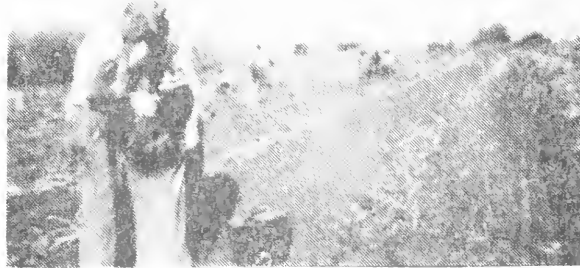


Rodney
and
Gertrude Porter
Gifford



Rodney Gifford and
Friend in field at
INGLING SIDING

RODNEY GIFFORD AND SONS
Digging and Hauling Potatoes the Hard Way



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN HUGGINS CORDINGLEY
By Lee Cordingley

Thomas Cordingley, my Grandfather, was a convert to the Church and immigrated from Idle Yorkshire, England with Anthony W. Ivins Company. With him came my father, William Cordingley, who was born 20 August 1835. They settled for a time in St. Louis, Mo.

It was here that my Father met my Mother, Permelia Huggins, who was born 23 May 1841. She was the daughter of William Huggins and Emeline Acker who were also immigrants from Scotland, Ireland and Wales. They were married in 1850.

I was the sixth child of a family of eleven:

William Thomas - December 1857
Sarah Alice - 24 January 1860
George Alonzo - 22 December 1861
Mary Emeline - 14 January 1864
Stephan Lorenzo - 4 April 1866
John Huggins - 26 September 1868, Fountain Green, Sanpete,
Utah

Howard Lee - 2 July 1871
Encch Ernest - April 1874
Lula Permelia - 9 August 1877
Hanna Flavilla - 25 May 1880
Semour David - 29 April 1884

I was born in a small two room house made of logs with a dirt roof, but this little house was home to us children, as that was where we sat down to eat the food mother prepared for us and where we went to bed at night to rest our bodies ready for another day.

One of the first things I can remember is the meadow in front of the house which faced to the south. There was a creek running through the meadow where the ducks would swim for hours and we children loved to watch them.

Our neighbor Reece Llewellyn and his family lived across this meadow a mile to the south of us. They were nearly run out of their house with mice and we had three colored Maltese cats with nine kittens, so Mother said they could borrow our cats to get rid of the mice. They came and took the cat and her nine kittens back home. We looked and as nice as could be came the mother and the kittens. She made the trip across the meadow 17 times, making a 17 mile journey in order to bring each cat home, as the mother will only carry one kitten at a time.

My playmates, other than my own brothers and sisters, were Halam's and Collard's children. Our main games were steal sticks, stink base, pommomp pull away, and run sheep run. My pets were a dog, cat and tame rabbits.

I was always a strong healthy boy; never knew a sick day until I was a young man of 21 years when I took down with typhoid fever.

My father was a contractor, which made it necessary for us to move from one town to another quite frequently. The first Sunday School I attended was in our home and Father was the Superintendent.

My schooling was very limited as it was a struggle to obtain an education in the earlier days. The first school I attended was at Fountain Green in a one room log building. The seats were benches built all around the sides of the room with our faces toward the wall. Holes were bored into the logs with pegs inserted in these holes and a board over the pegs would form our desks. I next attended school at Munro for awhile. This was the end of my school days. We then moved to Tintic where Father burned charcoal and hauled the slack to the smelters. I was baptized when I was 8 years of age on September 29, 1876 at Fountain Green by Elder James Guyman and confirmed by Cornelius Collard. I was ordained a Deacon when I was 12 years old at Fountain Green. Shortly afterwards we moved to Huntington, Emery County, Utah.

My main sports of amusement were ball playing, boxing and racing. I played with the town team at Huntington and was mostly the catcher and short stop. We used to play with the surrounding towns to see who would pay for dances as the losing team would have to pay for all the expenses of the next dance. We had one outstanding caller on our team and he would do the calling for the dances on both sides, so, of course, when he called for our side we would know more of the calls and the other side would have to sit and watch while we did the dancing.

When I was about nineteen years of age, I went to work for the sheep men, Merl Bros, as foreman over four bands of sheep. I worked for them about nine years, and it was while working for them I began to think more serious of life and its problems. I began keeping company with Jessie Jones, whom I had known since we were small children. It happened this way. I came in from the sheep, there was a dance and I made up my mind to ask a certain girl if she would go to the dance with me, but when I went to ask her she had on a white basque and it was so dirty that I changed my mind and never asked her.

A friend of mine, Frank Brasher, had already asked Jessie Jones to go with him, but he thought he would play a kind of a trick on me, so he asked me to go and ask Jessie to go to the dance with me. I asked, but she told me she already had a date. I went to the dance alone and danced the last dance with her, and, of course, took her home and Frank went home alone. Jessie and I went together from that time on until we were married on the first of December 1892 by Bishop Peter Johnson. We went to the Manti Temple and were sealed the 18th of December 1893 by Jon B. Maiben.

We lived in Huntington for awhile and there our first child was born, a baby boy on the 28th of May 1894. We named him William Warren. We then moved to Marysville, Idaho in 1895 when Warren was one year old, traveling in a covered wagon, driving three cows and a calf, and having one dozen chickens in a box tied to or fastened on the back of the wagon. We were three weeks making the trip. Jessie, my wife never saw a woman after we left Provo until we arrived at Blackfoot when she saw an Indian lady who was 80 years old. Her husband was very sick. Jessie had made some hotcakes for our breakfast, so she put some cheese between some and gave the hotcakes to them.

We arrived in Marysville on the fourth of July. We had spent our last dollar for a sack of flour in Rexburg as we came through. We had been in Marysville about a month when I had the misfortune to break my leg. Since there were no doctors in this part of the country, my wife had to set my leg and I got along just fine.

We lived for a few days with my mother who had previously come to Idaho, then we moved up on Warm River and I worked at the sawmill owned by M.M. Hammond, Joe Hendricks and my Brother William Cordingley. The company built us a one room lumber

cabin of rough lumber where we lived two years. During these two years, we took up a homestead three miles east of Marysville where we lived part of the time. We had to haul water three miles for all house purposes, chickens, pigs, and cattle. In the summer time the cows were kept at the sawmill and in the winter we would melt snow for water for all the stock. The first home we built on the homestead was a one room house, and later a two room house. The other eight children were born in these homes. George Huggins was born 29 March 1896; Permelia Ann born 22 May 1898; Molinda Emiline born 18 June 1900; Myron Lorenzo born 16 January 1902.

During this time we built a log barn, chicken coop and a pig pen. Our third daughter, Lottie Pearl, was born 6 October 1903. The homestead agreement was that we have a water right, so at this time ditches were built. Much hard work went into the building of the Brady Canal that furnished water to our farm. The work was done by horses and scrapers and man power.

Our fourth son, Merrion Guy was born 16 April 1905. We were planting our trees and shrubbery at this time. The children's time was occupied helping the pine tree planting while Guy was being born.

We soon needed another or better barn, so we built one with a lean-to on both sides, the horses stalls on one side and the cow stalls on the other side with the hay loft in the middle.

At this time we had another child which was a boy and stillborn, our 1907 fifth son. Our sixth child was a son, Horace Glen Cordingley, May 1, 1909. All the time we were improving our farm in making and improving our ditches, fences and roads. We planted different varieties of apples, cherries, plums and pears. We dug our first well for our water supply so we wouldn't have to haul water from the rivers. We had the rooms of our home lined with factory cloth with big metal buttons with nails driven through to hold the factory. We had mud between the logs on the outside of the house which we would have to re-do every year or two. The roof of our house was dirt which we had to repair often.

In the year of 1912, May 17, our last son was born, John Lee Cordingley. Our son Warren was married to Sarah Ethel Durney, 22 December 1912, at St. Anthony, Idaho, the daughter of James Holliday Durney and Mary Andrus Durney. In the year 1915, we needed a better barn. I had a chance to trade a four year old bay mare by the name of Bell for the lumber to build the barn with a hay loft in the middle and lean-tos on each side for the horses and cattle. We also built a six bin granary.

Our oldest daughter, Molinda Emaline, married Clarence LeRoy Sprague on December 20, 1916 in the Salt Lake Temple. He was the son of Festes Franklin Sprague and Annie Marie Sprague. At this time Warren and Ethel went with us and had their endowments. Our second son George Huggins married Armintha Egbert, daughter of Joseph Hollis Egbert and Ermeline Whittle, February 20, 1918 in the Salt Lake Temple. Our third son Myron Lorenzo married Myrtle Elnore Guthrie, daughter of George William Guthrie and Sarah Urna Guthrie, 3 November 1923 in the Salt Lake Temple. Our second daughter Lottie Pearl married Earl S. Larson, son of Nels and Anna Larson, November 21, 1920 at St. Anthony, Idaho. Our fifth son married Fern Genevive Thorsted, daughter of Richard L. Thorsted, September 2, 1932. Our sixth son, John Lee married Dorothy Mae Strong, daughter of Herbert Strong and Martha Margaret Loutensock, November 10, 1932. Our fourth son Merrion Guy married Leora Mae Brower, daughter of Lansing Bates Brower and Rose Mae Birch, January 21, 1933. On the 10th of November 1936, Guy and Leora went to the Logan Temple and their marriage was solemnized for time and all eternity. Lee and Dorothy went to the Logan Temple on April 2, 1940. These occasions were the happiest times of my life.

We had many prosperous years raising cattle which we ranged on the Fish Creek range in the summer along with some of the horses we did not need to do the work around the ranch. We raised better than average crops of wheat, oats, barley, hay and some potatoes.

I have been called upon many times to administer to the sick and many times the Spirit of the Lord has been made manifest in their behalf and they have been healed. My testimony has been strengthened and I have been made to rejoice.

I was ordained a Seventy March 10, 1926, and set apart by Judson L. Stoddard at St. Anthony, Idaho. At that time the Seventies were divided into districts. I was one of the seven Presidents of the upper district comprising Marysville, Ashton, Farnum and Ora. These Wards held meetings in their own Wards and once a month they met together at Ashton.

We had been working hard for many years making a home for our family, so one year about 1926, we decided to go on a vacation for the Christmas Holidays. We went to California, taking our son Guy with us. We went on the train, as that year they were giving cheap rates and many people were taking advantage of them. We reached our first destination, Los Angeles, with happy hearts. We went up to Hollywood to visit our son Myron and his wife, Myrtle, who previously moved to California, and saw many wonderful sights before returning home.

The first office given me in the church was that of a teacher. I was put in as a Ward Teacher under the first Bishop of the Marysville Ward, Bishop Henry Wilson, and served under five other Bishops, Bishop Ralph P. Cordon being the last. This makes 42 years serving as a Ward Teacher. The second office I held was first counselor in the Ward Sunday School, 1922, which position I held for eight years and was released in 1930. All during that time I was absent only once and that was on account of illness. I was never tardy during the eight years. My wife most always went with me. She taught Sunday School many years. We would take our family with us so we could all worship together.

I was chosen as a member of the Yellowstone Stake Genealogical committee with Arnold Miller as chairman, on the 9th of July 1933. I filled this position until the members of the Stake Committee were all released on the 13th of October, 1940, making seven years of genealogical service.

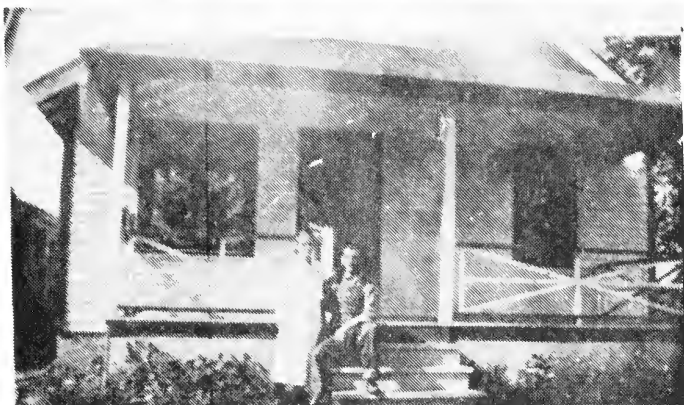
One of the saddest times of my life came when I had to part with my life's companion. My wife, Jessie, died the 27th of February 1933 of heart trouble caused from a goiter. She had always been active in Church work and a good companion to me and she loved her children. She spent many nights and days working with the sick of the community and was midwife to many of the children in our area. She always had acres of garden and raised lots of chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese, which she sold to the stores, railroad people and furnished the Railroad Ranch with their needs in all these things and also butter and eggs.

I found comfort and peace in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and its teachings, especially in Temple work or Salvation for the dead. I continued to farm the farm, but it was lonely and hard for me. I felt that I could not spend the rest of my life alone. I had known Sister Lottie Howard, or Aunt Lottie as everyone called her. She had also lost her husband and had no children for company. I kept company with her for awhile and then we were married.

In the fall of 1936, my son Guy quit his work at the Yellowstone Park, so I rented the farm to him. We moved to my wife's home on Warm River and we worked unitedly

together in all that we did, both in our home life and in religion. We spent a great deal of time on Genealogy and Temple work. Lottie was taken ill with a stroke and died the 17th of January 1942 at my son Myron's home at Marysville.

John Huggins passed away at the Ashton Memorial Hospital on the 23rd of January 1962 and was buried in the Pine View cemetery in Ashton, Idaho.



J O H N

A N D

J E S S I E

C O R D I N G L E Y

T H E I R H O M E S

A N D

F A M I L Y M E M B E R S

FAMILY OF JOHN AND JESSIE CORDINGLEY



GLEN AND LEE AT WATERING TROUGH

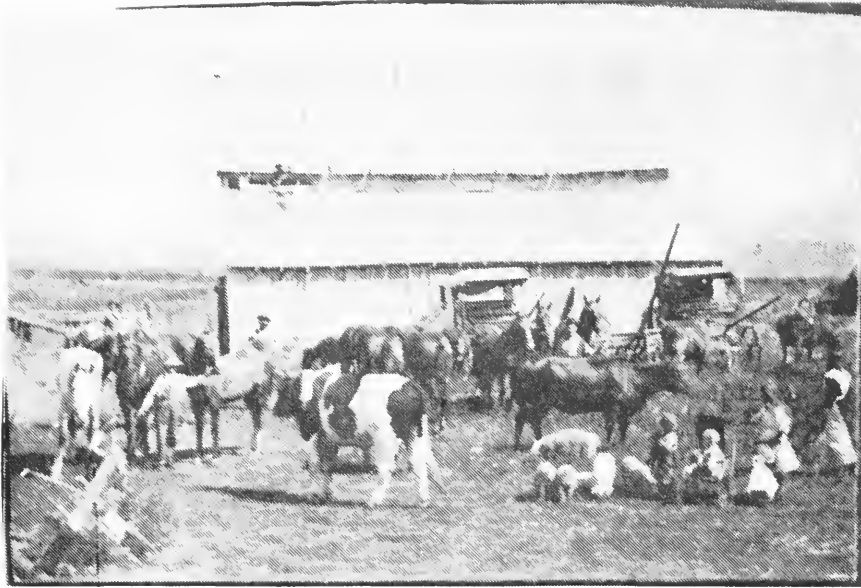


MYRON



GLEN, MYRON, GUY AND LEE
In Door of Old Home

JOHN AND JESSIE CORDINGLEY



BARNYARD



JOHN AND SON LEE



THRESHING MACHINE ON THE PLACE



MOVING THE HOUSE FOR WARREN AND ETHEL



HEBER AND FLAVILLA CORDINGLEY HARDY
Sister of John Cordingley



HOWARD & LILLIE CORDINGLEY
Brother of John



WILLIAM CORDINGLEY
John's Oldest Brother

JOHANNAH WILLIAMS KIRKHAM
Apr. 14, 1971 - Winifred Kirkham

"A fine sense of humor is what we admire about Mother the most," said one of the sons of Mrs. Johannah Williams Kirkham, a mother, grandmother and great grandmother many times over, who passed her 87th birthday last month. He also said that all her children still depend on her advice and decisions in both small and large matters, and admit her judgment is good.

"Mother has proven that a smile and cheerfulness gets one over rough paths and difficulties," he said. "More people should be blessed with a mother and grandma like her."

But for Mrs. Kirkham, life has not always been easy, for she was left without a mother when she was 7, and without a husband after only 24 years of marriage.

She was born in Benson Ward, Utah, March 8, 1884, the first child of Noah and Eliza Peterson Williams.

When she was 7, her mother was hurrying to take the butter and eggs to town and fell down the cellar steps. She went on to town and laughingly told friends of her fall. That night she became seriously ill and passed away. "I will never forget this sudden tragedy," Mrs. Kirkham said.

She and her sister lived with an aunt in Ogden, Utah, until the following year, when her father remarried. In the Spring of 1893 her family left for a new home in Idaho in 2 wagons. Their only possessions were some household furnishings, several horses and cows, 11 baby mules and a box of live chickens. "I also brought my pet cat," she remembered, "and the saddest memory of that trip was when my cat got away while crossing the Fort Hall Indian Reservation."

"Our first home was east of St. Anthony where Floyd Law now lives," she continued. She noted her father had a sawmill at Marysville, and while building a raft, saved some choice lumber for a new home in Chester. The home is still owned by her half brother, Trevor Williams.

She attended school at Chester. As a result of the family milking from 15 to 20 cows, she had to help print and wrap some 90 lbs. of butter a week. Her step mother also made cheese. "We had the first milk separator in the community," she proudly recalled.

Another chore of her youth was herding cows, and the area stretched from Chester through the Farnum country.

"I had 11 half brothers and sisters, so we represented quite a group at the many Chester gatherings, including Church and dancing," she said.

She married Daniel Kirkham Feb. 4, 1903, in St. Anthony, and that May they moved into a one-room log cabin on the farm where she still lives, about 4 miles east of



Ashton. None of the ground was broken for crops, but was covered with sagebrush and a few aspens.

"We had no water, but harvested a small amount of grain that Fall. We had a team of horses, one cow, my pony and a hand plow. I raised chickens in a tent and traded chickens to Dr. Mack for my first pair of glasses," she said.

Most of her children were born on the home place. They are LaGrand, LaVerne, Ed, Clynneth (Dick), Cleo (Chip), Marcia, Lucille and Bill.

In 1906 they built a 2-room house on the same location. Before the house was completed, the people of the community applied for a school to be held 5 months of each year, so the Kirkhams donated one room of the house for the school. A Mr. Jones, River Johnson and John Huggins were the first trustees. Mrs. Maud Hillman of Menan was the first teacher. She boarded at the John Huggins place, and paid a total of \$3.00 per week for board, room, washing and ironing.

"We had very little money in those days, but neighbors helped each other and it was a busy life," she said. "Sundays always meant neighbors calling unannounced for dinners. It seems a closeness and concern was knit between neighbors then that has now been disregarded to a great extent. We worked hard but life was good . . ."

More water was needed for irrigation in the community as the settlement was growing and pushing east. She recalled that the Brady or Marysville Canal was completed April 28, 1904. In 1906 some farmers east of the Kirkham Bridge negotiated for a loan for \$2,500. Gottfried Reimann took the contract for the new Yellowstone Canal, and Mr. Kirkham worked on this canal for \$1.50 per day for man and team. Shares, totaling 82,000 were sold for \$20 a share, she recalled, and the federal government got 50¢ and the state, \$1. The people did the work, much donated, and the Yellowstone Canal was finished in 1908. The first ditch rider was Henry Reimann.

Ed Heseman was president of the Marysville Canal and Improvement Co. for 35 years, and John Huggins was the first ditch rider.

The Farmers Ditch Co. incorporated March 31, 1896, with a capital of \$12,000. The first water to reach the end of the south lateral was in 1902. The president of the company was Willard Bonneru, she said. Steven Davis was the ditch rider for many years.

She noted that in 1919 the contract was let to Perrin and Harris for a new steel bridge over Fall River south of the Kirkham place. By that time, the Kirkhams had just finished a 4-room home and had 7 children. She gave the men who were working on the bridge board and room. The Winter was severe, she recalls, yet they worked all through the Winter and Spring. The bridge was there for 51 years, when the new one was completed recently one mile west of the present location.

During World War I, Mr. Kirkham stayed in a small one-room cabin near the dam on Fall River nights and guarded the dam, for many people feared sabotage.

Mr. Kirkham died in 1927 following 9 years of heart trouble. For 5 years preceding his death, he was unable to do any work. "Life looked drear, but I had 8 children to raise," she said. "There were many hard times, but we managed and I feel no bitterness."

She had a cataract removed from one eye a few years ago, but still sees well enough to take care of her house and do a lot of fancy work. Active, interested and in

good health for her age, she also spends a lot of time visiting with her children and their families, all of whom live nearby except Marcia, who is in Washington, D. C. She has 18 grandchildren and 19 great grandchildren. She is now working on her 29th afghan and has no idea how many scarves, pillow cases and luncheon cloths she has embroidered.

"I enjoy working, for idleness breeds discontent," she said. "I'm happy for every new day and what it holds. God has been good to me, and I am thankful for my family and my many friends."

Grandma Kirkham suffered a stroke shortly after this history was written. She remained in her home for two years, but was never able to walk again. She never complained, and always seemed cheerful. She passed away in an Idaho Falls Hospital at the age of 91, on May 28, 1975.

GLEN W. HOLBROOK
Ashton Herald, May 20, 1976

Glen Holbrook was born Nov. 17, 1913, at Afton, Wyo., son of Joseph L. and Sarah Leola Wilkes Holbrook. He spent his early life in Afton and moved to Marysville when he was 13 years old. When he was 15 he worked for a sheep ranch in the area and then owned and operated his own service station in Marysville.

He married Virda Weaver, April 29, 1936, at Rexburg. Their marriage was later solemnized in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. Mrs. Holbrook died in 1975.

In 1963, he started working for the Union Pacific Railroad at Drummond, Newdale, Ashton, Marysville and St. Anthony, until ill health forced him to retire in 1974. He died May 16, 1976.



WILLIAM THEDE HOLBROOK
Ashton Herald, Dec. 25, 1978

William Thede Holbrook was born April 14, 1909, at Afton, Wyo., the son of Joseph and Sarah Leola Wilkes Holbrook. He spent the early part of his childhood and attended school in Afton, Wyo. As a young man, he moved to Marysville, where his family opened a grocery store. Until the depression years, he worked with his parents in the business. He then began to work for another grocery store in Ashton.

In 1942 he joined the Army and served in the Philippine Islands until his discharge in 1945. He then returned to Ashton, where he again worked in an Ashton grocery store. He was a member of the LDS Church and the American Legion, and did work for the Alcoholics Anonymous Association.

ELI KIRKHAM
LAURA MAY HADFIELD KIRKHAM
Ashton Herald-June 25, 1970

"The most interesting part of my life was the 9 years I spent operating a maternity home in Ashton. I so loved all those sweet little babies."

This was the comment made by Mrs. Laura Kirkham, who passed her 89th birthday last Saturday, June 20. Her love for children has been reflected in all her married life. Nine baby boys were born to her and her husband, Eli, but all died in infancy, so they adopted a "second family" of six children.

Mrs. Kirkham, the former Laura May Hadfield, was born June 20, 1881, in Mesa, Ariz. Her father, who was a carpenter as well as a farmer, had homesteaded in that area. She moved with her family to Utah when she was 12 years old. She married Eli Kirkham of Provo in the Logan LDS Temple in 1898.

Mr. Kirkham worked with his brother Dan in the mines in Sunnyside, Utah, until February, 1902, when he and Laura came to Idaho and homesteaded 80 acres northeast of Marysville in the Warm River area. Later they homesteaded another 80 acres across Warm River for grazing ground for their cattle and sheep. In 1913 they moved with their family to Ashton, but Mr. Kirkham continued farming until ill health forced him to retire in 1938.

They adopted Grace Metsker, 14, and her brother, Ivan Metsker, 10, from the orphan's home in Boise after their own children had died. After Eli's brother Dick and his wife died, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham adopted their 4 children. They are Delbert Kirkham, Tommy Kirkham, Mrs. Harry (Virginia) Van Dorien and Mrs. Bill (Louise) Hill.

Mrs. Kirkham's nursing career began during the flu epidemic in 1918, when she and Mrs. Tom Nieland, also a trained nurse, took care of flu patients in the Niefert building, which had been set up as a temporary hospital by Dr. C. C. Meacham. She also worked with Dr. E. L. Hargis on many cases, then set up a maternity home in her home in Ashton and operated it from 1918 to 1927. Patients came to the maternity home all the way from the Victor and Rexburg areas.

Mr. Kirkham died April 12, 1954, and since then Mrs. Kirkham has lived alone in her home in Ashton. Although neighbors, relatives and friends look in on her often, she is extremely interested and active in the world about her. She does her own housework and loves to read, crochet and embroider.

"I guess hard work, good friends, especially those whom we first knew in Marysville; pleasant memories, and Church affiliations have all contributed to my long life," she said. Mrs. Kirkham passed away May 27, 1973, at the age of 91.



JOHN EPHRIAM HUGGINS AND LAVINIA ANN DRAPER
By Granddaughter, Ila Mower

Lavinia Ann Draper Huggins was born Nov. 23, 1873, to Nephi Draper and Charolette Elizabeth Johnson Draper in the little town of St. John, Tooele County, Utah, the oldest of ten children. She grew and did very much the same as all pioneer girls did in a small country town, went to school in a one room school house, worked, played, took care of little brothers and sisters, and went to church.

Her first position of trust at the age of sixteen was working in the General Store, where she sold everything. She tells of selling yard goods for a beautiful dress then going to the store room in the back to weigh hay, grain, stock feed, coal, coal oil or anything else the community might need.

In the year 1895, a young man came from Fountain Green, Sanpete County on his way to Idaho to shear sheep. This man, being John Ephriam Huggins, met the charming little country store clerk and they fell in love and were married June 17, 1896 in the Manti Temple. They lived in St. John until the spring of 1898 when the pioneer spirit that was born in both of them gave them the urge to set out for Idaho to take up a homestead where John Huggins had relatives. They loaded all their belongings into two wagons, and on a Monday morning, April 25, 1898, they started on their journey, Brother Huggins driving one team and Johnnie Mankin, a young man who had worked with Brother Huggins drove the other, and Sister Huggins drove a horse hitched to a black topped buggy with their thirteen month old baby Edith.

Now we will give a little of a day by day account of their journey to Marysville, Idaho as is recorded from her life journal. It was hard to leave all the folks and the old valley I loved so dearly. We must have traveled at least five miles before I could see what was drawing the buggy, for I had so many tears in my eyes, but the thought of getting a home of our own gave me courage to carry on.

We spent our first night at Lovelle in an old shelter. There were whole families of bedbugs, so we did very little sleeping. We traveled through Salt Lake the next day and old Bucksaw, the horse I was driving spooked when he saw the street cars, so John had to tie him behind his wagon. We stopped to eat some lunch at the old tethering yard, where the Hotel Utah now stands, and then journeyed on to Farmington where we camped for the night. We pitched the tent and took the bed springs and straw tick and bedding from the wagon, fixed our evening meal and spent a very comfortable night. The next morning I gave the baby a sponge bath by the campfire while John and Johnnie Mankin prepared breakfast and cared for the horses. We ate, washed, packed and were off again.

The next night we camped along Weber River just before coming into Ogden, then we traveled from Ogden to the outskirts of Brigham City where we pitched our tent that night. The following day we traveled from Brigham to Square Town, a small place just before coming to Hampton Bridge on the Bear River. We crossed Bear River and even though the bridge was safe, I was very much frightened, as this was the largest river I had ever seen. We journeyed on to Malad City and got there at sundown. We stopped at the town campground and pitched our tent and prepared supper, but it began to rain and turned so cold, John took the baby and me to a hotel and we had a very restful night. The next day was Sunday and it was snowing. Since we didn't care to travel on Sunday, John and Johnnie Mankin made a few repairs on the outfits and baby Edith slept most of the day while I, between moments of weeping, wrote my first letter home.

Monday, May 2nd, we pulled camp from Malad and as we started up the canyon, we overtook some people going to Canada. They had quite a number of large horses they were trailing. They had come from Huntington, Utah. We traveled together up the canyon. By now it was snowing very hard and my hands were so cold I couldn't hold to the lines, so John tied my horse to the back of his wagon and we went on until about 10 A.M. and the storm was getting worse. We came upon a ranch house where an old gentleman lived alone, so he sold us some feed for the horses and invited us to stay over night with him. There was quite a bunch of us, as the Walker family from Huntington, Utah had joined us. The storm continued to be so bad we had to stay over an extra day. We were very grateful to this kind old gentleman.

Thursday morning the storm was over and the sun was shining nice and warm, so we continued on our way. That night we arrived at McCarmon, Idaho and set up camp, but it was so cold that John took the baby and me to the hotel again. I invited Mrs. Walker and her three little girls to share the hotel room with us. We all had to sleep in one bed. Neither she nor I knew how to turn off the electric light, so let it burn all night. We couldn't sleep with the light burning so lay and talked all night.

The next day we traveled to Ross's Fork which is north of Pocatello. Here we camped and the next day traveled to Blackfoot. It being stormy again, the baby and I went to the hotel, but Mr. Walker was cross and wouldn't let his wife and little girls share the hotel with us. We traveled on the next day and at noon we arrived at Idaho Falls. This is where we parted company with the Walker family, as they headed out for Canada and we continued toward Rexburg. We sold our tent to them as they had much farther to go and they only had a tiny tent. We knew when we arrived at Marysville, John's Aunt Permelia would have us stay with them.

We camped by a ranch house just a few miles north of Idaho Falls and the people invited us to make our beds in the house and we gladly accepted their kind offer. The next day was Sunday, but we decided to drive on to Rexburg. We crossed many streams. One place was called the dry beds, but the water was so high it ran in the buggy box. Old Bucksaw was tied to John's wagon, but he was afraid and tried to lie down. That evening we arrived at Rexburg and camped on the public square. A lady came along and finding out we had been on the road almost two weeks, invited us to her home for the evening meal and to spend the night with them. She was the wife of Bishop Stevens of Menan and was staying in Rexburg with her two daughters who were attending the Rick's Academy. This was the last night of our Journey as we pulled into Marysville the next evening, which proved to be our home ward for the next sixteen years.

I was disappointed in the town of Marysville. I thought it would have nice houses, and shade trees, but it was a new country and there were only nine houses on the townsite and all but three of them were dirt roofed. The altitude is high here and there were many snow drifts still laying on the north side of the hills, and the people were just beginning to plow and plant their gardens. The soil was a dark sandy loam so all kinds of vegetables grew rapidly, so much better than Utah where it dries up so fast.

We stayed ten days at Aunt Permelia Cordingleys. They were all very kind to us and we enjoyed the visit. John took a homestead of 160 acres three miles east of Marysville. He went to St. Anthony and purchased a hand plow and broke up five acres of new land and planted wheat and some barley, so that fall we had flour enough for the following winter.

Our first day at Church was a real experience; the meeting house was a large log room used as a school house during the week; home made dishes and benches, and bark still on the logs in the walls. I felt quite a let down, but we had a splendid meeting, and I learned right away that it isn't the house or the surroundings that make a meeting, but the spirit of the Lord that dwells within. I'll never forget the closing hymn, "Come Thou, Oh, King of Kings", and I never hear it to this day, but it carries me back to the old log meeting house in Marysville, Ida.

On May 20th, we unloaded our furniture and moved into a one room lumber house belonging to William Cordingley, adjoining our homestead on the west. I drove the buggy with the baby to Sunday School almost every Sunday that summer, and Jesse Cordingley and her three little ones would go with us.

In July, we bought our first cow and calf from a man in St. Anthony, and that provided us with plenty of milk and butter and meat for the winter. After our first winter on the farm, we decided to purchase a lot in Marysville and built us a two room log house so we could be down closer to people and Church. John got a job in October on the Brady Dam for 75 cents per day and his dinner, so we had sufficient means for food and a good Christmas. The Christmas holidays were spent among the neighbors, getting together first one place and then another. There was much merriment with each taking a part in singing, reciting, and telling stories or playing a musical instrument.

When March came we thought we could look forward to spring, but it failed to come. On March 25, we had one of the worst blizzards the old timers had ever seen, and on the 26th, it was clear and pretty, but so bitter cold. That night and the 27th we had our second child, another girl. John had to go for Sister Loosli, the midwife. The horses and sleigh could go right on top of the snow without sinking. We named the new baby Marial Elizabeth.

The baby grew nicely and spring did come. It was a busy time. We moved back up to the farm and there was garden to plant and more ground broken up for farming. Being young and very enthusiastic, John traded an extra harness to Johnie Markin for a bicycle, then traded that to Ezra Newbold for 25 hens. They were of all colors and kinds, but we were pleased to get them as now we had plenty of eggs. They did fine during the summer and we raised over 50 young ones, so we began to feel like real ranchers indeed.

We were saddened today when we received word that our dear Grandmother Johnson had passed away. She had been widowed for 39 years as Grandfather Luke S. Johnson died in 1861, leaving Grandmother with eight children to raise, ranging from 13 years old to eight months. Luke S. Johnson was a member of the first quorum of twelve apostles organized by Joseph Smith and he came across the plains with Brigham Young's Company. He was appointed a captain of ten.

So the summer passed, our garden produced well, and there was much canning to be done. When all this was completed, John told me I could take the two little ones and take a trip back to St. John to visit my folks for one month. Imagine my joy as this was my first trip home in the two years we had been gone. The thrill of seeing all my school friends was great; most of them had married, and settled in and around the valley. There was one dear face I sorrowfully missed, and that was dear little Grandmother Johnson. We came home in November and it was so cold. John was at the train depot at St. Anthony to meet us with nice warm woolen camp quilts to cover us.

While we were gone, John had built another room out of logs on to our two rooms at the farm, but didn't have the ceiling yet, so that room was hard to heat.

Two weeks later, as we got a few more things taken care of for winter, we moved down to our little two roomed dirt roofed house in Marysville. We very comfortably settled in for the long hard winter months, but it was a comfort to know we were close to the Church house and to other people, so we could share the long winter evenings and attend the school plays and the Thanksgiving and Christmas festivities. We especially enjoyed the dances during the holidays in the big dirt roofed dance hall that belonged to the Shephard family. John worked on the Farmers Ditch this winter getting a little cash and the balance in ditch stock. This canal didn't touch our farm so John traded or sold his ditch stock to others whose places were watered by this canal.

Brother Barrett had moved into town with a small stock of merchandise and started a store. His farm was canal controlled so he often traded John cloth and other articles which weren't saleable for ditch stock, so we used this for making quilts, curtains and I even made myself an every day dress from some large plaid. It wasn't so beautiful, but it was comfortable and warm. Mr. Barrett would never trade groceries for ditch stock, so there wasn't much change in our diet of meat, milk and vegetables. He traded some ditch stock to Mr. Slatery for a cow and calf, so now we have two cows and two yearlings. We ran out of hay so had to move back to the farm the 20th of March so he could graze them on the south slopes--thus we spent the winter of 1900-1901.

John finished off the large log addition 16 X 18, that he started last fall. We decided to use it for a living room. Lumber from the Warm River sawmill was cheaper this spring, so we decided we could put a shingle roof on instead of dirt and whitewashed the walls, made my factory curtains and put down a clean rag carpet and set up a nice heating stove. I thought I had the prettiest sitting room in the country, then a pounding spring rainstorm hit against the one wall and the mud daubing run down the nice whitewashed wall. Oh! how disappointing.

This spring the manager of the Brady Canal was a Mr. Gamby. He wished John to hire as water master and canal rider. This was to ride along the bank of the canal each day and see that no holes would lead to a washout. John figured he could handle this job along with his farm work as our expenses were mounting, and we were expecting our 3rd baby.

At Marysville, the first day of June was celebrated; it was about like May Day would be in Utah, also it was Brigham Young's birthday. There was always a good crowd and everyone had an enjoyable time.

Monday at 1:00 P.M. on June 10, 1901 our baby came with the help of the good midwife, Sister Loosli. She continued to come each day and care for the baby and me. We named her Ethel and John was very disappointed, thinking he would never get a boy to help on the farm.

By now we were quite comfortable with our farm home, so John, not liking to move every spring and fall, decided to sell our home in Marysville to Brother George T. Wood for \$100.00, and moved all our furniture to the farm. With the money, he bought lumber and built another room adjoining the other room on the east. We also had a porch built across the front which faced the north.

On July 4 and 24, there was always a grand celebration in Marysville. The baby being so young, I didn't go this time, but my sister Ona, who was with us for the summer went and enjoyed the celebration as most young folks do. I appreciated my sisters and the help they gave me during the busy summer months; they would take turns on their vacations. We harvested a good garden this fall; Ona and I dried a lot of corn, peas and beans.

There was an epidemic of measles this winter and all three of the little girls had them. It was during the Christmas holidays so we missed out on all the celebration, but with good home nursing and the help of the Lord, there were no complications.

Will and Effie Dobson and two little girls, LaVon and Pearl, lived one-half mile from our place. They came often to visit us, so the winter of 1901-1902 passed pleasantly. The Marysville Ward had built a new frame meeting house, which was also used as an amusement hall. They had put in a gas lighting plant and things looked quite up to date.

Along about the first of July it turned very cold and by the 4th, the people had to wear their coats and overcoats instead of our nice summer clothes. We didn't raise much garden this summer as the frost in July set it back and then another killer frost the latter part of August finished it off, but we did harvest a good grain crop. My sister Ona went back to Utah for school, but another sister, Emily, came to spend the winter with us. We made several quilts and she knit stockings for all of us.

We feel quite smart now, as we have R.F.D. mail service, so we don't have to go to town for it. Toward spring we felt like we could afford to line our log room with lumber as the price at the Warm River mill was getting cheaper, and John wanted to get it done before he started to work in the field. It looked so nice and was so much warmer. We sent to Montgomery Ward and got some pretty wall paper, and I crocheted some lace on the curtains, and John bought a new blue iron bedstead and springs for the girls. May 12 was such a beautiful warm day, we decided to make some ice cream, as there were still snow drifts on the north side of the house.

On Wednesday, May 13, 1903, John got his wish, a lovely baby boy was born. He weighed ten pounds with lots of dark hair and big brown eyes. We named him Melvin Reed.

This spring John had extra work and responsibility at the canal, so they raised his wages to 85 dollars a month. The extra money surely came in handy as Emily was sick when our baby was born and wasn't able to help me, so John hired Anabelle Weatherbee to work for us, but our farm was too far from town, so she left us in a few days; so John drove three miles into Marysville and back each day and brought Mrs. Emily Lamborn to care for the baby and me. One day, Edith 6 years old and Marial 4 waded in snow water in the ditch and we had to soak their feet in mustard water. They didn't catch cold but learned a lesson.

Johnnie Mankin, the young man who came to Idaho with us, died with appendicitis leaving his farm to his only sister, Mrs. Annie Johnston. She and her husband James and their family moved onto his place in May of 1903. As she had children about the same age as ours, they came to our place often to play. We were especially happy to have them for neighbors as she came from St. John also, and we had many good times talking over our childhood and school days. (Later their oldest son George and our Daughter Edith were married)

We harvested a good crop this fall and John took a big load of wheat to the Teton mill for our flour and mush for the coming year. The Johnston family moved to Chester for the winter, so we seldom had visitors.

We had a birthday party for John March 5, 1905. We had roast chicken and all that goes with it, besides a birthday cake and ice cream. We invited the Bethells, the Hardys, Honess's, Cordingleys and the Drolingers. We had such a good time the party lasted all day and all night too, as a raging blizzard came up and none of them could go home, but we were all cozy and warm and had plenty to eat.

This spring we had to hire three men to help with the farm work as the Johnstons decided to stay at Chester as he had found a good job, so we farmed their place on shares. Along in May we had new neighbors move on the Noah Williams place, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Kirkham (Mrs. Kirkham was Noah Williams' daughter). They had a baby two months old. She was very friendly and we enjoyed having her come to see us. We had lots of milk this summer and Mrs. Kirkham taught me how to make cheese. I made about 20 pounds which came in very handy preparing meals for hired hands. The crops weren't very good this year owing to the late frost. There were lots of gooseberries and currants on the Johnston place, so Mrs. Johnston and I picked them on shares. The frost had taken our corn so there was none to dry, but I made a lot of gooseberry jam and currant jelly.

Well, winter is on us again. We attended the Christmas program and dance at the Marysville Ward house, and that evening Mrs. John Baum invited us to spend Christmas Day with them, the Bethall family was there also. Then for New Years we were invited to the Bethalls, and that was about the last of our excitement for the winter, because after the holidays we had a lot of bad weather.

Along in February, a well drive came to our vicinity, which was owned by Nesbitt and Doss. John was so tired of hauling water from the river, we decided to have them drill us a well. Between bad weather and break downs we had them to board with us for three weeks, and finally they struck water at 150 feet. It was good water, not quite as soft as the river water, but much better tasting.

On March 21, 1905 our second son was born, a light haired blue eyed baby. He weighed $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and we named him John Ruel. While John was to Marysville to get Sister Larborn, the midwife, the stove pipe blew down and filled the room with smoke, but thank goodness John got it fixed before the baby was born. We hired Mattie Jones, a neighbor girl, to take care of the work, but she told us she could only stay a week, so John wrote to Mother and she came up and took care of the work and the baby and me for five weeks.

There was lots of excitement this spring as they decided to put the railroad thru from St. Anthony to Yellowstone Park. Everyone was anxious to know just how close it would come to their farm and where the depot would be. The Marysville people wanted it in their town, but a lot of eastern people came in and bought up land about two miles southwest of Marysville and they wanted the depot there. Some of them were financially well off. They decided to give them the depot and a town sprung up like magic; a Hotel, several mercantile stores and two or three grain elevators were built. They named this town Ashton.

We had one hired man this spring by the name of Ed Hathaway. John bought another 40 acres from Lundy Loosli and also rented another 40 acres joining it. We had several cows now, so got lots of milk. One week I'd make butter and the next week I'd make cheese. We sent to Montgomery Ward and got a cream separator, which made it much easier to handle the milk; before we had to put it in pans and skim the cream off. We had a real good garden this year and also had a bunch of pigs.

Mrs. Kirkham came over every day as her husband helped John with the farm work. Her little boy was over a year old now; his name was LaGrande. On hearing our children call me Mama and his mother, Mrs. Kirkham, he did the same, and thought I was Mama to all and she was Mrs. Kirkham to all.

The farm paid off well this fall, so we all decided to go to St. John, Utah for Christmas. We got a young fellow by the name of John Atchley to care for the place in our absence.

We spent a lovely Christmas Holiday with my parents, and John traveled on to Fountain Green to see his folks. To his surprise he found his Aunt Permelia Cordingley visiting down there also. We decided to leave Edith, who was nine years old now, with my family for the winter to go to school, because it was three miles to Marysville school and a lot of the time she had to miss school on account of bad weather. Aunt Permelia accompanied us home, and to our surprise the train came right into Ashton, its first trip. There was a real crowd to meet it, and luckily some of the Cordingleys were there, so they took us home. The young man, John Atchley, had taken good care of the livestock, but wasn't a very good housekeeper.

The winter seemed long and lonesome without Edith, and I surely missed her help, but she returned home as soon as school was out. That was the last time I ever parted with any of them to attend school away from home.

The spring of 1906, the people of our vicinity applied for a school district as each family had one or more children school age. School had to be held for at least five months, so Brother Jones, River Johnson and John were appointed trustees and it was decided to hold school in one room of the Kirkham home, with Miss Maude Hillman of Menan as teacher, and we were appointed to board her. We received three dollars per week for her keep. The next summer John donated an acre of our homestead on the north east corner, and the school district built a log school house 18 x 30, with a door in the north, two windows in the east and two windows in the west; and a good shingled roof. Our vicinity was now called Hugginsville, so the fall of 1907 school took up in the new log building. When Thanksgiving came, all the families brought food and we had dinner in the new school house, then it was decided to have a dance every two weeks on a Friday night during the winter.

On January 23rd our sixth baby was born, a tiny girl with blue eyes and dark hair. We named her Ona for my sister, but on the eleventh day she had a red swelling on her ankle. I bathed it with mild herbs and gave her some herb tea, but she continued to get worse. We heard of a Doctor Hargis in Ashton, so John went in and got him. He said it was blood poison, and had gone too far and nothing could be done for it, and there was no chance for her to live. We called in the Elders, Brothers Joseph Lamborn and Alma Hale and they gave her a wonderful blessing. I knew then she would get well. We wrapped her leg in absorbent cotton and cared for her as the spirit of the Lord directed, and day by day she improved until she was well and strong.

We raised a good crop the fall of 1908. John decided we had made enough money, we could afford a carpenter to build another room on the house, this would give us four rooms. The carpenter was a Mr. Humphry. In November, I received a letter from my sister Eldra wanting to come and spend the winter with us. I was always glad for my sisters to come, they were so good to help with the house work and the children. School started in the Hugginsville District with Miss Sarah Johnson the teacher. We now had Edith, Marial, Ethel and Melvin in school. We had such a long cold spell thru January our well froze 40 feet down the pipe, so we were back to hauling water and melting snow, or driving the cattle to Fall River each day for water.

On March first about noon a fine 10 pound baby boy was born. As Sister Lamborn was sick, John had to go clear to Ora to get a midwife, Mrs. Cunningham. It was too far for her to come each day, so I would have to sit up in bed and bathe the baby and Eldra took care of the rest of the work. I was able to be up in two weeks. We named the baby Harold Nephi for my father, but we weren't privileged to raise this child as he passed away when he was six months old with a bowel trouble, what the Doctors call appendicitis now. We had his funeral August 19, 1909. Mrs. Nan Kirkham went

to Ashton and bought some beautiful material and I made his burial clothes and John built a box and Sister Lamborn and Aunt Permellia lined it with beautiful pale blue material and they bathed him and laid him out, and he was buried in the Marysville Cemetary. That was the first sadness to come into our home.

The crops were all gathered and the garden was all taken care of, so I decided it was time to fix up the new room we had built the fall before, so the children and I lined the walls with a pretty oilcloth and we went to Ashton and got a nice piece of linoleum for the floor and got it fixed up before Thanksgiving. We put the cook stove and table and chairs in and had it for our kitchen. It was a pleasure to cook Thanksgiving dinner in there. We invited all the Cordingley family to eat with us.

We had a lot of wind and blizzards this winter, and since Miss Johnson had to come from Marysville to teach school, she missed school quite a bit of the time, so I put the older children busy sewing carpet rags. By spring we had enough to take to Salt Lake and have them woven into a nice carpet for our front room. Winter passed and a beautiful spring came forth. I liked to watch for awhile when John started to plow the field. I loved to see that beautiful black rich soil turn over, and it smelled so good I sometimes felt like I'd like to eat it.

Saturday, June 18th, I had a lot of work to do. I churned and molded 12 pounds of butter, the cream separator had to be washed, that was always a big job with all those discs. John and Edith took the butter to town to trade for groceries while the other girls and I scrubbed floors and cleaned house. We always did these chores on Saturday, so the house would be nice and clean for Sunday. I always felt that when our Savior came it would be on a Sunday and I wanted the house to be presentable if he should walk in.

That night at ten o'clock a beautiful baby boy came to fill my empty arms. Sister Lamborn was the midwife. We named him Afton George. We had Inas Hendricks come to work for us, and it was while I was in bed with the baby, that I received a letter from my parents telling me that they had moved from St. John to Salt Lake City as Father was getting too old to handle the farm, and the children needed more education than St. John had to offer. I was so sad I couldn't help crying to think I would never roam the valley any more where I had spent such a wonderful childhood, or see the sunrise over the beautiful old Opher Mountains.

Inas stayed two weeks with us, then we got along fine with Edith's help as she was fourteen now. July 24th there was a celebration at Warm River and the older children went with the Kirkham family to celebrate, but I stayed home as baby Afton had colic a lot during his first three months. That fall of 1910 they put the telephone through to Jackson, Wyoming. I earned \$80.00 boarding the crew of workers, so with the money I sent to Montgomery Ward and got our baby a buggy and some nice warm clothing for the other children. The children found much pleasure in taking the baby for rides. In October Mrs. Kirkham had their first baby girl, but she died at birth and we were all so very sad. I stayed with her for two days until her Sister Mattie came to care for her.

During the holidays we had all the neighbors at our home for a party, there were the Bethells, Cordingleys, Kirkhams, Joneses and Hardys and Pharises. We had a very good time. In February Jack Ruel thought he was big enough to chop wood, and cut his big toe in half. John was at St. Anthony, so Dan Kirkham took us to Ashton and Doctor Hargis had to put in three stitches. He was a brave little boy being only five years old.

In March, John had to go to Utah on account of sickness in his family and I was afraid to stay alone at night as all the children had whooping cough, so Nan Kirkham brought her three little boys over and she stayed nights with us. Her children all had the cough too, so we had a whooping good time. There was an epidemic of it and they had to close school down.

We had a bumper crop the fall of 1912, and it was hard to get a thrasher as every one in the upper country had heavy crops, and it was taking longer to harvest. Finally we were able to get a thrasher from Idaho Falls, but they said they couldn't make it until the first of November. We had a lovely October and had gotten part of the grain in the stack, but the rest was still on the ground. The crew arrived the sixth of November to start the next morning, and it snowed that night. There was six inches of snow on the ground next morning and still snowing. Of course, the crew had to be fed as it was too far for them to go back to Idaho Falls. They had to stay with us until the storm cleared away. They thrashed the grain in the stack, and had to dig the other from under the snow. It took many extra hands and for three weeks we had from 9 to 30 men every meal. You can imagine the work there was. John was very discouraged and so tired I was afraid he was going to be down sick, but they finished up November 23rd and it took fourteen head of horses to pull the separator down to the neighbors. We had 10,000 bushels of grain, but the oats were damp and heated in the bin, and John had to buy a fanning mill which kept two hired men busy all winter drying it off so it was salable. After the thrashing was finished, the men went hunting for a week, but they didn't have any luck. We used a pig, two elk and 25 chickens while we had the thrashers.

Christmas passed quietly and I was too tired and sick to go any place. Dick Branson took the older girls to one or two of the holiday dances. Mrs. Kirkham had a baby boy that winter so she didn't get to come to our place as often as she used to. She named him Clenlyth.

By spring I was still feeling tired and run down. John and the children got the garden planted and got the crop in. My folks at Salt Lake wanted me to come down and see a doctor and rest up, so I took the smaller children and went to Salt Lake. The Doctor said my heart wasn't good and the altitude was too high for me in Idaho.

John told me to look for a home down there and we would think about living there in the winter and put the children in school, then go back in the spring and farm. We did find a home in Salt Lake and tried this for two years. I did feel better in the lower altitude. We found a good reliable family to rent the place during the winter months. They took good care of the livestock and the home. These people were the Courtneys from Nebraska, Ted and his sisters and mother. We found it too expensive to move back and forth, so John rented the farm to Fred and Ora Baum Nelson. In the meantime our Edith had married George Johnston and they decided they would like to run the farm, so they shared the house with two rooms and Fred and Ora had two rooms, but that only lasted a year, so John found a buyer for the place and bought a farm seventeen miles from Salt Lake, four and one half miles southwest from Riverton, Utah, but not nearly as good farm ground as Idaho.

Two more girls were born to us after we left Idaho, Velda Lavinia and Vera May. Our daughter Edith passed away in January of 1920 from complications following childbirth, so we took her three children, two girls and a boy, Mildred age 4, Ila 3 and the baby Eldon 1 month. We raised them along with our children as it was Edith's dying request that we do so. With the added family, we now had five little children under five years old. Life went on much the same as our pioneer life in Idaho, always a lot of work to do and the pleasures of having little children around.

This history of the Huggins' family was taken from Mrs. Huggins' life journal by her Granddaughter, Ila Mower. They eventually built up a nice home and farm and educated their family. One by one they married off and left home. Grandfather and Grandmother struggled through the drought and depression. In 1934 Grandfather Huggins was no longer able to take care of the farm, so they sold it and moved into Salt Lake City near their daughter Ethel. Grandfather Huggins passed away in March of 1941 and Grandmother in April of 1954.



HISTORY OF JOSEPH HOLLIS EGBERT

By Mr. & Mrs. Russ Egbert

My father, Joseph Hollis Egbert, the oldest son of Robert Newton and Josephine McCosker Egbert, was born August 20, 1870 at St. Joseph, Piute Co., Nevada. This area is at present known as St. George, Washington Co., Utah. His family later lived at Lewiston, Utah. At the age of twenty-five he moved to Marysville, Fremont Co., Idaho, located in the upper Snake River Valley. He brought with him his young wife, Emmeline Whittle Egbert and one small daughter, Josephine.

My parents were devout members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and were married Jan. 10, 1894 in the Logan L.D.S. Temple at Logan, Cache Co., Utah. They sought the protection of the Lord as they made the long journey northward from Lewiston to their new home in Marysville, Idaho in the fall of 1895. My father-in-law, Thomas W. Karren and family came in 1893. They were among the early pioneers to settle in this area.

Father exhibited great interest in the building up and general welfare of this country. He helped build the canals that brought water to many thirsty acres of land and later to build schools, churches, bridges over rivers and many other community projects. He was a willing and generous contributor of his time and finances to build up this beautiful valley. He was appointed finance clerk for the construction of the large white Ward Hall which was started in 1899 and finished in 1901. Many non-members of the Church contributed to the cause. Otto Stegelmeier gave \$25.00, which was a big help in those days. A number of the good German people of Greentimber and Squirrel were good to help in this way.

Dad carried the mail with horses, both summer and winter from St. Anthony to Marysville together with what freight there would be for the stores in town. He had a very good, dependable young man who worked for him during this mail-carrying job. He was William Salisbury whom he could always depend.

In about 1902, my father, Thomas Karren, Pete Davis and I brought a horse powered threshing machine from St. Anthony to Marysville. It was kept busy all during the threshing season around Marysville, Farnum and Greentimber. One time they had finished the jobs at Greentimber and were on the way home, when they saw two stacks of oat bundles that belonged to Davy Schultz. There was some snow on the ground. Dad stopped, Davy was not there. Dad asked his wife how much she would charge them to thresh the stacks. She said "Mr. Egbert, I wouldn't charge you anything, but we couldn't keep you over night and we haven't food enough to feed all of you." Anyway dad pulled in, threshed their stacks before it got dark, then loaded up and drove home, about ten miles after dark, and didn't charge them. Later, sometimes they would stop and see us and brought us fresh eggs quite often.

I think it was that same fall that Asael Hawkes wrote about their experience in the Farnum area. The first crop his father planted froze out, the next year it was eaten up by squirrels. The third year they raised some wheat. Someone from Marysville went and cut it with a binder, then my dad threshed it with his horse powered machine. They got 230 bushels, a little more than needed for flour, so they took it to Market Lake, a four day trip, and sold it for 50¢ per hundred.

My father was a member of the first board of trustees of the village of Marysville along with Bishop James H. Wilson, William A. Barrett, Levi B. Reynolds and James G. Wood, at the time the village was incorporated, January 15, 1904. He served in that capacity for many years. He was enthusiastic in all civic affairs and made many trips to Boise in the interest of railroads, right of ways, roads, etc. At different times he served as County Commissioner, County Assessor, Deputy Game Warden and Marshall of the town of Marysville and County Sheriff.

He was a rancher who raised all kinds of livestock, and farmed quite a large tract of land. He raised, bought, baled and sold hay to the Stage Coach Companies in Yellowstone Park. This was loaded at Warm River and shipped by rail to West Yellowstone.

During the years of 1910 - 1914, father was asked by Mr. Frank T. Crow and Mr. Robert V. Sass, who were the supervising engineers and superintendent of construction in charge of building the Jackson Lake Dam at Moran, Wyoming, to supervise the hauling of the freight for this project from Ashton to Moran.

In the winter of 1911, Dad took a contract to haul coal from a mine in Wyoming to Moran and other places around there. In the winter of 1913-1914, he also took a contract of moving six large boilers over the Jackson Pass from Victor to Wilson. A Mr. Blanchard of Victor who just passed away about two years ago, was his main helper in this project. The boilers were 22 feet long and weighed 8 tons each. It took wide tract sleighs, plenty of good snow horses to do the job in from two to nine feet of snow.

In the summer of 1914 Dad took a contract to build a swimming pool at Old Faithful in Yellowstone Park. The hole was plowed with horses on a hand plow. Slip scrapers were used to take the dirt out. My Uncle Parl Egbert and his son Rob helped us. We witnessed the Bee Hive Geyser blow up and tear its cone all to pieces, while at work one day. It did not play again for a long time.

Dad's spirited interest in politics was climaxed in the fall of 1920 when he ran for State Representative on the republican ticket. He won this election and also the next three, serving four consecutive terms in the State Legislature in Boise. We understand he introduced a bill that culminated in the establishment of the school for the Indians at the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. His greatest interest while there was in agriculture and reclamation, in fact everything that vitally effected our state and nation. His political career was in the days before we had radio or television. How he would have enjoyed the campaign talks and reports we are privileged to enjoy at the present time.

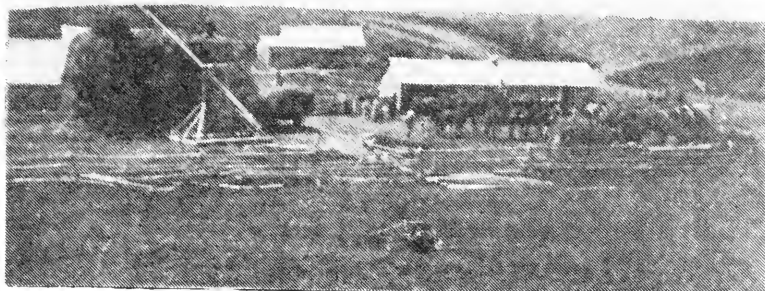
In the summer of 1926, Dad took a contract to build a stretch of road between Sunset Lodge and the Montana west line. He was very efficient as a road builder and was in demand more than he could do because of his other interests. His son-in-law, George Cordingley, was a very good grade man and helped Dad a lot in his road work.

He was a devoted husband and a good provider for his wife and eight children, three sons; Hollis Russ, Zera Newton and Herschel Whittle; and five daughters; Josephine Egbert Carter, Arminta Egbert Cordingley, Bessie Egbert Davis, Thelma Egbert Hendricks, and Cassanda, who did not marry.

Father passed away, age 64, Feb. 12, 1934 at his farm home northeast of Marysville. His strength, leadership and loving counsel in all things has been greatly missed by all who knew and loved him. Mother Emmeline Whittle Egbert passed away at my home Aug. 31, 1962 at 91 years of age. Both are buried in the Pine View Cemetery at Ashton, Fremont Co., Idaho.



Joseph H. & Emmeline W. Egbert



Farm Yard at Egbert's



J. Hollis & Son Herschel



J. H & Emmeline

LIFE OF EMMELINE WHITTLE EGBERT
By Her Daughter Arminta E. Cordingley

Emmeline Whittle was eleven years of age when her Father passed away and if she had unhappy moments in her childhood she never talked of them. She always had praise and admiration in her heart for her parents, her brothers and sisters and when speaking of them she would always say, "Bless Them."

She often told of the time when she and her brother Will were playing in the saw-dust, and while chopping around with a hatchet she cut off his finger. She was not afraid of her parents for they never used harsh punishment, but she told of how she crawled under the granery and cried because she had hurt her brother. She remained under the granery until dark, then her father told her he would give her the largest radish he could find in the garden if she would come out from under the building. Not because she wanted the radish, but because she was afraid of the dark did she come out.

She often talked of the many times she would go to the meadow to get hay for the horses and of her father's patience and kindness to them and she never ceased to praise him. Although she was very small when he passed away, very few days passed by that she did not tell of some kind thing he did for her. After his death, her desire was to help her sisters and brothers lighten the load and responsibility which they knew had come to their Mother. There were five younger children and their help was needed and greatly appreciated. Mother helped the neighbor ladies with their house work and was always very observant. She loved order and cleanliness and with the training she received from her Mother and the help of the lovely ladies she worked for, she became a very efficient home maker.

We all have heard her tell of her experiences, and I will mention a few. She went to work for Pond and Webster in their store at Lewiston, Utah. She loved the work. She was always a very intelligent, gracious woman and had the love and respect of all who knew her. Robert Newton Egbert, a native of Lewiston, who later became her father-in-law, came into the store one day, admired her, and after her marriage to Joseph Hollis Egbert, (his son) Robert told her of the day he saw her in the store and upon his return home of telling his wife about the lovely little girl and how very happy he would be to have her for his daughter-in-law. No doubt, he was instrumental in promoting their courtship, for some time after his (Robert's) visit to the store Hollis called to see Emmeline and I am sure that he had the same feeling toward her, for after calling to see her he had a desire to know her mother. After meeting her, he was often heard to say that he had a hard time deciding which of the two he loved most. The decision was finally reached and he gained courage enough to call on Cassanda Whittle one day and ask for her daughter, Ina, which was what they called Emmeline. Grandmother hesitated for a while then said, "Well, take her, she is the one who will have to live with you."

Not long before Mother's death she related the story of her marriage. She said the morning after their wedding, Father got up and before dressing he took her dress in one hand and his pants in the other and asked, "Which of these do you prefer to wear?" She laughed when she said "My dress." She said from then on throughout our married life I remembered my promise. I took my place as a wife and mother in our home and he stood at the head of the house. He ruled the home with love and kindness and never did I hear our Father raise his voice in anger to our Mother.

They started their married life on eighty acres of ground west of Lewiston, Utah. It was at that home their first child, Josephine was born. She was a beautiful baby and being the first grandchild for the Egberts she received much love and attention.

Josephine, their baby, was fifteen months old when they, like many of the young married couples of Cache Valley, got the pioneer spirit, put their possessions in a covered wagon and moved to the upper Snake River Valley in Idaho, to the little town which was later called Marysville.

On December 16, 1896, Hollis Russ was born. New strength was added to the home for now they had a daughter and a son to strengthen their morale and to help make decisions. Russ was not the baby for long for on April the 15th, 1898 Armina was born.

The family moved from Fall River to Lodi, which is now northwest of Ashton, and is no longer called Lodi but is a part of Ashton country. At this place in 1900, March the 4th, another little girl was born. They farmed here for two years then moved to the little town of Marysville a few miles southeast of Lodi. Here at Marysville three more children were borne and they moved to the farm east of Marysville and their last child was born, Herschel Whittle Egbert.

Their home was always open to anyone who needed a place to stay and she never hesitated to feed the hungry and clothe the poor. Mother became very ill, for since she was a girl sixteen years of age and was working for the Pond Brothers, cooking for their railroad crew, she noticed a little kernel or lump appear on her neck. It bothered her from then on and turned into a huge, ugly double goiter which hung from her neck, extending below her breast. This caused a complex with Mother, but in spite of it all and caring for the duties of a Mother, she labored faithful each year to do her part. In the year 1917 she became very ill and was told that she must have an operation to remove this ugly growth. Fearing the operation may not be successful, she hesitated to have it done. Putting her trust in the Lord, knowing that only through faith and the power of the Priesthood she could be healed, she asked that President Miller, who was the President of the Yellowstone Stake, to come out to the home to administer to her. When he entered the door, Mother said that she saw a circle of light around his head. She was promised that she would be made well. Two days after President Miller's visit to the home, with our Father and Dr. E. L. Hargis, the longtime family Doctor, she went by train to Salt Lake City, entered the L.D.S. hospital and was operated on. This operation was the first of its kind to be successful, others had failed. For many years, because of the goiter, she never cared to associate with other people. Before going into the operating room, Father told her that he was going up town and buy her the nicest dress he could find in Salt Lake and that he did.

When she came home she was wearing the most beautiful blue taffeta dress, she was so lovely in it. At the dinner table that night she said the doctor was very efficient and did the operating, but someone more powerful than he guided the knife. She was always instilling in the minds and hearts of her family the goodness of man and the power of God.

She was loved and respected by all who knew her. While her husband was serving in the House of Representatives at Boise for four terms, which put him there eight years, she often visited him and became personally acquainted with the government officials. On one occasion, complimentary to his accomplishments, Senator Borah presented her with a beautiful black suit, expressing their appreciation for the wonderful work State Representative J.H. Egbert had done.

After the death of her husband she and her daughter Cassanda left the farm and moved near her family and as time went by she gave up her home to live with her children, although her physical body lost its strength, her mind remained young and active. She attended conference in St. Anthony one Sunday after she had reached the age of ninety and Mack Reynolds, a young man, took hold of her arm to

help her down the steps. She walked rather spry and fearing that she was going too fast for him she asked, "Mack, am I walking too fast for you?" When she was asked to ride in a car leading the parade of a pioneer celebration, she refused saying, "If they think that I am going to ride with all of the old people, they are foolish."



EMMELINE



ROBERT, EARL, JOSIE, AND WILLIAM CARTER

HOLLIS RUSS EGBERT

I, Hollis Russ Egbert, was born December 16, 1896 in the vicinity of Marysville, Fremont County, Idaho, in a small one room log house, three miles southwest of the town. I am the oldest son and second child of Joseph Hollis and Emmeline Whittle Egbert.

When I was about two years old, we moved to Lodi, about three miles northwest of Marysville. My father carried the mail from St. Anthony to offices between there and Marysville. He also hauled some freight for the stores in the valley. Sometimes he would be late getting home, so mother would do what chores she could. One evening, when she was out of the house, I found her tithing eggs and the family Bible under the bed. My older sister, Josephine, handed me the eggs one by one. I opened the Bible, put an egg in and slammed the book shut. When mother came in, she didn't spank us but took over the job of cleaning me and the place up.

We moved from Lodi up to the town of Marysville the fall of 1900. Here I attended school and graduated from the eighth grade. My time in Marysville was full of varied experiences. The fall I was five years old, I helped my Father haul grain to St. Anthony. He drove four horses on a large wagon with a big load of grain. I drove two horses with a smaller load and followed him. Dad would fix a place for me to sit where he could tie me on. He put a large over-coat on me and put the lines up through the sleeves, so I couldn't drop them. After we unloaded the grain and fed the horses, we would go to the restaurant, have dinner and have an ice cream soda at Watson's Drug Store. O, Yes, we always got candy too. Then we hooked up our horses and started home about four o'clock in the afternoon. Coming home I would ride in the wagon with Dad. He would fix me a bed with grain sacks in the front of his wagon and my team would follow. When it got dark, Dad would sing or whistle all the way home. He had a very good voice and loved to sing the old time songs. I would curl up and sleep until we got back to Marysville.

In 1902, I went with my Dad, Tom Karren and Pete Davies to bring a horse powered threshing machine from St. Anthony. It was about the first one in this area. In the Spring of 1908, we moved to the ranch home four miles northeast of Marysville. I did all kinds of farm work. We had lots of horses, cows, pigs and chickens to care for, so I had lots of chores to do. I drove four head of horses on a disk-gang plow and broke out of sage brush many acres of land for my Dad and neighbors. At this time I was twelve and thirteen years old.

Getting to school from the ranch was not easy, as I had to drive a team on a buggy in the spring and fall and on a sleigh in the winter. It was my responsibility to drive and get myself and others to school. I took the Otto Johnson family, Dave Weatherbee family and sometimes the McGavins. Our family consisted of eight children: Josephine, Hollis Russ, Armenta, Bessie, Thelma, Zera Newton, Cassanda, and Herschel Whittle. Some wintry days were extremely cold and we would be nearly frozen when we reached the school house. We often welcomed a blizzard so we could stay home.

In about 1908 or 1909, Father and my Uncle Dave Egbert filed on some land up at Mesa Siding, also known as Garrett, north of Bear Gulch. We broke up some of the place and planted barley and hay. This we cut and sold to the Government who had a soldier training camp just east of our place. Father hauled supplies for them from Marysville during their stay there.

One day Dad left me alone at the Mesa ranch to do some harrowing while he went to town. I had two horses on two sections of harrow. I rode one horse and drove the other at the side. We came around a clump of trees and there stood a big black bear. The team got frightened, I couldn't hold them so we took off toward the barn, and before I could get them stopped, we were at the barn. I didn't get hurt, but I sure got over a lot of ground in a hurry.

About 1909, there was talk about rebuilding the Jackson Lake Dam at Moran, Wyoming. In 1910 they hired my Dad to supervise the hauling of the freight to be used in the construction of the Dam from Ashton to Moran. As I had handled horses most of my life, I started freighting with four horses and later with six and two wagons.

The following story is one of many experiences I had while hauling freight with my father and others from Ashton to Moran, Wyoming for the construction of the big Moran Dam on the south fork of the Snake River.

This group of freighters who had left Ashton about the first of October of 1911, consisted of my father, J. Hollis Egbert with a four horse team weighing from 1500 to 1700 pounds each. His load consisted of the gears to a hoisting engine which weighed 8200 pounds. I (H. Russ Egbert) with four mules, loaded with a carriage track, weighing about 5500 pounds. Hy Christiansen, Bill Sheppard, and Manny Smith had four horse teams each, with loads of various kinds of freight; such as tools, nails, and everything needed in the construction of the dam.

Each wagon carried bedding and provisions for the trip. My dad's load was very heavy for the rough mountainous road we had to travel. When we arrived at the flour mill on Fall River, up at the Marysville Dam, we took the horses off the load, and across the bridge. We tied chains to the tongue and pulled it across that way to lessen the weight on the bridge. We pulled the load across with chains and toggles because the bridge was very old and weak.

The day was hot and the road very dusty. We couldn't travel very close together because of the dust. We made it to Indian Lake the first night. We put hobbles and bells on the horses and turned them loose to graze. Those of the party who drank coffee got along fine, but for me the water had to be boiled and cooled before I could drink it. Next morning the horses were located two or three miles back down the road. We made ready for the days travel and again the day was very hot, sultry, and the flies and gnats were very bad. We crossed the Boone creeks, south Boone, middle Boone and to north Boone by noon. We fed and rested the stock, had lunch, then made ready to travel up the so called hump, the first real long up-grade that was steep on the trip. We reached the top of the mountain and on down to Calf Creek, where we camped for the night. This was our second night from home. Next morning we started out real early, before sun-up. My father, being wise in his prediction of the weather in that area, said "Boys, we must make it to the river tonight or I'm afraid we are in for trouble". Some of them laughed and said, "You are always predicting."

The road from Calf Creek to Cascade was crooked and dusty. We made it to Cascade for lunch, gave our horses a good feed of grain, in nose bags, no hay at noon. While we were eating lunch, one of Christiansen's horses went to the creek and drank with her nose bag on. She shoved her head in the water deep enough to fill the bag with water and before we could get hold of her, she fell. Hy cut the strap and got the bag off her head, but the episode detained us about an hour until she was able to travel. Later, going down the dug-way into Grassy Lake, the road being sidling, I broke a wheel off my wagon. We got over the sad surprise and Dad said, "Thank the Lord it didn't go over with you under it."

We got the load off the road, removed the wheel, made a go-devil, tied down wheel and some hay and horse blankets in preparation for the return trip to Ashton to repair the wheel. Dad intended to send me back to get it fixed, but after talking it over, he decided to go himself. Before leaving he said, "I want you fellows to keep going till you get to the river." Dad took my team, the four mules, and started back to Ashton. A big lump came up in my throat. I hated to see him start back alone riding that go-devil, and leaving me to handle the big horses on that 8,200 lb. load. At this time I was 15 years old and quite small for my age. My father must have had a great deal of confidence in my ability to handle the situation. We parted wishing each other the best of luck, and with Dad saying again, "Keep those wheels rolling until you get to the river no matter how bad it gets." This meant the south fork of the Snake or Lewis River.

About two hours before dark in Glade Meadows, we had a strip of corduroy road (pole laid crosswise across a marshy strip of road) to cross. Manny and Billy made it across all right. The poles being slick from a little shower and my load being so heavy, some of the poles broke and stopped me. The men, Manny, Billy, and Hy, commenced telling me that I should have done this and that. You know how things go when you are alone, seemingly, and the chips are down. I said, "Won't you hook on and help me get out of here?" Billy said, "Why your old man said that team could pull anything they were tied to." I then said to Hy, "Can you bring your leaders up here and we can get out of here?" I went on, "We want to make it to the river before dark you know." Hy said, "It's starting to snow now."

"Yes, I know, and Dad told us not to stop before we got to the river or we would be snowed in," I reminded him. "Well," said Hy, "your Dad ain't here." I said, "Let's jack it up so I can pull it out and we can go on." "Oh, Hell! Unhook, the boys are making camp, we can get in out of the storm and get it out in the morning." Our Jack was a big heavy one.

They didn't want to help me, so all I could do was to go to camp. I felt real bad as I could see that we were in for real trouble as my Dad had warned. Those extremely hot days, the infestation of gnats, and it being late in the season, all led up to the storm. Before we went to bed, two or three inches of snow had fallen. The next morning being the fourth day of the trip, there were seventeen inches of snow. I wanted to get my load out and go on, but the men said "No, not in this storm." "If it quits storming, we'll get it out."

They slept and ate well, but I was worried. The fifth day passed. Our food was getting low and so was the feed for the horses. The sixth night the horses broke into the grain, wasted and ate most all of what was left. Bill said it was blankets so and sos of Egberts. I do not know, but of course they got blamed for it which made me feel terrible. The morning of the seventh day, the three men took one of my horses, two of their own, and my gun, left me in camp all day alone, without a gun and went to Cascade. A Mr. Fitzmyer was there at the road house. He told them that Dad was leaving home that morning to come over the mountain and that there were eight or ten men from Jackson Hole with him with four horse teams with him loaded with provisions. Dad had told Fitzmyer, if he could contact us in any way, to tell us to come out of there and come to meet him. Well, it was dark when the men got back, but they didn't tell me that had heard from my father. It was still snowing. We, as well as the horses, were getting pretty gaunt. We did have things to make some bread.

On the eighth day Billy and I went down to the meadow and shot a moose, and with a small pearl handled pocket knife, we skinned out one hind quarter, and were ready to head for camp with it when we saw in the distance, across the meadow, a man wading through the snow. He was headed in the direction of our camp. We waited our

chance, then brought the meat in close to camp and dropped it in the snow. Going inside, we learned that this man had walked from Sheffield's bridge. It was mid afternoon when we came to camp, and were hungry. Bill brought the meat in, we cooked up a bunch of it and we all ate moose meat and bread. We were so relieved when we learned that he was not a game warden. The stranger wanted to go on to Cascade. We told him he couldn't make it, that the snow was four feet deep on the divide. He was determined to go and left the camp.

The next morning (the ninth day) I had become so down hearted that I went out of the tent and started to harness my horses. I was about through when Hy came out and asked me what I was going to do. I told him that I was getting out of here. He said, "Aren't you going to help get your wagon out of the hole?" I answered, "No, it can stay there, I am leaving." It was then that he told me that my Dad had told Fitzmyer to tell us to come and meet him. Enraged, I blurted, "Why in Hell didn't you tell me?" "Well I thought it would clear up some," and continued, "You're not going alone." "Oh yes I am, unless you want to come with me." He went back inside and told the others. I went inside, and had a quarrel with the men, got my gun and took off. I drove one team and rode one of the wheelers. I paid no attention to the last words of the men. I was only interested in getting out of there and meeting my Dad. As I followed along the road, the snow getting deeper and deeper, I thought of the man who had left the camp the day before and wondered what had become of him. The horse I was riding was the near horse of the wheel team, normally weighing 1650 pounds, now looked like a gutted snowbird, he was so gaunt. At this point for a distance of about three miles to the divide these large horses pushed snow in front of their breasts.

Again I wondered about the stranger who had left our camp the day before. I prayed for him and asked God to help me and my horses get to where my Dad was, and as far as Cascade that night. The night was cold, just how cold I do not know. It was late and the moon shone brightly. I thought of those guys back at Glade Meadows in bed. Scared as I was, I knew I was not alone, for I had four faithful dumb animals that seemed to know and understand the object of our journey and how to care for themselves.

I felt the hand of the Lord helping us. The shadows were spooky and at times I was afraid to look back. I watched the trees as I passed under them for cats. There were Bob Cats and mountain lions in this area. It was about ten or eleven o'clock that night when I reached the wagon at Grassy Lake. This was my wagon that was minus a wheel. I stopped just long enough for the horses to get their breath and was thankful for the protection thus far. The horses seemed to know I was ready to go for all at once they started on. It was about one thirty or two o'clock in the morning of the tenth day when I got to the Cascade roadhouse. I let out a yell and one of the horses whinnied.....A light came on, the door opened and "Who's there?" came the voice of Fitzmyer. He could see that I was alone in the moonlight. "Where are those other fellows?" he asked. "Down in the meadow." "Didn't they tell you your Dad called for you to get out of there and come to meet him?" "No," I answered, "Not until this morning." "Those idiots, I hope they freeze," he exploded. Then he said, "I haven't a thing to feed those poor horses, but we will put them in the barn and call your Dad." "He is at Squirrel Meadows wondering why you haven't been there two days ago." It was difficult for me to leave those poor horses like that so tired and hungry. We went to the house and Fitzmyer called Squirrel Meadows and got Dad on the phone. We had a sobbing conversation. He was very angry and upset to think that they had not told me to come meet them. I assured him that if the horses held out, I would see him the next day, which was the tenth day from home, and seven days since Dad and I separated.

Fitz said, "I guess you would like something to eat." Boy, OH, Boy, he had warmed over sour dough biscuits and stew that would melt in your mouth. Fitz said, "Kid, eat all you want, but don't eat too much. Understand there is plenty of food, but you haven't eaten for so long, it might make you sick." He raised a bone out of the pot and asked if I knew what it was. I said, "No, but it sure is good." It was bear meat.

The next morning I took the horses to the creek for water. They picked a little grass and moss from the water's edge, and started on. As I left, Fitz said, "Kid, for God's sake stay on that horse." The horses in their weakened condition waded the deep snow just like they knew feed was coming. I got to Calf Creek, watered the horses, and let them eat a little more grass and moss. I put the wheel team in lead (Cap and Deck) to break trail, and led French and Shire. It took time to break trail and climb the grade from Calf Creek to the hump. Finally, about two o'clock in the afternoon my horses came to a sudden stop, their ears went stiff and forward. I listened and as we waited they stood erect and at attention. Then I heard a little bell Dad always hung on near mule's hame. The horses nickered and I urged them on with tears of joy running down my cheeks. In about five or ten minutes we met. Father had the little mules on lead. They were a wonderful little snow team, small but good whenever you wanted to work them. They were in snow up to their breasts. My Dad had four mules and two horses on a two inch Bain Wagon with bows and cover. It was loaded with about thirty hundred pounds of hay, grain, and food supplies.

I turned out and let them pull up far enough so I could climb in the back of the wagon. My Dad grabbed me and kissed me and hugged me and said, "Thank God we are together, and from now on we are going to stay together." He asked me if I was all right and pulled a bale of hay from the wagon and fed my horses. While we talked, someone shouted from the rear, "Let's go, what the Hell is the matter?" Dad said, "If you're in a hurry go around." He didn't do it as the snow was about three feet deep. After about thirty minutes we gathered up the hay, went back to Calf Creek and watered the horses. One of the party, Charley (Beaver Tooth) Neil, took off to the north toward the Park Line saying, "I'll get some camp meat." Shortly afterward we heard a lone shot and Dad said, "Well, Chuck got his meat." Shortly afterwards we pulled down into Calf Creek and met two Park soldiers, commonly called Swaddies. These men rode the park line watching for poachers. Dad said, "Well, I guess they will catch Chuck this time." Others of the party bet they wouldn't. We went on to Cascade, arriving after dark. Mr. Fitzmeyer had supper ready for us. So after caring for the horses, we enjoyed more bear meat stew. Mighty good if it was bear meat.

We went to the bunkhouse, made out our beds, but was nearly driven from camp by the odor of an invading skunk. During the night, Beaver Tooth came to the bunk house, opened the door and said, "Here is the heart and liver, the meat is down Calf Creek; if any of you want it--I've had all I want of it." He didn't tell us what happened, but we found out later. He spotted the Swaddies before they saw him and hid out till dark and then made his get-away.

Early the next morning, this being the eleventh day from home, we started on toward Grassy Lake. By noon we reached the broken down wagon. We replaced the wheel, and continued on to Glade Meadows. Nowhere on the trip did we see anything of the man who left our camp headed for Cascade. Dad drove the wagon with his four horses and I took the supply wagon.

When we reached Glad Meadows, we found that the men I had left at camp had put enough horses on the big load to pull it across the meadow. They pulled it up a little hill to a short turn where they accidentally tipped it over, bottom side up among the trees, breaking the reach out of the wagon. We looked the situation over, then went on to the river. Needless to say how angry and upset my Father was at the mess things were in. My Dad was a big man and all two hundred and thirty pounds of him was furious.

We caught up with Hy, Manny, and Billy, camped at the river. All of the Jackson Hole men went on after talking to Dad and thanking him for the help he had given them. Dad then asked Hy, Billy and Manny why in the world they didn't come to Cascade when he told them to, and why in the world they had let me come alone. Bill said, "I don't think we have to answer to you about anything." "All right," countered my Dad. "I have brought you men some hay, grain and foodstuffs. We'll divide it up and from now on you are on your own. You guys go right on and don't worry about me at all." "What about that load of yours back at Glade Meadows?" asked Hy. "Don't worry about that, I have horses, chains, jacks, and all it takes to get that load out without your help. Now you said I had held you back enough, so now you go right on ahead." Much more was said of little importance.

The next day (the twelfth day from home) Hy, Billy and Manny went to find their horses. After searching a long time, they found them over at the River Road House barn. One of Billy's horses was dead in the barn. This news made us all feel bad. As they made ready to leave, Manny was currying his horses when he met with an accident. He was upset, the horses didn't get over quick enough to suit him, so he hit him with a curry comb. The horse kicked him on the leg and nearly broke it. He had to fashion a cane out of a stick to walk with.

Dad and I got our tent and all of our other camp equipment which was left in camp when I pulled out for Cascade. One of the men said, "If you take all of this stuff, what are we going to do?" At this point they had just come to realize how handicapped they would be without our equipment. Dad said, "You guys made up your mind last night, what you were going to do--now it is up to you." Manny said, "How am I going to make it?" Dad and I felt sorry for him with his hurt leg, but they made their choice. "What do you think about me, I've only got three horses," complained Billy. Dad and I went on getting ready while they were talking. We were ready to go when they came up to our wagon, and Bill said, "I don't see the sense of us splitting up now." Dad said, "I never did see the sense of it, nor of many other things you guys have done. Now I am ready to go with the stock I have, together with my equipment. I think I can do all right. I always have made it out." "I want to stay with you," admitted Hy. "And me too," said Manny. "How about you Bill?" asked Dad. "Well, I've only got three horses so I had better stay," he answered. "If you want to go on, I'll let you take one of my horses till you get to the Dam," Dad offered. "No, we are going to stick together," was the decision of all three of them. "Just on one condition," said Dad. "This thing is going my way all the way to Moran. If you want to stay under this condition, fine, but the first one that causes any trouble, to Hell with you. I've had all I'm going to put up with."

It was late that morning when we got started, so we only made it to the river roadhouse that night. We had to pull Bill's dead horse out of the barn. Later that night, Dad got a phone call from the Reclamation Office in Ashton. They told him that Hyrum Hess had started out from Ashton with a load of reinforcement steel. He got to Squirrel Meadows, ran into snow, and fearing that he could not make it through had unloaded the steel and had gone back home. They wanted Dad to go back and get it and take it on to Moran. We talked it over and decided that I should take the four mules and two horses on a pair of sleighs, which we had borrowed from the Roadhouse and go back for the steel. So on the morning of the thirteenth day,

I started back over the mountain alone for the steel. It had been two days since my Dad said he wasn't going to let me out of his sight again. At this time Fitzmyer had come from Cascade to the river to take care of the River Roadhouse for the winter. He said he had no food at Cascade, so he fixed a lunch for me. I had my chains, jack and binder, also some grain tied on the sleigh. I had a saddle on old Vick and rode her all the way. When I left Dad said, "Now across the flat and down the hill, you make the best time you can. Stop at Cascade, call Fitz and Mrs. Nedrow at the Squirrel Meadows Roadhouse so she will know you are coming. Keep your gun with you. You should make it to Squirrel Meadows in time to load up to-night. Mrs. Nedrow will fix you a lunch in the morning and you should leave there before daylight if you can. You will make it back here in good time tomorrow evening." So he kissed me and away I went. The next day was nice and the snow was melting fast in the valleys and low flats. I reached Glade Meadows, looked over the capsized load, and went on, coming to our camp home of six days in the Meadow. Again I wondered about that poor man, knowing that he must be somewhere on the road. Could it be possible that he had gotten through, or would I find him laying frozen to death somewhere along the road. I hoped my horses wouldn't step on him if he was there.

Time and distance passed quickly and about 11:30 A.M. I arrived at Cascade. I watered and grained the horses, took my gun and went in the house to eat my lunch. A noise startled me. I could see the horses and they were not disturbed, yet I could hear muffled footsteps along the board walk outside. I grabbed my gun and sat ready to shoot whatever came in the doorway. A Park Swaddie stepped in the door. When he saw me he said, "Hey boy! Don't Shoot! I didn't mean to scare you, I am sorry. I should have whistled or something." I admitted that I was really scared. He built a fire and we ate our lunch. I told him who I was, and he said he knew my Father. He said that he would travel along with me as far as Calf Creek. I thought of Mr. Neil and the wild meat he had killed, and wondered if the Swaddie would ask me about it. When he left me he said, "You must be pretty brave to take on a trip like this. You be damned sure you don't shoot anybody," and laughed.

I began climbing the east side of the hump, reached the top and on down the west side to where I met my Dad a couple of days before. Now this is where he said, "We are going to stay together from now on," and here we were again, miles and miles apart. Only that morning headed for Moran and I for Squirrel Meadows-- going in different directions. It was easy from there to the Meadows Roadhouse. I arrived there about 5 P.M., took care of my horses and started loading the steel. Mr. Hess hadn't put any poles under the steel and much of it had frozen to the ground. This being the condition, it took me longer, so I borrowed a lantern to finish loading. Mrs. Nedrow was a very good cook and we had a lovely supper. The bed in the bunkhouse was comfortable but my stay in it was short. At four o'clock I was up, fed my horses, got them harnessed and had my breakfast. Mrs. Nedrow had prepared a lunch for me. (This was the fourteenth day from home.) In getting ready to leave, I had trouble getting the bridle on one of my mules--Buck. I should not have taken the head stall off his head. I tied his head down to the manger, and climbed up on the manger. The mule kept throwing his head from one side to the other. When I finally got the bridle on him, I was so mad I bit his ear. He broke loose, bumped my chin, and I fell into the bottom of the manger. Looking up at him, I crawled out, got behind him, tied him to one of the horses and roughly yanked him from the barn to the sleigh. I had put sticks under the runners on the night before so they wouldn't be frozen down. I got all ready to leave and Mrs. Nedrow said, "You better bud them right along, the snow is going fast on the flats, and do be careful." I thanked her and took off.

The load weighed 4500 lbs., the sleighs were slick, and we trotted most of the way across the meadow to North Boone Creek. Then going up the hump was much slower. We reached the top and trotted all the way down the other side. I came to Cascade about 1P.M., cared for the horses, but this time I sat on my sleigh to eat my lunch. I didn't stop long for I saw the snow was melting rapidly on the flats.

When I reached the river, it was hard to decide if I should ford the river or go on around to the bridge. I made up my mind to go on around to the bridge. I didn't know how much further that would be, but I feared fording the river by night. It got dark so fast and the snow was almost gone on the flat and open parts of the road which had been exposed to the sun. I picked my way, trying to keep on patches of snow as much as I could so it would be easier pulling for the horses. I rested them often and wished I had tried fording the river because it was only two miles from the river to the roadhouse where I was headed for the night. We had to pull on bare ground so much of the way, it got quite late before I got to the Pole Cat Creek bridge. The night was darker than dark. The brush and timber got thicker the closer I got to the creek. As I came to the bridge, I turned to the east to cross, but the sun had melted all the snow from the bridge. I pulled up on the bridge with the front runners, but when the hind runners hit the bridge, I was stuck. I let the horses rest a few minutes, then spoke to them, but they couldn't move the load.

The coyotes were howling worse than I had ever heard. It sounded like there were dozens of them very near to us. I had a large jack wired to the load of steel, but I didn't know about getting down off that horse. Finally I got up enough courage to get down. I put the jack under the beam, raised the load and spoke to the team. They pulled it off the jack and moved the load about four feet, and was stuck again. I felt my way back until I located the jack and raised the load again. Three times I did that, and each time they moved it four or five feet. The fourth time I had to feel my way back along the bridge to find the jack. I picked it up just as a timber wolf let a yell out of him. He was so close to me I thought I could feel his breath. I fairly flew up over that load of steel with the jack handle in my hand, and lit straddle of old Vick, behind the saddle. I was so frightened I prayed more sincerely than I had ever prayed before in my life, and with less words. After a few minutes, when it grew quiet again, I mustered all the courage I had, got down with more ease than before, and felt my way back again for the jack. This time I tied the jack to the load, put the saddle on Tip, coiled my shot whip and started for the team just as the wolf yelped again. I lit on the horse, spoke to the team, and it seemed they easily lifted the front bob off the ground as the load started to move. Now we could go a few rods at a time on patches of snow until we reached the Sheffield or Flagg Ranch bridge. I feared this bridge would be bare too, but luck was with us because the trees had shaded the bridge and it was snow covered. This was a blessing because the team was very tired and so was I.

It was almost midnight and I had two or three miles to go with two bad hills to pull. The down grades where the sun had shown were bare so wouldn't you know it, I got hung up going down hill. Three or four times I rested the team, going just a short distance at a time till we reached the bottom and snow. The up grades were snow covered, and all went well going up. The last hill I came to was where Billy Sheppard had left his dead horse. Oh Boy! The coyotes and maybe the wolves ran from the dead horse like a cloud sailing over the snow. The moon was showing now and then, and we were getting close to the road house. When I arrived Fitzmyer was waiting for me and he said, "Your Dad is worried sick about you. He has a man and a light rig preparing to come and find you." We went right in to call the Dam. Fitz got Dad on the phone and told him I was there and safe. Dad asked to talk with me and we had another sob session on the telephone.

After caring for the horses, we had something to eat. It was now one thirty in the morning of the fifteenth day from home. The next day, October 15th, I waited for Dad and the other men to come from the Dam. Two of the wagons were loaded with men who were leaving the Dam for the winter. They had paid their money for their transportation to Ashton. Dad brought more heavy equipment to get the heavy load out of the hole. I think he was happy to see me again and he repeated once more--he wouldn't let me out of his sight any more. I assured him that was true. He then said, "Don't you ever tell your mother about this, will you?"

The following day we went back to Glade Meadows, set up camp, and that bunch of men started picking and digging to free the heavy load from the frozen ground. Dad and the others got cables and other things ready and before night we had the reach in the wagon and had pulled it right side up. We cleared a road down the little hill and got it back on the road. We all camped there that night by a big campfire. The next morning, Billy, Manny and Hy with the men from the Dam headed for Ashton. Dad and I started to the Dam with the big load.

When we got to the River Roadhouse, we transferred the steel from the sleigh to our wagon. I drove the four mules on the load of steel. Dad drove the six head of horses on the heavy load. It was very late when we reached Moran, so we unloaded the next day. We rested our teams and on the morning of October 19, we headed for home. Another group of men rode out to Ashton with us. The trip home took three days. We got home October 21, 1911. I was really glad to see Mother and the rest of the family after the grueling three weeks in the rough Rocky Mountains on the Ashton-Moran Freight Line.

During the winter of 1913-14, my Father took the contract to move six large boilers over the Jackson Pass from Victor, Idaho to Wilson, Wyo., one at a time. These boilers were twenty-two feet long and weighed eight tons each. They were delivered with horses on wide track sleighs. This was a big job and a dangerous undertaking, but it was accomplished. The snow was six to eight feet deep at the divide. It took many good horses and a lot of road preparation to reach the top. To descend, it took eight horses to start the load, then four were taken off and a tree tied on the back to keep it from going too fast.

During the summer of 1914, I helped Father and others build a swimming pool at Old Faithful Inn in Yellowstone Park. One day while at work, just across the Firehole River, the Beehive Geyser erupted and broke its cone in many pieces. It frightened the horses as well as all of us, so we went south to the Old Faithful building rather scared. This Geyser did not play again for a long time.

The summer of 1915, I drove a Stage Coach in Yellowstone Park. I made six trips through the Park, driving four head of horses on the coach. I witnessed the 1915 holdup or robbery. They didn't catch the robber for several years. His name was Trafton and was finally turned in by his wife because he had threatened her life. One fall I ran a steam engine at the beet dump in Marysville, loading beets grown by area farmers. Growing beets in this area didn't prove to be very successful so was soon discontinued.

It was in the fall of 1916, while helping my Father threshing grain and peas in the farming area south of Ashton, that I met my future wife, Marie Karren. We did some dating that fall and winter, and during the summer of 1917. At this time I worked on the farm and herded cattle most of the time on the Fish Creek and Rock Creek Range.

We owned the place where Nellie Stephens now lives. It was there, about the first of September, Father came to the cow camp and asked me if I would like to go on a mission. I knew a wonderful friend who was serving a mission at that time, so I said, "If I was as smart as Rex McArthur, I would like to go." Dad said, "You can do it." Just twelve days later we went to Salt Lake, went through the Temple and got my endowments. September 12, 1917, I was on my way to Denver to serve in the Western States Mission, totally unprepared. I served in New Mexico, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, and North and South Dakota. After 26 months, I was released and arrived home October 31, 1919.

Soon after I got back home, I resumed dating the girl I met on the threshing tour and married Marie Antoinette Karren, March 31, 1920 in the Salt Lake Temple. Our first home was on the Rock Creek ranch which my Father was buying at that time. Here I took care of the hay on the ranch and herded cattle on the Rock Creek Range for the Green Timber Cattlemen's Association. The three Stake Girls' Camp is now located on this ranch.

Our first two children were born while living here. Idris was born, January 7, 1921, and Thomas Russ, May 24, 1924. In November of 1924, we moved down to the farm where we still live. Since that time I have farmed and raised livestock. I did all my farming with horses until 1943 when I bought a tractor. I raised grain, hay and peas, milked a few cows and raised lots of pigs. In the Spring of 1927-28, I worked for Jim Hill during the lambing season. At this time, I started my little farm herd of sheep by raising bum lambs, with the help of my family.

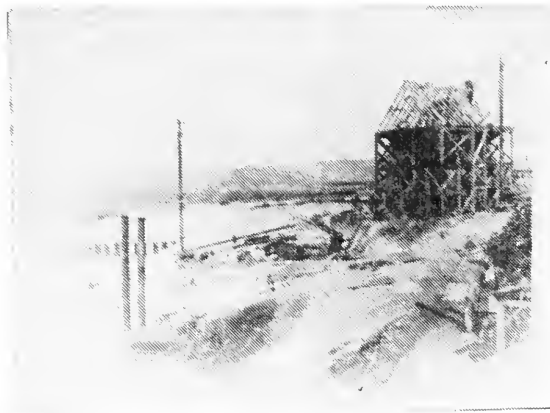
For many years I kept a little flock of about fifty to 100 ewes on the farm. I enjoyed sheep and they were a profitable venture. Several years I served as a director for the Fremont County Wool Growers Ass'n.

Three more children joined our family here. Marva, born Sept. 7, 1926; Richard Karren, born April 6, 1932, and Carol Marie, born Dec. 7, 1933.



MARIE AND RUSS EGBERT

Moran, Wyoming
Jackson Lake Dam Being Built



RUSS EGBERT DRIVING STAGE IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

LIFE STORY OF ARMINTA EGBERT CORDINGLEY

Just when my mission began, I have no way of knowing, but I do know that before I came to earth, I lived with my Heavenly Father and mother in the spirit world and received council and advice from my elder brother, Jesus Christ.

I began my mission in mortality on the 15th day of April 1898, when I was granted the privilege of joining my mortal parents, Joseph Hollis and Emmeline Whittle Egbert, my older sister, Josephine and my brother Hollis Russ in a little two room log house near the banks of the great Fall River in the little Mormon town of Marysville, located in the upper Snake River Valley in the county of Fremont.

Just what kind of a reception I got I will never know, but I did remember hearing my mother tell of what a plain, awkward child I was and how hard it was for her to style what few hairs I had to help improve my looks. I was the only child of a family of 8 who did not have a lot of curly hair. (For one having been an Ugly Duckling, she certainly grew up to be a beautiful, gracious swan.) I was blessed with the name Arminta and was called Mint by all but my dear mother, who modified it a little by calling me Minta. (In later years the Grandchildren, Great grandchildren and many of their friends, lovingly called her "Grandma Mint".) In my growing up years, I resented the fact that I had been given a name so different, but after choosing names for my own dear little ones, I know that my name was given to me out of the love my parents had for me, and I am grateful for it, for it was their choice and I am proud now to be called Arminta. (Let this be a good lesson to all of us who have complained to our parents about our name. Accept that name so lovingly given, which was a choice name to them. Be proud of it and prove to them that we appreciate that love that goes with a NAME.)

I was too young to remember things about the house where I was born, however, I have often heard my mother tell of how she would put us three to bed and then she would run to the river to get water for the next day, and of the nights she sat and waited for our father to come home. He, with other men of that community, was away building canals to water their crops.

When I was about a year old, my parents moved to Lodi on a farm now owned and operated by Don Marshall in what is now part of Ashton. Our house was a one large room log house with a curtain across one end of the room to separate the bedrooms from the kitchen. It was in this home that I have my first conception of life. The one thing that stands out so vividly in my mind was sitting at a little table with Josephine and Russ in front of the cook stove eating our supper. It was dark outside. The stove door was open to make light in the room. I do not remember what the main course of our supper consisted of, but I am sure it was a good wholesome bed time meal. Our dessert was a section of an orange. I would paint a picture as I see it in my mind, if I were an artist. The three of us sitting at our little table, which was a wooded box with a white cover, and mother sitting in a rocking chair feeding our baby sister, Bessie. Our cat, which was a part of our family, always kept in the house at night to catch the mice that came through the cracks in the floor, lay near the stove. As we enjoyed our meal and the bed time story, little did we realize the agony our dear mother endured, while making the evening pleasant for us.

As I grew older, I learned that the reason for the stove door being opened was, there was no oil in the lamps. She had waited for hours for our father to come from St. Anthony with the groceries. She told of going often to the door to

listen for the sound of the covered wagon. The country around our home was so infested with coyotes that we were often awakened at night by their visious howling. I remember my father taking me to bed and telling me to go to sleep that the coyotes were in the mountains. The next morning, I walked down the path to Aunt Hanner Osborne's in my night gown and in my bare feet to tell her that the coyotes were in the mountains. I often visited Aunt Hanner in her declining years and she never failed to speak of that incident. She said the ooyotes roamed in packs at night when all the busy work was finished and people as well as the animals and fowls had retired for rest. They would come close to the house with their mournful, never ending howling, until they were frightened away by gun fire.

It was while we lived at Lodi that life began for me. Although I was very young, and my father doubted that I could remember, still when I recalled things that happened and described the interior of the small log house and the outside surroundings, he was convinced that I did remember. Of all the homes I lived in, in my growing up years, I have a more striking mental image of the happenings at this home than any other one we lived in. I suppose the reason for this is that it was at this place that memories became active. I never go by the place that I do not recall many happy memories--My father standing out on a windy day with two pans pouring wheat from one to the other to clean the chaff from the wheat so that Mother could cook it for cereal. My Father and Ed Dorcheus were building a small granary on the side of the house. After a few boards were nailed on so that I could not get out, my father put me in and I watched them nail the boards on up to the roof. I had fun playing with the blocks of wood they would drop down to me. Of course this was done to keep me from wandering off.

Where we lived, there was, and still is a warm spring. This was near where the Cunninghams' home was. In the Summer time the women folk would take their clothes down to the spring to wash them in the warm water. I remember seeing two or three at a time rubbing on a board. I assume my mother was with them or I would not have been there.

Our neighbors were: the Ed Dorcheus family who lived just across the road where Reid Richey now lives, the Hyrum Cunningham family living by the spring and the George Osbornes, who lived northwest of us near the river. We always referred to them as Aunt Hanner and Uncle George. I always regarded Aunt Hanner as my second mother and was always concerned about her welfare. This is no doubt the reason I felt I needed to put her mind at ease about the coyotes.

There was a one room log school house across the road from Hebe Smith's, who lived on the place now called the David Larsen place. It was here that sister Josephine started school. I could not have been much more than 2 years old, but it is just as vivid in my memory today as when it happened. Josephine's first teacher was a very lovely lady by the name of Minnie Noble, who later married Ernest Spratling. She lived with us when she first came, and I have often wondered how the folks managed in that two roomed house, but in our home there was always room for one more and we lived as a family.

Minnie was a very proud lady and possessed many lovely virtues. One morning while getting ready for school, she emptied a little perfume bottle and gave it to me. I loved the fragrant sweet odor that was left in the artistically molded bottle and kept it in my hands most of the time. Mother often let Russ and me go through the field to walk home with Josephine and Minnie. This particular day, I dropped my perfume bottle down a gopher hole and Russ went down head first to get it for me. He got stuck in the hole and had to be pulled to safety. When he came up he had the bottle in his hand.

It seemed that our father could not get his feet on solid ground and by 1902 we had moved into the town of Marysville. The place was the one now owned by Albert Carlson. It was at this place that our sister, Thelma, was born, Feb. 6, 1902. I have many fond memories of this place. My first recollection of having gone to Sunday School was while living here, although I'm sure I did go with my parents before this time. This special Sabbath morning, I have never forgotten. It was winter time for the ground was white with snow. I recall my mother putting my coat and hood on and my father picking me up in his arms and carrying me down the snow covered road and of watching Josie and Russ walking ahead of us. I asked to get down and walk with them and he told me that I did not have overshoes like they did. I can still feel my arm around his neck, and hear his gentle, kind voice as he talked to me along the way. This could have been the first Sunday School held in the new church building. As he opened the door he let me down. I have never forgotten that large spacious building with the bright red curtains hanging from wire that was fastened to the opposite side of the building. I later learned that when pulled on the wire, they served as class rooms. I can never repay my father and mother for being the wonderful parents that they were. I can truthfully say that I never received a whipping from either of them, not that I was not deserving of one, but we were blessed with parents, who disciplined with love and kindness.

I enjoyed going with my father or mother across the road to Reynolds to get water from the old bucket well that served many of the families in the neighborhood. They always held me up so that I could see the bucket as they lowered it down into the water. I was only one of many children who followed their parents to the well. It seemed to be the only one close around. We had not lived at this place long when a large machine pulled in by our kitchen window and began drilling for water. I well remember the day we struck water. I was not very old, but I remember my mother asking my father if the water was soft. For years I pondered over the meaning of that foolish question. How could water be soft? A pump was placed over the round hole and it was really a novelty to see the water run out of the spout. This relieved the pressure on the old bucket well for many of the neighbors came to our well for water.

There was an old crippled man, Oliver Weatherbee, who came every day to get water. He had a wooden barrel fastened onto a wooden cart that was drawn by a horse. One winter evening he came late for the water and I heard my father say, "Fill it up, Oliver, for this is the last water I will let you have this year." This confused my mind for I did not want him to go thirsty, but when he came for water the next day, it was explained to me that it was the last day of the year.

The 6th day of Feb. 1904, just 2 years after Thelma was born, our brother Zera Newton came to live with us. We four girls were very happy to have another brother, however Russ still held the reins. When it was time for the wheat to be sold, our father would fill two sleigh boxes with grain, then the next morning very early, he would fasten a fur coat around Russ and put him in the spring seat of the sleigh box. The reins were pinned to the sleeve of his coat and have him follow behind Dad all the way to St. Anthony. Then there was that long waiting and watching which lasted into the wee hours of the morning, but we were always awake and waiting for the treat we knew he would bring, which was always a box of chocolates with a little metal tong in it to lift the chocolates out of the box. This kind of candy was a real treat in those days.

On one of these trips to St. Anthony Russ was given a little axe with a red handle. This was the envy of every child in the neighborhood. One evening after we had finished our evening meal, we were playing in the large living room. There was a wall to wall home spun carpet on the floor with plenty of clean straw under it

which made it soft to play on. Russ said that he was going into the woods to cut timber. He put his axe on his shoulder and said that we could be the animals in the forest. I volunteered to be the bear. He said that I could, if I would not jump at him. I was hiding behind a large chair and when he came close to it I could not resist, I jumped out at him and growled.

Our father with his faithful team of sorrels made many trips from Marysville to St. Anthony and back in one day bringing supplies to the stores. He also carried the mail and often times he would bring passengers to and from the towns as there were no other means of transportation. He never failed to bring something very special to us. The one thing we looked forward to was the maple sugar and rock candy. If we would take our nap in the day time we were allowed to sit up and wait until he came home. We had eaten our supper and were in our night clothes listening and watching out of the window when we saw the team turn into the gate. After giving him time to feed and unharness the team, we went to the door and waited for the sound of his foot steps. When he opened the door, he stepped back and in walked a black man; the first one we had ever seen. Josephine, Russ and I ran into the bedroom just off from the kitchen where we could watch him. I remember my sister Josephine saying, "What is it?" We watched through the crack in the door while he and our father ate their supper, then father took him out to the bunk house where he spent the night. While waiting for our father to come back, very few words were spoken, but a lot went through my mind. When Dad came in the house, he told us how this man got the colored skin. I don't recall getting any candy that night, but I do remember how frightened I was when the light was put out.

As I look back over my childhood days in Marysville, so many fond memories come to my mind. We were all one big happy family. The greater part of the older people were born and raised in Cache Valley and most of them were related in some way. They were never too busy to give of their time and means to help their neighbor.

The Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July were days to be remembered. There was always a large covered bowery. My father was always chosen to be Marshal of the day. On one of these special occasions, I remember him bringing a beautiful black horse in the yard the day before the celebration. I stood and watched him curry the animal with a curry comb, then bathe him all over with soapy water, after which a large towel was used to dry the animal. I remember my father rubbing so hard he almost pushed the horse over. He then put some kind of oil all over him until his beautiful black coat just glistened in the sun.

While Dad was making ready for the big event, the following day, Mother was busy cooking and baking all kinds of goodies to feed the multitude who always gathered at our home after the celebration was over. Very early the morning of the Fourth, we were awakened to hear the cannons blast off just at day break. This let us know that the big event was on it's way. Everyone in town was soon up and ready to watch the big parade which was climaxed by the entertainment.

I was standing by the gate at our home with Mother, when the parade turned the corner to come down passed our place. Leading the parade was the Marshal of the Day (My Father) on the beautiful black horse with Uncle Sam (I don't remember who he was) riding on a white horse holding the flag. My Father was a large good looking man who always had a smile for everyone. I was not very old, but I remember how stately he looked as he waved his hand at us. Following behind them was the Brass Band, and capering clowns. There were many beautiful floats, but I only remember the one that my three lovely sisters were on, Josie, Bess and Thelma. Thelma could not have been over two years old. She was sitting in a little chair

in the center of the float, and like Josie and Bessie was dressed in white with big bows of ribbon in their dark hair that hung in ringlets down over their shoulders. I suppose the reason for me not having a seat on the float was my two small light brown pigtailed that stuck out on each side of my head, which did not improve my looks by any means. I have always wondered why I had to be the only one of a family of eight that was not blessed with curly hair. After the parade, everyone gathered at the big square across from the church, where there was a large bowery covered with quaking aspen boughs. There were seats where we could sit down and in one corner a large table where they sold home made ice cream and lemonade. I suppose we all drank out of the same cup and ate ice cream out of the same dish, because we did not have cones and paper plates in those days. However, everyone seemed to enjoy the large helpings we got for a nickel.

I remember one other incident that took place that day in which I had a chance to display my ability. A man took me by the hand and stood me on a line with a group of boys and girls and told us that we were to run when they blew the whistle, and if we crossed the white line first, we would get a prize. I assume that we were among the secondary group. I doubt that anyone on the line had been privileged to ride on the floats, but like the clowns we had our part in the celebration and I for one was blessed with long gangling legs and I could run. The only other one that I remember being in the line was a neighbor girl, Elva Hardy. We had a lot in common as far as beauty was concerned, but each felt that we belonged on our own side of the fence. We waited for the whistle and when it sounded, we ran side by side. I crossed the line one step ahead of her, and she frayed one of my braids and the fight was on, but not for long. I remember Mother shaking me and wiping the tears and dirt from my face. I was given a strand of beads and a bar of candied pop corn with a paper fan fastened to the bow with a ribbon. I do not remember what they gave her.

In the Fall of the year was always a fun time for me. To see my Father bring the threshing machine into the barn yard to harvest the grain. It entailed long hours of hard work, but there was always fun and laughter mingled with the work, for the men as well as the women. I enjoyed helping my mother and older sister as well as my younger sisters prepare the meals and food was so delicious in those days. When the grain was ready to thresh and the machine in order, all the neighbors along our lane were ready with their teams of horses and hay racks to follow the old iron horse until all the grain was in the bins. It was customary in those days that the threshing crew would eat all three meals at the place where they were threshing. Breakfast was prepared and eaten by the light of a lamp, which was always filled, wicks trimmed and chimneys bright and shining. In the event a chimney was broken while cleaning, there were always more in storage.

I remember that at our home, before each meal, a prayer of thanks was offered. One morning I was told to eat my breakfast before the men came in and that I was to walk to town, a distance of about 4 miles, and bring back a roast for supper. (This was when we were living up above Gerald Egbert's home by the William Atchley home.) I was given 50¢ and told to hurry. I went to the meat market which was owned by Boyd Reynolds. The package was so heavy that by the time I arrived home my arms were so tired I could hardly feel them. The horses had to be spared for the work ahead, and there was always time for fun and play when the work was done.

It was interesting to watch the little settlement of Marysville develop into a small city. As children, a group of us would gather wherever there was an interesting project being accomplished, such as the new board sidewalks, the rock hotel built by McArthur, which did away with the Kelly hotel that stood east of the saloon, the Bank north of Kelly's hotel and the Drug Store owned and operated by Dr. Young. The log house on the corner where Markley Case now lives, is where we raised our family.

Uncle Joe Hendricks had a livery barn on the corner, and south of it was a store belonging to Wm. Barrett. Our Father would drive to St. Anthony and bring the mail and the merchandise for the Barrett and Lucas stores. When Dr. Young moved, Dr. Hummell had his office and Drug Store on the east side of main street. There was a lumber yard and harness shop owned by Ray McComber. In fact there was most every place of business needed for the building up of a town and it was an enjoyable place to live in. I appreciate very much having the privilege of seeing this little town change from a prairie of sage brush and coyotes to a peaceful little city filled with friends and relatives, who regarded each other as neighbors and lived the golden rule.

In the Fall of 1917, now a young lady, I married George Huggins Cordingley, also a native of Marysville. George had been in the Western States Mission field. We had corresponded through the efforts of my brother Russ, who was also filling a Western States Mission. When George returned, we were married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple.

Our first home was a farm three and one half miles east of Marysville, not far from my parents home. I often walked through the field, a distance of about one mile, to see my parents. With a feeling that I owed much to them for what they had contributed to my life, I usually tried to take some little thing to them. One day as I walked down the hill into the barnyard, my father was waiting for me. He kissed me and asked, "What have you brought today?" I had baked a chocolate cake for their lunch. He smiled and said, "You are the first kitten I have ever known who would bring the old cat a mouse." This was his way of telling he did appreciate these little favors. As years went by, my father returned these small favors many times.

We lived at this place for one year. In the spring of 1919, we moved to a farm in Ora, Idaho. It was here on the 11th of September 1919 that our first darling little daughter, Margaret, was born. Because of crop failure, we left this farm and moved back to Marysville where we continued to farm until 1935. My husband was not really interested in farming. He had a natural ability for surveying and mathematical work, so decided to search for a new field of labor. He began working on road construction, and found that he could do very well as Grade-foreman and he did enjoy, not only the work but also the association of other people.

By this time 5 more lovely children had graced our home. Zelda, born May 10, 1921; Nieca, born January 9, 1924; Madge, born July 27, 1925; Georgia, born May 20, 1927; and John Hollis, born October 7, 1928.

On the 3rd day of May 1941, our home was saddened by the death of our little daughter Madge. Time slipped by much too fast. Our family was leaving High School for college and by 1951 our daughters were married and our son, Hollis, had received his call to go on a mission to England.

George took work in Utah, so we sold our home in Ashton and bought in Idaho Falls. We rented the house and for four years lived in a trailer home while my husband worked as Grade-foreman for Strongs Construction Company, where he helped with the building of many roads and highways in Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada. In the Fall of 1954 we moved into our home in Idaho Falls. Here he was asked to supervise the building of roads and bridges in Bonneville County. This position he held at the time of his death March 5, 1962.

My sister, Cassanda, passed away at our home Nov. 27, 1961, my husband March 5, 1962, and my mother August 31, 1962. Three weeks after her death, I was asked to consider a mission call. I received my call to go to the Southern States, and aside from raising my family, the 18½ months I spent in the service of my Heavenly Father has been the most rewarding time of my life.

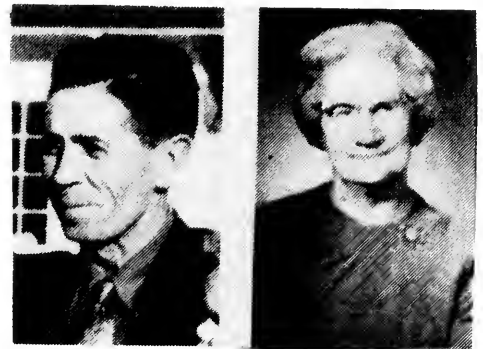
I have served as a primary teacher, Sunday School teacher, Secretary in the MIA, 1st counselor in the Relief Society and a Relief Society visiting teacher. I have found joy and happiness in being a wife and a mother of six children, twenty-five grandchildren and fifty-one great grandchildren. Arminta passed away April 15, 1980.

Arminta E. Cordingley, taught as she lived. She did not excuse anyone for mediocre work. If anything was worth doing it was worth doing well. She never expected more from her loved ones than she was willing to do herself. Her home was always open to family and neighbors. She had a strong testimony and expected all of her family to keep the commandments.

George H. Cordingley was an excellent father. He took pride in seeing his family achieve. He was sick a lot of his life, but never let on. He believed in doing an honest days work for the pay he received. He and his wife opened their home to many people, especially when they were living in Idaho Falls. They were close to the hospital and many people who had loved ones there stayed at the Cordingley home. They also believed in caring for their parents and did so with love and tenderness.



UNCLE DAVE EGBERT at the old home in
Lewiston, Itah



GEORGE AND ARMINTA CORDINGLEY

DAVID ORSEN EGBERT

The 6th son of Robert Newton and Josephine McCosker Egbert was born April 20, 1879, at Cuf. Hill, now known as Lewiston, Cache Valley, Utah. Before he was a year old, he was stricken with a dreadful disease which resulted in the loss of his eye sight. This caused his parents much concern, but he was a very intelligent and energetic child, eager to learn and never remembering having seen the light, accepted his condition very well.

At the age of 8 years, his father took him to Overlook Pennsylvania school for the blind, where he was taught to read and write through the Braille system. He became very efficient in this field. His library was filled with books of learning, including the L.D.S. Church books. He acquired much knowledge and skill by constant reading.

While at Penn. he became acquainted with Helen Keller and took some classes with her. He was taught to play the piano and most stringed instruments, but the one he enjoyed most was the violin.

After returning home he shared this talent with a group of younger children and by doing this was able to help with expenses. He was a graduate of Central school of piano tuning, the occupation he followed, but never gave up the violin.

His hands as was his mind was never idle. He did repair work on old furniture, wiring chairs and ever eager to learn.

When he returned home, he missed his brothers Hollis and Parlin who had moved with many of the Cache Valley friends to the upper Snake River Valley. Hollis, his older brother, had been a second father to him and he chose to live with him during the time he spent in the Valley, Marysville, which was the greater part of his life after his schooling.

He played the violin for dances at Vernon, Warm River and Ora before there was an Ashton. I am certain there are still some old pianos which still have his name on them for he was always tuning pianos in the area. He was a property owner in Marysville, adjacent to the Lamborn home, which he homesteaded.

We enjoyed having Uncle Dave with us and love and appreciate the respect he showed our Mother, Inie, he called her. It was interesting to watch him help around the house. It was his job to churn the butter in the old dash churn with one of Mother's aprons on. He always turned the old wooden washer on wash day. One of us girls would walk by him, holding on to the bail of the bucket and directing him, on wash day, to the pump where he would fill the buckets with water and carry them back to the house until everything was filled.

He was always pleasant and very perspective. He knew us all by sound and could go anywhere in Marysville because he knew by sense the way. As a child, I remember his going after the mail to the Holbrook store and back. I think of the songs he sang to us and the music he played. He could tell each of us by our very movement. Nieca would try to trick him--I still remember when she would slip into the room, thinking he didn't know and he would say, "Niety, is that you?"

He was very special, he endured to the end, and I'm sure our Father said, when he came home, "Welcome home, son, you've done your best."

--By Armintha Egbert Cordingley

HISTORY OF HERSCHEL W. EGBERT

I, Herschel Whittle Egbert, was born June 21, 1908 in a two room log house about four miles northeast of Marysville. I am the youngest of eight children of Joseph Hollis and Emmeline Whittle Egbert.

My Father, Joseph H. Egbert was born August 18, 1870 at St. Joseph, Piute Co, Nevada, and my mother Emmeline Whittle Egbert was born Aug. 18, 1871, in Richmond, Cache Co., Utah. Joseph H. Egbert was the son of Robert Newton Egbert and Josephine McCoster Egbert. Emmeline Whittle Egbert was the daughter of Zera Whittle and Cassanda Pope.

My parents were married January 10, 1894 in the Logan Temple, Logan, Utah. They had eight children, namely: Josephine, Hollis Russ, Arminta, Bess, Thelma, Zera Newton, Cassanda, and myself.

At the time I was born there was about six inches of snow on the ground. We lived in the two room log home in the winter, and in the summer Mother, Josephine, Cassanda and I spent most of our time on the Fish Creek ranch, which is known as the Stephens ranch at the present time. When I was about seven years of age, I would ride a horse from home to the Fish Creek ranch and take care of the cattle. I had a lot of good experiences.

Later on my father sold the ranch to Ralph and Nellie Stephens. He soon bought another ranch by the name of Rock Creek Ranch, which in recent years was bought for a girls' summer camp. I spent quite a lot of time there with my brother Russ and his wife; enjoyable times. There was also plenty of work to be done, like putting up hay and herding cattle on the Porcupine Range during the summers.

I started school in the Marysville school house (first grade) just after it had been completed. My teacher was Mrs. Bybee, who I thought was the very best. The Principal was a man by the name of J. Ashton Belnap; I also liked him a lot. I finished eight years of school in Marysville, and a half a year of high school in Ashton. On account of the hard winters with lots of snow and lots of chores to do at home, I got discouraged and quit school, which I've always regretted.

When I was a few months past ten years of age, awhile before Christmas, I took sick with the hives and was unconscious for about six weeks. I lost all of my hair, and the skin would peel from my body easily. I had to learn to walk again. Russ was there to help me, until I could walk alone. I feel like the Lord preserved my life at that time, and other times also, for which I am indebted to him.

I remember there were a number of flourishing businesses in Marysville at one time, some of which were a millinery shop, a livery stable, a hardware store, a lumber yard, a grocery store, U.S. Postoffice, and a harness shop.

We had a lot of good times at our Ward reunions and the dances held in the Ward Hall. This building was built in 1901. When our Marysville Ward moved into a new church house in Ashton, they wanted to sell the Marysville Ward hall, so I bought it and had it moved onto our farm for a shop, etc., but in May 1953 it caught fire and burned down. A lot of our farm equipment went with it, which was a great loss. If it hadn't been for good neighbors and friends, our house would have burned also. We shall always be grateful to all those fine people.

For many years in the town of Marysville, on the 4th of July and the 24th of July and other holidays, they would have base-ball games, horse racing, horse pulling, carnivals, and home plays put on by the Marysville community. The celebration would sometimes last most of the day and night.

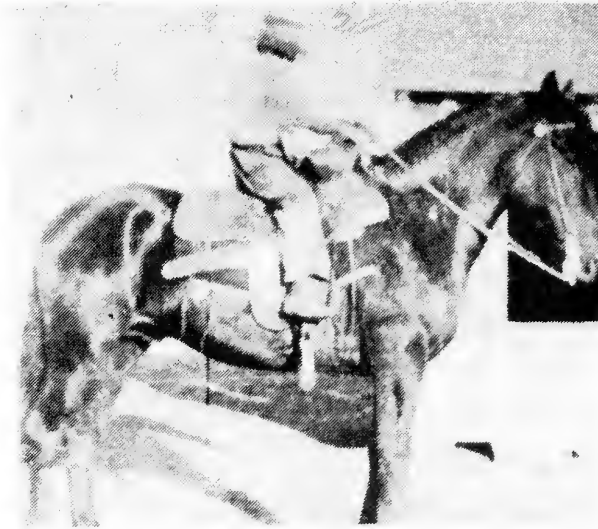
In August of 1923, a family by the name of Sanders moved into Marysville. They had a young girl with blond hair that took my eye, so I started trying to win her over. I asked her for a date, but it was sometime before she would go with me.

One date with Eva, I especially remember. I asked her to go to Greentimber to a dance. When I went after her, her father said to me, "Young man, I am going to hold you responsible for her, and you have her home by twelve o'clock." He left early the next morning to go to Gooding, Idaho where he had a sheep shearing job. I never saw him alive again. He died in his sleep, March 10, 1925.

Eva Lorene Sanders and I were married 17 Mar. 1928 in St. Anthony. Later on, 12 February 1930, our marriage was solemnized in the Logan Temple. We have lived near Ashton most of our married life, and we intend to stay here the remainder of our lives. Six children were born to us, three girls and three boys: Rebecca Pauline, Ronella Dean, and Ireta; Gerald Frank, Herschel Doyle, and Vernon Don.

I have been active in church work, holding many positions. Beginning Jan. 12, 1973, my wife and I spent 18 months on a mission to the California Los Angeles Mission at the Visitor's Center. On 8 May, 1975 we were set apart as Temple officers in the Idaho Falls Temple and served five and one-half years. Both of the above callings were highlights in our lives. After I was made a deacon in 1920, they assigned me a Ward teacher with El McGavin, many years my senior. I've been a home teacher as it is now called, ever since, or over 60 years.





HERSCHEL EGBERT ON THE HORSE



EVA AND HERSCHEL



THE HILLAM FAMILY
By Nina Myers

The Hillam family has called Marysville "home" since 1900 when Mamie Ann Taylor and her husband, Abraham Baron Hillam, first made plans to move to the homestead of Mamie's father, Samuel Taylor.

Samuel and his wife Mary Ann had arrived in the Marysville area several years earlier, filing their homestead claim to 160 acres one mile north of the Marysville township on August 31, 1895 at the courthouse in St. Anthony. The records show that Samuel had estimated the cash value of the property, including a large log house, to be \$500.

Mamie was the daughter of Hannah Eliza Warren, Samuel's fifth wife, whom he later divorced because of the manifesto outlawing plural marriage. Mamie and Abraham were both born in Brigham City, Utah and continued to live there after their marriage on March 31, 1897 in the Logan LDS Temple. The young couple made their home in a house Abraham had inherited from his mother.

In 1900 Mamie and Abe traveled by train and wagon to Egin Bench to visit an Uncle George Wood. During their visit George took them to Marysville to visit Mamie's father, who because of the manifesto, she did not know very well.

Samuel was in poor health and not able to operate the farm. He was interested in selling the property to Abraham, who was quickly taken up with the area.

Abraham and Mamie decided to sell their home and make the move. On February 7, 1901, which was their eldest son's, Loren A., third birthday, and infant son, Charles Elmer, arrived in Marysville. Mamie was saddened by the move; she couldn't imagine living so far away from the Ogden - Brigham City area she had grown up in. But she was a good wife and did her best to turn their new surroundings into a home in which to raise their family. About that time Abraham and Mamie bought 80 acres of the homestead.

Samuel, Mary Ann, Mamie, and Abraham made their home in the same log home. Abe's 80 acres were part sagebrush and each year he broke up more of the land for farming. Samuel had two horses which were used for plowing and farm work. The seeds were broadcast by hand and rolled into the ground.

Each summer the family made trips to the canyon for wood to be used during the winter. There was no well on the place so water had to be hauled from the Snake River for most uses. Water for use in the kitchen was hauled from Geisler's well on the adjoining property. Abe would often carry water using a wooden yoke balanced on his neck with a five gallon bucket on each end. In 1903 a well was dug and later a windmill was purchased from Jewel and Mary Hendricks.

Samuel died in the log home on July 13, 1906. He was buried in the Pineview Cemetery near Ashton four days later. His wife Mary Ann moved to Rexburg where she passed away several years later.

The years passed swiftly and each one saw the Hillam family grow in size as well as in life's experiences. Ten more children were born into the family - nine of them in the old log house and baby Vera in the new house on May 6, 1923. Vera and three of her older brothers passed away in infancy and are buried side by side in the Pineview cemetery. Abe and Mamie raised four sons and four daughters. They were all taught to work hard and to be thrifty and tidy. The farm and home be-

came a credit to the community. The family was close-knit and enjoyed many good times together and with their friends. Their lives were entwined with working in the Church and participating in affairs of the community.

Abe HILLAM was president of the Marysville Canal Company for 6 years, treasurer of the Marysville School District for 23 years and chairman of the North Fremont Cemetery Association at the time of his death. Soon after their coming to Idaho he was sustained as president of the Marysville Ward Mutual Improvement Association and served in that capacity for 12 years. After his release from the MIA he was called as first counselor to Bishop Horton B. Leavitt; then was sustained as Bishop of the Marysville Ward in 1920. He served as Bishop for 12 years. He was then sustained as first counselor to George F. Rudd in the Yellowstone Stake High Priests Quorum, and on March 21, 1937 was ordained as Patriarch of Yellowstone Stake and held that position until the time of his death.

Mamie also served in the auxiliary organizations of the Church and was a member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. She served as a teacher in the MIA and Primary, was Primary president for several years and served in the Relief Society in various positions. She served as a Visiting Teacher for over 50 years.

Abe and Mamie lived and worked on the farm and saw their family grown and married. They sold the farm to son Marvin and moved to a home in Ashton in 1944. Abe passed away only nine months later on February 28, 1945 in Salt Lake City. Mamie continued to live in her Ashton home, spending the last 17 years of her life blind. She spent 18 months living with her four daughters in Ashton due to poor health. She died on February 20, 1964. Mamie and Abe are buried near her father Samuel, and five of their children in the Pineview Cemetery.

The posterity of Abraham and Mamie HILLAM, as of May 1979, number 331, including 13 deceased members of the family:

Loren A., who left Marysville as a young man, lived in Salt Lake City, where he became a Vice President of First Security Bank, married Ruth Olsen in 1925 and they had four sons: Kenneth Loren, (md Beverly Myers, div., md Joann); Donald Craig, (died in infancy); Roger Brent, (md Patricia Deon King); and Richard Jon, (md Ruth May Jones). Loren died May 20, 1971 in Salt Lake.

George Marvin bought the farm from his father in 1944 and lives there at the present time. He married Laura Lemmon in 1922. She passed away in 1961 and he married Leona Herbst Lords in 1962. Marvin and Laura were the parents of eight children: Nina, (md Glen Paul Myers); Laurretta Grace, (md James Howard Murdoch); Vonda, (md Frank Revere Biorn); Marvin, (died in infancy); Lola, (md Alden M Pack-er); Margaret, (md Alvon Jerry Hansen); Rulon Abraham, (md Marlene Rice); Bernice, (md Robert Duane Davidson).

Gordon Rodney worked in Sugar City at the Midland Elevators and in St. Anthony at the Elevator and Flour Mill and as a City Judge. He passed away April 30, 1956. He married Evelyn Skidmore and they are the parents of five children: Wanda, (md Garn Afton Miller); Donna, (md Edland Dean Clark); Harold Gordon, (md Carol Lois Rasmussen); Arnold Bruce, (md Trenna Louise Egbert); and Jay, (md Von Reno Beck).

Norman Roy worked with his father on the family farm and purchased other land in the Marysville area where he is a successful farmer. He married Dorothy Mary Hansen in 1931. She passed away in 1963 and he married Ethel Laverne Bush Weight in 1964. Norman and Dorothy are the parents of four children: Norman Blair, who died at the age of 21; Marcelene, (md Joseph Errol Robinson); Douglas Roy, (md Charlotte French); and Dorothy Ann, (md Kimber Orson Ricks).

Alta Blanch married Thomas Hammon Murdoch in 1932. They lived in Ashton where Tom worked in and owned a grocery store and later they managed the Flat Rock Club in Island Park. Their five children are: Ronald Thomas, (died in infancy); Darrell Dean, (md Marva Lynn Anglesey); Mary, (md Weldon Reynolds); Judith Ann, Md William Junior Atchley, div., md Eugene Hemming, dec.); and Tamra, (md Samuela Koroi-Cikaitoga).

Mildred Hannah married James Edward Stringham, a successful farmer in 1940, and they made their home south of Marysville. James was bishop of Marysville Ward over nine years. Their children are: Nadene, (md Arthur Reich); Mark James, (md Jennifer Lee); Lila; and Ilene, (md Dan Jay Franck).

Velma married Wilford James Greene in 1943, who also farmed in the Ashton area for a number of years and then worked for the Idaho Farm Bureau, moving to Focattello. Their seven children are: Kaye, (md Donald Thomas Miller); Vera, (md E. Don Knox); James Wilford, (died in infancy); Wilma (md Charles William Zink); Betty; Barbara, (md Dennis Ray Jensen); and John A. (died in infancy).

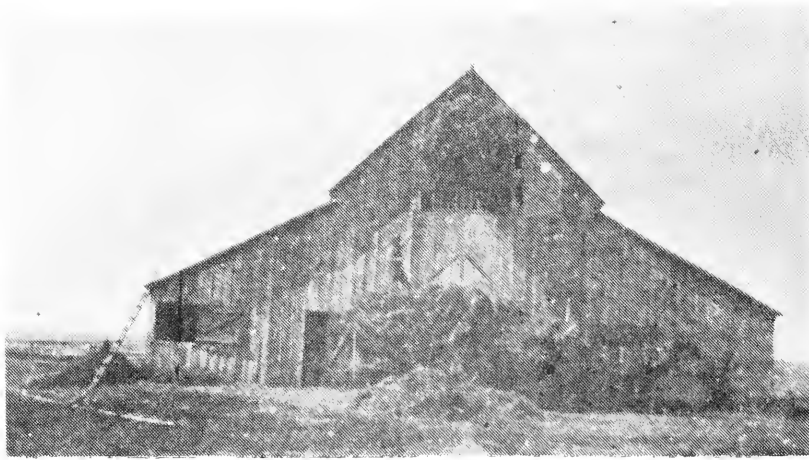
Mary married Ivan Crouch, also a successful farmer in the Ashton area, in 1942. They are the parents of three sons: Berlan Ivan, (md Sharyn Park); Bryce Ray, (md Uywan Tighe), and Garth Marlin, (md Linda Saikowaki).



ABRAHAM AND MAMIE HILLAM



ABRAHAM B. HILLAM in 1902 with Bess and Sal



Filling the Barn
At Abe Hillams



Putting up Hay



Threshing Grain on the
William Geisler Farm,
About 1903 or 1904
1. Samuel Taylor
2. William Geisler



Threshing on the Hillam
Farm



Enjoying a picnic at
Warm River

The Hillams, Johnsons
and Looslis

July 4, 1916



GEORGE MARVIN HILLAM

This life story of George Marvin Hillam is written by his daughter, Nina. Consequently, I assume responsibility for the following: acknowledging that there may be some errors because of the way I've interpreted the parts that Dad dictated on a tape to Leona, and also, my memories may vary from the memories of other members of the family.

First, a background to Dad's coming into this mortal existence. His paternal grandfather, Abraham Hillam and his wife, Hannah Helliwell Smith, joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in England, after being taught by missionaries. Hannah was a young widow with two sons. She had great faith and was a true helpmeet to Abraham. They had many trials before they finally arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1859. They were stalwart pioneers. Abraham took three more wives in polygamy. One of them Mary Broadbent, returned to the East, taking a small daughter with her. His other two wives were Sarah Ann Dinsdale and Mary Baron. Mary Baron was Dad's grandmother. She had two children: Allice Ann, who died in infancy, and Abraham Baron Hillam, who was Dad's father and was born on 18 October 1876.

In 1869 Abraham Hillam was called to go to Brigham City to operate the Church Tannery there under the United Order. When this venture terminated, the tannery did not pay and he turned to farming on a small scale. He passed away on 5 Oct. 1893. His father's death left Abraham Baron Hillam an orphan at almost seventeen years of age. His mother had passed away three years earlier.

Dad's other grandparents were also born and converted to the Church in England. His maternal grandfather, Samuel Taylor, arrived in the Valley also in 1859, which was the same year that his future polygamist wife, Hannah Eliza Warren, was born in South Wales. They were sealed in the Salt Lake Endowment House when Hannah was almost sixteen years old on 11 January 1875. She was Samuel Taylor's sixth wife. The previous four wives had been sealed to Grandfather Taylor earlier and his first wife he had deserted in England; she did not join the Church.

So, both of Dad's grandparents were polygamists. That fact caused some problems as well as many blessings.

Grandfather Taylor was a brick layer and carpenter. He and Hannah Eliza Warren had five children who were mostly supported and cared for by their mother, as Grandfather was often away in hiding because of the problems of practicing polygamy at that time. After the Manifesto in 1890, Hannah and Samuel Taylor were divorced.

In 1892, Samuel Taylor and his wife, Mary Ann, came to Marysville, Idaho and took up a homestead a mile north of the townsite. They built a log home in which they were living when Grandfather Taylor filed his homestead claim at the Courthouse at St. Anthony in 1895.

Dad's mother, Mamie Ann Taylor, was born on 10 Dec. 1878 in Brigham City. She and Abraham Baron Hillam were married in the Logan Temple on 31 March 1897. When Abe turned twenty-one, that year in October, he inherited a little home in Brigham City from his mother and settled happily into it. Loren Abraham was born 7 Feb. 1898. He had pretty blond ringlets and was a sweet child. In 1900 Charles Elmer was born on February 2. That same year Abe and Mamie came from Brigham City by train to Egin Bench to visit Abe's uncle, George Wood and his family. Uncle George brought them to Marysville to visit Mamie's father, Samuel Taylor. Abe fell in love with the area, so when Grandfather Taylor offered to sell the place to him, he was most anxious to make the move. Mamie wasn't so happy about it, but she went along with it and made the best of it for the rest of her life.

They arrived back at the homestead in Marysville on Loren's third birthday, 7 February 1901. They moved into the log home with Grandpa Taylor and Aunt Mary Ann. Sadness came that very year, as little Charles Elmer passed away on 30 August. He was buried in the Pineview cemetery. Then the next year, on 11 July 1902, another little son was born. He was named Warren Nephi and he lived only five and a half weeks. So, when George Marvin was born on 19 July 1903, he was only the second son to survive and Loren was five and a half years old. Mamie didn't have a doctor to help with the deliveries but a midwife came, either a Mrs. Cunningham or Mrs. Loosli, who was Diamond Loosli's wife - Dad thinks he's heard it was Sister Loosli who helped deliver him. He was blessed by Bishop Willson of the Marysville Ward on 6 Sept. 1903. While he was a baby, he developed a lung condition, probably an allergy, and so he and his mother camped out in the mountains in the higher altitude for a time.

When Dad was two and a half years old, another little boy was born, Ronald Clyde, 2 November 1905. He passed away on Christmas Eve at only six weeks of age. So, in the course of four years, Abe and Mamie had lost three of their baby sons, then on 13 July 1906, Grandfather Taylor died. Dad was three years old. Aunt Mary Ann moved to Rexburg then, where she passed away a few years later. Two more sons were born: Gordon Rodney, on 2 June 1907 and Norman Roy on 15 May 1910, making seven sons in the family. Then the girls came. Five in all. They are: Alta Blanch, born 25 February 1913; Mildred Hannah, born 13 July 1915; Velma, born on Gordon's tenth birthday, 2 June 1917; Mary on 21 January 1921; and Vera, born on 6 May 1923. Vera was an adorable, happy baby, so much enjoyed by the family. She developed pneumonia and passed away on Mother's Day, just after her first birthday.

As I don't know of any written record of the trials of those first five years in Marysville, we can only imagine how hard it must have been to endure. But Abe and Mamie came through. They were good, faithful people. Of his Dad, my Dad says, "he was a good provider and he believed in obedience". He held himself to that creed too, in his obedience to the principles of the Gospel. They were industrious and thrifty people. Cash was scarce; they produced most of the food they used, but through their diligence, the farm prospered gradually and they were always able to have the necessities and some of the comforts of life. Mamie was a fine seamstress and a meticulous housekeeper. She taught her daughters the same skills.

Dad remembers having plenty of work to do when he was a child. At the age of six he started school at the Marysville Elementary School. Two favorite teachers were Miss Wheeler in the fourth grade and Austin Belnap. The school room was heated with a coal and wood pot-bellied stove. The lunches were left in the hall where they were frozen solid. At lunch time they were brought in and thawed by the stove. Dad walked to school and back and sometimes rode a horse or went in the horse-drawn buggy or sleigh. His favorite friend at school and long years later was Lloyd Johnson. There were times for play and fun and Dad played ball, marbles, hopscotch, and kick-the-can at recess, as well as whenever friends could get together.

Dad enjoyed music and had a nice singing voice. He participated in the chorus at school and had several parts in operettas and school plays.

At home there were many chores to do; such as pumping water for the stock, gardening, sawing, chopping and carrying in wood, herding and milking cows, and feeding pigs. The family had all kinds of farm pets - horses, mules, dogs, cats, chickens, pigs, ducks and geese.

Dad was baptized on 3 September 1911 by his father, Abraham B. Hillam and confirmed the same day by Diamond M. Loosli.

He was member of the first scout troop in Marysville Ward and remembers a time when P.D. McArthur, as Scoutmaster, took them up to Table Rock in the Teton Canyon. Mr. McArthur, who had no handbook, taught them self-preservation, using methods of the government scouts (these methods were taught to Mr. McArthur by Orson Broadbent).

He joined the Ward Choir at fifteen years of age and had a few voice lessons from Belle George Wood (Lupton). In his teen years, during the summers he worked on the farm and also skidded timber, getting out poles and wood for winter, and worked for a time in a sawmill. An especially enjoyable recreation at that time was attending the Friday night dances.

About his early school years, Dad quotes, "I started school in the old Marysville school house. It was an old two-story rickety building with pot-bellied stoves in each room with just a thin board partition between the room. The bigger boys cut holes in the sides so we could look through to see what they were doing in the other room. When they'd sing, we'd sing too, because if we'd do anything else but sing we couldn't hear. It got so rickety that when we'd march upstairs we'd have to break step and not all step on the step at once or the stairs would have fallen in. We moved from there into the new school house when it was completed in 1913. I was in the fourth grade. When I graduated from the eighth grade from the new building, I was close to fifteen. Then I skipped one year there, we just didn't have any money. So I worked around where I could get a little job and just kinda half stayed busy. The next year I went to Rexburg and started school and that was the year the flu closed the school down, so I didn't go back after that. Some few did, but very few. So, I went back in 1919 and 1920, and then went to school out here in Ashton the rest of the time."

While he was attending Ricks Academy for those two years he lived with Aunt Diana Eckersell. At Ricks he enjoyed attending Seminary, he especially liked the Religion classes. He also took agriculture and carpentry classes.

Dad's Priesthood advancement was as follows: He was ordained a Deacon on 20 Nov. 1916 by Horton B. Leavitt; a Teacher on 6 June 1920 by James M. Inman; a Priest on 6 March 1922 by Washington Lemmon.

In 1918 the Washington Lemmon family moved from Rigby to Marysville and were friends and neighbors to the Hillam family. Brother Lemmon was sustained a Counselor to Bishop Abe Hillam in 1919, a position he held until the Lemmon family left Marysville in 1927. The Lemmon family had a pretty daughter named Laura May who was just a year younger than Dad. Besides her beauty, she was a sweet natured and efficient young lady. She had learned much about taking care of a home and family in her parent's home, as they had ten children while Laura lived at home (one more son was born later). On 30 November 1922, Dad and Mother were married at the Lemmon home by Grandpa Hillam, the Bishop.

Later that winter, Dad went to Pocatello and worked in the shops at the railroad yard. Mother joined him there in mid April. It was a short time that they were there--not over eighteen months. They lived on North Grant street in a little two room house behind the home of the landlady, Mrs. Gladwyn. I was born there--a sleepy, scrawny kind, and Mrs. Gladwyn helped Mom take care of me. The next year, on 2 April 1924, Dad and Mother and I were sealed to each other in the Salt Lake Temple. Dad had been ordained an Elder on 23 Dec. 1923 by Moses A. Pond, who was the Stake President. President Heber J. Grant was there and assisted with the ordination, which made a lasting impression on Dad. Ever since, he has had a soft spot in his heart for President Grant.

Shortly after the trip to the Temple, we came back and lived in the brick house on the corner in Marysville. On 3 April 1925, Lauretta Grace was born there. Dad was a ditch rider in 1924 and 1925 and then in 1926 they moved to the "old place" a mile east of Grandpa Hillam's where Dad began his farming career. He rented that eighty acres, which joined Grandpa's eighty on the west, from Homer Henry. From 1927 into the late 1930's, Dad also farmed the south eighty acres of the Geisler place. In 1938 the folks bought the place they had rented for eleven years, and owned their first land. Then, when Grandpa Hillam retired and moved to Ashton, they bought the "homestead", and 1943 was their first crop. They moved down into the home in the summer of 1944. At that time, Wayne Johnson rented the south eighty acres of the Geisler place and Dad farmed his own two eighties and the north eighty of the Geisler place, making his 240 acres in a line. A few years later, Stanley Loosli bought the Geisler place and Dad rented from him for awhile, but gave that up after he bought the Whittle place in 1952.

To quote Dad, in answer to the question of how farming has changed between 1926 and 1977, "Farming was entirely different then--not even related to what it is now. We had four or five horses and worked them in the field. Our horses were our power and our transportation entirely for many years there. We didn't have any water so we didn't have much crop, so we just existed. I don't know how. I couldn't get a job; especially along in 1927 and '28 and then again in 1934 and '35 --real hard times. Now it's so different, it's not even related to the same occupation, hardly. It used to be if we had a good day with five horses on a two-bottom plow you could plow four acres a day, if you had a good eight or nine hours to do it in. Or, harrow around twenty acres a day with two sections of harrow and four horses, or we would use three sections of harrow sometimes. We could plant twelve or fifteen acres in a good day with horses. We had some good horses, and some that were not so good--we changed and traded around, bought harnesses, and had general expenses and never could catch up to where we had all the machinery we actually needed. Then in 1940, about then, we got some more water and did a little better after the reservoirs were actually built. We've done pretty well since then. We accumulated something, and in 1940 I got the Ford tractor. I paid nine hundred and fifteen dollars for the tractor with a hang-on plow on it. Then we bought other pieces of machinery to go with it--cost a hundred dollars each. They made that kind of a practice, that they'd sell implements for that Ford with a hydraulic lift, which was the first hydraulic lifts on the market. Now all the tractors have hydraulic lifts. This last tractor, instead of costing nine hundred and fifteen dollars, with the plow, it cost eighteen thousand, seven hundred fifty dollars for the bare tractor, with air-conditioning and radio. It has all these things which are of no value--only on really bad days--the rest is just a convenience. They're not really practical, unless the cab, you'd say, is of use--it keeps out the dirt and it's better.

"Potato farming was all done by plowing out one row at a time with a little shaker business, like a hand plow, and we'd have to dig a good many that we'd see just parts of. We'd scratch them out of the ground, put them in buckets and dump them right in the wagon box and drive up to our little cellar--put them in the buckets again and hand them down the little door into the cellar and dump them. We had little troughs, and the different things we tried. And that was the beginning of spuds. We'd cultivate them with one horse on the cultivator. He'd go straight up and down the rows and turn around and go back. Sometimes, we had to ride the horse. That would be my job. Papa would hold the cultivator. Some horses were good at it and some would just drive you crazy because they'd cross rows, and you had to just watch every step.

We all had something to do. 'Course, Gordon and Loren, as soon as they could go to school, they did; and stayed right in school till they got jobs. There were plenty of us to do the work, but there wasn't any pay - much. Couldn't get a price for our crops. 'Course, we always had the cows, and they sure helped us. When we didn't have enough pasture, nor feed, it was hard to keep them. After we got steady water, we had good cows. When we came down on this place, I had twelve as fine Holstein cows as you could buy now--or then either. They were from the Reform School. We used to have registered Holstein cattle. We got the bulls from the School for the Blind in Denver. We had water then and pasture. It made us a job--we had to haul our own cream then. We'd run it through the separator and sell the cream. It didn't make much money, but it sure helped get us on our feet a little. 'Course, after we got water, then prices got a little bit better. In '42 and through there, during World War II, prices were pretty fair. Then we had a good crop of peas two or three times and that was helpful."

We leave his comments on farming now, as Leona has asked about Dad's Church positions. They were many and varied and stretched over a period of sixty years. That sixty years started with his being the President of his Deacon's Quorum at fourteen years of age, to his teaching a Sunday School class in "Family Relations" at age seventy-four. Some of his Church positions are not recorded as to dates, time, etc., but just recorded from his memory and a few written records; they make an impressive list of deeds of service in the Church. Besides being President of the Deacon's Quorum, he was also President of the Teacher's Quorum and also the Priest's Quorum. Quote from the tape: "They were handled a little different then than they are now. Then, you had to be fourteen years old before you could be a Deacon. Then you could go to Mutual. So when I was fifteen, Edmund Gooch had me for his secretary in the Mutual for a number of years and then Milt Humphreys was the President and I was his secretary. After that, I believe I was the President until I went to Pocatello and then was made President after we came back and altogether, I think I was in the Mutual Presidency for about twenty-one years." At the same time, he worked as a teacher in the Sunday School. In fact, he taught in the Sunday School for over forty years. He worked in the Sunday School Superintendency for several years before he was sustained as a Counselor to Bishop James Stringham of the Marysville Ward in May 1944. He was ordained a High Priest by Spencer W. Kimball on 28 May 1944. He served in the Bishopric for almost nine years. After that he was a member of the Yellowstone Stake Sunday School Board and enjoyed traveling around the Stake to visit the Sunday Schools. Also, in the late thirties and early forties, he was President of the Fourth Elder's Quorum of Yellowstone Stake. We haven't figured up how many years Dad has served as a Ward and Home Teacher. That service isn't over. He's still Home Teaching at age 76. One of the highlights of the past few years has been, and is, the weekly trips to the Idaho Falls Temple to do work for the dead with good friends, Joe and Edna Heward.

Dad served also for many years on the Marysville School Board. His duties included helping to interview new teachers. There were some outstanding teachers at the Marysville school in those years. Some of them were Rulon Shepherd, Clyde Bates, Harold Baker, Eugene Rich, E. L. Martin, and Elaine Tew. The starting wage for lady teachers was sixty dollars a month. The teachers came from Albion Normal School, Ricks College, or Box Elder County in Utah. Eugene Rich was hired to be the Principal at a hundred dollars a month and later got a raise to a hundred and ten.

Although traveling isn't one of the things Dad has done most often, he has had some enjoyable trips. Quote: "I flew down to Jackson, Mississippi when Rulon was coming home from his Mission. He was in the Florida and Mississippi Mission then. Now there are about three missions in that same area. We went to California when Z.J. Egbert and Rulon were in the Army down there. We took their wives down--went with Zeke and Louise in their car. Good trip. We went to Connell, Washington to Vonda's several times--once, with Russ and Marie Egbert. I saw that country change quite a bit."

About special activities and hobbies, Dad has this to say: "I like anything outside. I like animals--any kind of animal that's under control. Guess I'll have to say I like horses best and I've had some good ones. Loren and I used to go down here, to the river, fishing, wearing some old shoes, and wade clear to our waists, and come walking right on home in the same clothes. We'd usually have a good amount of fish, just from fishing there for about a mile or mile and a half. Now it's all over--it's been fished to death down there."

One of Dad's special talents has been his good singing voice. He was a member of a choir continually until very recent years, when his blindness kept him from seeing the music. He was in a special men's chorus for many years that was conducted by Golden and Lisle Andrus. They sang for many funerals and various programs around the area. As a young man, Dad took part in plays and musicals in the Marysville Ward. That was the main community entertainment of the day.

Now Leona asks: "Do you remember anything about your children as they were growing up?" Does he. I quote his exact words: "Well, our poor kids were just born to starve, that's all there was to it--we just some way got by--we don't know how. Things were cheaper then. The other kids in school were the same--not anyone had any money, any more than barely to get along on. We used to say we had it better than the generation ahead of us too, but it wasn't uncommon to make the six and eight year old girls a pretty nice little gingham dress for fifty cents; got them a good pair of stockings for twenty-five cents. Shoes would be two or two and a quarter for pretty good shoes then. We seemed to have plenty of food. We always kept a cow, and as a rule, had some chickens around and that helped. We always had a good garden and had time to take care of it. Sometimes we wouldn't have enough water for it, so we'd pump and pack water and sprinkle some of the plants to try to help to develop them out. We got by and it seemed like the kids were healthy as a rule. Guess we had plenty of measles and chicken pox, common things like that.

All the kids were born at home--not in any hospital, except the last time when Laura was so sick. We didn't have many hospital bills, in fact, there were not many hospitals to go to--wasn't common to go to a hospital. We paid thirty-five dollars to Doc Hargis, and we'd start to save early. That was the full price. Of course, that's all he did was just come and deliver the baby and then Mama or someone else would come in and help us for awhile each day for ten days. Then they would stay in bed with the baby for ten days, just really have a good recreational rest. Nowadays it costs two thousand dollars to have the baby and you have to get up and go home in three days. That's a big difference.

Seemed like we had some clothes--made over some, and like that, and got by. We always had coats on, and mittens, or wet gloves, or something to worry about. We had our troubles, but I don't remember that the kids had many broken bones. Lola was quite sick a couple of different times. Rulon got rheumatic fever and that wasn't easy for him for quite awhile. I was surprised when Lola told me a few years ago that she didn't know we were poor, all the other kids were just alike, so I guess we shouldn't have worried about it too much, but we always did, sorry we couldn't have more for them; but, they were better off out where they had to work and everybody had a job and something to do when they got home from school."

I know that, as a child, I was happy with my life at home. Like Lola, I never knew nor felt that we were "poor". I was proud of my parents. I knew that my Dad was very wise, Mother taught me that when I was very young. She'd tell me how he was careful with the money and always had some put away in case of emergency. I thought of that hundred dollars several times. I don't know if Mother ever told me it was that amount, or if I just thought that sounded like plenty.

As I think back today on our childhood home, I wonder how there was ever room enough to raise seven children in those three rooms and back porch. But at the time, it was a wonderful home. One of the reasons that we weren't too crowded was because we didn't have many of the household "things" we have to clutter our homes today.

I can yet feel the peaceful, warm, cozy feeling of all of us being in that big room during a raging blizzard--a fire burning in the cook stove as well as in the small heating stove by its side. We children would be playing with paper dolls on the table or "putting on a show" (the stage was in front of the stove), or, we'd be sewing clothes for little dolls, or playing "house" with our big dolls. Mother would be making lunch of scrambled eggs and warmed up potatoes or tomato soup, made from a can of tomatoes. My memory recalls those because those were my favorite meals. Mother even made toast sometimes (from the homemade bread, of course) on top of the cook stove. Delicious! All this while Dad would be sitting in the rocking chair, sometimes with his feet on the oven door; they'd probably gotten frozen while he was out taking care of the animals in the blizzard. Once in a while he'd say "Take a look out and see what it's doing out there now." And I'd hope the wind was still blowing so we could all stay inside and feel that good coziness.

Dad often had time to play with us children. Most of his play was teasing, and usually too rough, and we'd yell "Mama, help, Mama!" He's always been one to need someone near him while he works or thinks, or just lives. He was a wonderful delegator. I'll bet he could think up more jobs per hour than any U.S. President. That's probably why we children were usually so content if we were playing. If anyone showed any antagonism, Dad could think up a job to take our minds off quarreling.

The years must have seemed long during the struggle of the depression and until the farm began to prosper in the early forties, but after that, at least a "living" wasn't such a struggle. After Dad bought the home from Grandpa, then they could have more of the "comforts of life". However, not long after they moved down from the old place, Mother developed sugar diabetes and her health was never the same again. Also, her rheumatic heart was a growing problem. So, for seventeen years, and especially more to the end of those years, she couldn't do what she wanted to do, and that was a heavy cross for her to bear because she'd always been so well and had worked hard all her life.

Laura May Lemmon Hillam passed away in the Ashton Memorial Hospital on 2 Dec. 1961. Her death was a crushing sorrow to Dad and an unbelievable loss to all of us, children and grandchildren. She did live to see her family each married in the Temple, and grandchildren growing up quickly, in number and stature. Seven children and thirty-three grandchildren survived her, as well as her mother and six brothers and three sisters.

Dad and Mother were the parents of the following family:

Nina..born in Pocatello on 17 April 1923, married to Glen Paul Myers 27 May 1941.
Lauretta Grace..born in Marysville on 3 Apr.1925, Md to Howard Murdoch on 4 June 1946

Vonda.. Born in Marysville on 27 May 1926, Md to Frank Revere Biorn 4 June 1946.

Marvin.. born in Marysville on 15 Aug. 1927, passed away the same day.

Lola..born in Marysville on 18 Jan 1929, Md. to Alden M Packer 5 Nov. 1948.

Margaret..born in Marysville on 8 Feb 1930, Md Alvon Jerry Hansen 11 Apr 1952.

Rulon Abraham..born in Marysville on 19 Sept. 1935, Md. Marlene Rice, 12 Nov. 1953. .

Bernice..born in Pocatello on 26 Sept. 1935, Md. Robert D Davidson 9 May 1958.

A stillborn daughter born in St. Anthony on October 30, 1949.

Dad was at home alone for nearly a year after Mother died. He was serving on the Stake Sunday School Board at the time. Also on the Board was a sweet young widow, Leona Lords from St. Anthony. Their courtship developed in the late summer and fall and they were married at the Idaho Falls Temple on 9 November 1962. All ten of their children, seven of Dad's and three of Leona's were in attendance at the ceremony in the Temple that day and at a party held at Lola and Alden's home in Idaho Falls afterward.

Leona has been an angel sent from heaven. She's been a devoted wife to Dad and a kind and loving step-mother to all his family. She deserves the choicest blessings from above for the patience and tolerance she's shown through the years. She has been Dad's right hand help on the farm, and in everything else he's accomplished since she came into his life.

In 1972 Dad went into the Idaho Falls Hospital for some knee surgery, but, because of one complication after another, he spent over five weeks there and was critically ill some of that time. Then he lost more sight from his "good eye" so he was declared legally blind. Consequently, he gave up farming and leased the farm to Douglas, his brother Norman's son, and sold all except a few cattle.

The family relationship between brothers and sisters and their spouses in the Hillam family is gratifying to each of them. They all enjoy camping and some fishing, quilting bees, family reunions, a nice meal together, or whatever the reason, there's an enjoyable time in store.



GRACE, LOLA, MARGARET, RULON, NINA, VONDA, BERNICE. FRONT - MARVIN & LAURA HILLAM



"THE WHIPPIT" - Used for Transportation from
the Hillams to School and Church

BELOW: The HILLAM BOYS



JOSEPH THOMAS LAMBORN - EMILY HULDAH SPRAGUE

By Cora Lamborn Hooper

Joseph Thomas Lamborn was born February 20, 1855 in Bath Summersetshire, England. When he was 9 years old his parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and came to the United States on the ship Huston. During the trip Joseph was badly scalded and had to lie on his stomach most of the way.

The Lamborns crossed the plains with the Snow Company and settled in Laketown, Utah where his father fell from a scaffold while working on a church house, and was killed.

It was in Round Valley, Utah, that Joseph met and fell in love with Emily Huldah Sprague, who was visiting her aunt. She had been born in Grantsville, Utah, on January 16, 1858. Their marriage took place in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Sept. 26, 1878. They lived in Laketown, Utah for several years and had three children there. Then they moved to Oakley, Idaho, where Lydia was born in 1885 and died March 23, 1889 from Scarlet Fever. Then on May 6, 1889, Cora Lamborn was born. Her mother was very ill for several months. Soon after that Joseph and Emily set out to find a place to homestead, taking little Cora and her brother, Joseph, who was to help with the baby. Emily had a bed in the covered wagon as her health was not good.

They arrived in Marysville, Idaho, where Joseph staked out a homestead, then went to Oakley and brought the rest of the family to Wilford. There the children were put in school for 4 or 6 months. In the spring of 1890, Joseph built a sort of bowery and inclosed it with canvas to move the family into. Then he built a two room log house in which they lived for several years.

The farm and cattle made them a good living. The place grew rapidly, but the farms were some distance apart. The winters were very cold and the snow was often 4 or 5 feet deep on the level. Many times the children stepped from a snow drift straight across to the roof of their log house.

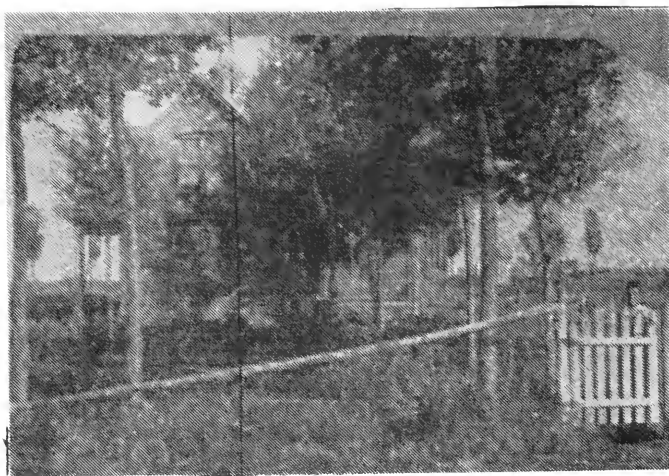
On the Fourth of July the Ward to which the Lamborns belonged, would go to the mountains to a place they called the Meadows, where they would stay 2 or 3 days. Fish and wild animals were plentiful there.



Joseph Thomas Lamborn



Joseph Thomas Lamborn Festus Sprague, Jr.
Father of Emily Lamborn



Lamborn Home - Emily Lamborn at Gate



Cora Lamborn Hooper

DIMOND AND HATTIE LOOSLI

By Lisle L. Andrus

Everyone in the Upper Snake River Valley, who knew father and mother, called them "Dime and Hattie". One time father and mother were visiting my sister, Adrienne L. Doty and family in Colorado. Their son George, then five years old, said to his little friend, Calvin, "It is easy to remember my grandfather's name--He is Dime--you know a dime? He said that he did, but the next morning he was over to George's home and said, "George, I can't remember your grandpa's name. Now was he a nickle or a quarter?"

Born - Dimond Malanjo Loosli in Clarkston, Utah, Nov. 20, 1876 and Hattie Salisbury Loosli, born in Brigham City, Utah, May 13, 1876. They were married Nov. 11, 1898 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Arriving in Marysville, Idaho in 1898, they acted as Foster Parents for six younger brothers and sisters of Hattie. They were: Hattie, Morris, William J., Rosella, Henry and Alice. They came here to be with an Aunt Mary Ann Taylor. To these children Hattie was more of a mother than a sister, with enough love in her heart for all. Their own family consisted of nine children: Herschel, Stanley, Lisle, Clayton, Adrienne, Leo, Berlin, Alden and Donald.

Father homesteaded 160 acres of ground by "proving up" on it by planting a crop on the cleared sagebrush land, every year for five years. Here father built his first one room home which later became the chicken coop. When I was about five years old, I said something which wasn't very complimentary to one of my brothers, and he said, "You don't need to act so smart...After all you were born in the chicken coop." Father built the farm home, an addition every few years as was needed for the growing family. The large red barn with the "Dimond L." cattle brand on it, is a land mark which he built.

Dimond went to school in Trenton, Utah, attended Bannock Stake Academy three winters. In fact, he intended training to be a teacher, but after one period of training he gave up the idea and said he would leave that to someone with more "patience" than he had. However, he set a goal of a High School education for each of his nine children. Several went to College, but this was if they desired more education.

Mother attended school in Granger, Utah, however, her best teaching was done in the home. An example: When my husband and I lived in the Farm Home east of Marysville, she was visiting us one day. I had just scrubbed and waxed the huge dining room floor. It was a day in April and muddy outside. Golden wanted something from his desk which was near the South entrance. Instead of going in that way, he came in the east door, walked across the huge dining room floor, leaving chunks of mud with every step. I was just ready to scold him when mother got my attention and putting her pointer finger to her lips said, "Time me". I glanced at the clock while she quietly picked up the dust pan and whisk broom and quickly swept up each chunk of mud and put it in the garbage. "How long was I?" she asked. In consternation I said, "Why, you weren't even half a minute." Then she said, "Daughter, I want you to remember that sometimes it is better to "clean up" some mud than scold about it. I am sure that you couldn't have said anything in half a minute that would have changed the situation and the house is now cleaned up and everyone is happy." I have remembered that teaching.

Our home was a happy home because mother and father taught us children to work and to enjoy life. I can remember father coming in the house one Saturday morning in the summer of 1920 and saying, "There is a good circus in St. Anthony. Get your "glad rags" on and we will see the afternoon show." What a thrill--to go to the circus and see the elephants with the pretty girls riding them!



In our home Family Prayer was held each morning. The chairs were placed, backs against the table and each one kneeling at their chairs. One morning my Aunt Alice, who lived with us, was asked to say the prayer. Just at that minute, the telephone rang. Father said, "Alice, you answer the phone." She took down the receiver from the wall telephone and said, "Heavenly Father--". The voice of our neighbor shouted, "Who?"

Father always liked music, had learned the notes, time, etc. in school and was "Choir Director" in the Marysville Ward for many years. One night in the winter time, I recall him riding a horse down the railroad track to practice. Coming home he had walked, leading the horse so he could keep warm. He came in the house with icicles from his breath hanging from his mustache. I thought, "How he must love music to suffer like that!" He was a member of the Marysville Band which played for Celebrations, etc. He played the big nickle bass horn, now owned by Theodore Taylor of Ashton. He is in the picture of the band, second from the left, behind Uncle Sam. Father taught me much of my beginning music. I practiced the pedal organ until I was in the 8th grade, when he bought Hazel Brower's piano for \$80.00. Father would count the time for me and when I would get sleepy he would send me out doors to breathe some fresh, cool air, then we would practice a while longer. I am grateful for this help and encouragement when I needed it.

Looking back on the activities of our farm, I think the most enjoyable for all of us was "Threshing Time." Father owned and operated a threshing machine called "Old Rosie." Long before the machine went in the field to thresh, father worked on the machine getting it in top running order. He would grease it at noon time, while the men were eating, then he would have his dinner later. And the meals mother would prepare for the threshers! It seemed that each farm family would prepare their "specialty" for the threshers. Ours was caramel home-made ice cream and cake. The sugar was caramalized in the big iron frying pan, then when it bubbled up, the milk and vanilla were added, and then thickened. This was allowed to cool, then we would put it in the ice cream freezer and fill it up with thick separated cream. After it was frozen, it was delicious. During harvest time, mother mixed a 50 lb. bag of Yellowstone Special flour into bread each week. Another activity at Harvest Time was to fill the freshly washed ticks for the beds with clean straw. What fun to fill them and what comfort to sleep on a bed a foot higher with the new straw!

Father had a "project" each year and taught his children to do the same. He liked to "Get things accomplished." He was always fixing things. He could weld a new edge on a plow share without a welding machine. He welded metals together using only a forge and a big hammer. His sons loved to spend rainy days in the Shop with their father, learning first hand some of his skills. One of my most precious possessions are the quilting clamps he made from large bolts. They are

strong and durable. One year his "project" was to take a sedan body off an old car and put it on a sleigh pulled by a team of horses. There were two slits in the front where the reins came through. This was really a deluxe outfit--used mainly to go to church in the winter time.

Dimond Loosli was a true community leader and held many offices in his church. He was Fremont County Assessor; he served as State Representative in 1931 and as State Senator in 1923. He was not a politician, but a statesman. He was one of the directors of the Brady Canal, and spent most of his life serving both his community and church in public affairs.

Mother was an accomplished and gifted woman. She could knit and crochet and made many pairs of booties for the new babies. She could sew a fine seam and made lovely dresses for my sister and me. In those days we had a Christmas dress, a Birthday dress and a 4th of July dress. She also made shirts for our brothers. I remember hanging twenty-one shirts on the line at one washing and couldn't understand mother's remark, "These poor boys, I must get busy and make them some more shirts." One evening in the winter time we had just finished ironing a rack full of white shirts. This rack was near the stove. One of the boys wanted the stove to "hurry" and heat up so he poured some coaloil on the coals....Well, there was an explosion and all of those white shirts were covered with black soot. Of course they all had to be washed again, but we did it.

At a very early age, Adrienne showed a "know how" for sewing. Mother and I went to Ashton one day and as we were leaving, Adrienne, then 12 said, "Mother, may I make me a dress from your old navy blue one?" Mother said she could. When we returned, about three hours later, she had made her a darling dress with red and white checked gingham collar and cuffs edged with lace. But she had cut up the better of two navy blue dresses mother had. Mother told me later that if she had said a "discouraging word" it may have been the last of her sewing. When mother was older, Adrienne made many beautiful dresses to fit her. She was so proud of them.

Mother was Relief Society President of the Marysville Ward for 12 years. She was a charter member of the Sariah Camp of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Mother learned to drive the first Ford father bought. She was 50 years old at the time, and realized that there would be many times when the men could not take her where she needed to go. She was a good, cautious driver. She got her license renewed when she was 88 and passed the test 98%. I asked her how she did it, and she replied, "I read the true and false questions and it seemed to me that most of them were true, so that is what I wrote." Mother loved her dark green 1949 DeSoto car. She took her neighbors and friends to church, meetings, shopping, Woman's Camp,, etc. That DeSoto car is still running and in good condition ---1979.

Father often repeated the following poem to us:

Be the Best of Whatever You Are
By Douglas Malloch

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill
Be a scrub in the valley - but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,
And some highway some happier make;

If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass -
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew
There's something for all of us here.
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do.
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail.
If you can't be the sun be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail -
Be the best of whatever you are!

Father was a teacher in the Gospel Doctrine class in the Marysville Ward for many years. I have heard him bear this testimony many times: "Remember this, the church stands or falls on the Prophet Joseph Smith -- Either he was a Prophet and saw God the Father as he said, or else -- he was a liar, a cheat, a charlatan. There is nothing in between. You either totally accept the Joseph Smith story, or you must reject every facet of it. It's either the truth or a lie. There is nothing in between."

Father was a beautiful penman. In his youth he sustained an injury to the pointer finger of his right hand. However, this finger was in the proper position to hold a pen properly for writing the Palmer Method.

Father and mother filled a mission for the L.D.S. Church to California in 1940. They were able to make many friends and do much good there.

In November 1942 father bought a lovely home, 809 Idaho Street, Ashton, Idaho. They retired there, however, father was ill with cancer and passed away Easter Sunday, April 6, 1947. Mother lived 20 years after father passed away. She died two days before her 90th birthday and was buried May 14, 1966.

Father and mother are buried in the beautiful Pineview Cemetery in Ashton, Idaho. Their resting places are not far from father's parents, Ulrich Loosli, and Elizabeth Eggemann Loosli.

GRANDFATHER ULRICH LOOSLI . . . AS I KNEW HIM . . . By Stanley Loosli

Grandfather Ulrich Loosli was born in Switzerland and came to the United States about the time the Mormons were well established in Utah, September 1860. He returned to Switzerland on a mission with Karl G. Maeser. It was while in Switzerland he met Elizabeth Eggiman who had been deserted by her husband Samuel Baumann. She had two daughters and was pregnant at the time. He brought her back to Utah with him and when his first wife met her, she chased him out with a broom. He then married Mrs. Baumann and she became the mother of his sons. When I asked him why he would break up a marriage, he answered that her husband was a drunkard and would not provide for her. The two daughters married Fuhrimann brothers.

He must have had holdings along the Bear River, because Father used to say what fun they had swimming in Bear River because the water was so warm. Grandfather came to Idaho and filed on the property just north of Ashton, which was my Father's place. Uncle Joe Loosli and my Father completed the homesteading. He made his home on Uncle Boundy's property west of Ashton.

Grandfather was 'clothes conscious' up until the time he died. He was pro-German during the beginning of the first World War. He blamed the English for the war. English was a foreign language so Father and his family spoke German in their home. When it came time for Grandfather's retirement, he wanted to retire with our family. Father then added the bunk house and put in a good wood stove with an open hearth for him. It was here he spent many hours looking at the fire and dawdling his foot. He became a shoemaker with his awl, his lasts and other tools he used to fix our family's shoes, as well as those of the neighbors. He used to say, war is so cruel because the young have to die when he wouldn't mind going, because he was the last of his generation. All his friends were gone. He died at the age of 86 in his sleep.

My Grandmother Loosli was a midwife. She was killed in an accident while returning from delivering a baby at Farnum, Idaho. People say she was a very good looking woman. I pass by the very dugway and rock where she was found as I drive to my son Curtis Loosli's place.

Grandfather always wanted to be a Doctor and when the boys brought him to our place they gave him \$500. He spent it all on herbs in Utah. He steeped them on Mother's kitchen stove, but no one would buy the medicine he made, so that ended that venture. He was bent on making shoe polish. He got a big wooden barrel, filled it full of acid of some kind, added all the old scrap iron we had around the ranch and when all the scrap iron was dissolved, it made a black looking substance. Perfect shoe black! He had us kids put our shoes in it. It shriveled our shoes up so we had no shoes to wear. So another project was abandoned. The last trip to church was when Uncle Boundy got him in his new Overland car riding over the rough roads. He hit the ceiling of the car three times. After that he said never again and he didn't. Shock absorbers were eventually invented so that people weren't thrown to the ceiling.

He learned English so he could read without glasses. He enjoyed the tri-weekly Deseret News and history books. The Deseret News was pro-Mormon and the Tribune was anti-Mormon. Eventually they united and both were partisan.

Grandfather was group commander when people were crossing the plains in wagons. He often said it wasn't as bad as reported and that there was a lot of class preference. For instance, a bishop's wife got preferential treatment over the other

women. He always had his own money which Uncle Bounty gave him and he had a case of white cherries which he would eat and then swallow the pits. He said he never had any stomach trouble or constipation when he ate germade mush and swallowed cherry pits.

They say the worst thing that can happen to a man is to lose his wife. I think of all the lonely years he spent. Uncle Boundy was the influence that got him to come to Marysville. Ed, Dimond, Andrew and Joe were his other sons. Andrew disappeared over a family quarrel and they never heard of him again. Father had faith that he would return again. That was sad for the boys and Grandfather.

There is a story about the time he went to the Circus in Rexburg. He left in the early morning while it was still dark. He started the horse in the right direction and tied the reins and went to sleep. After many hours he decided it was time to feed the horse and let it rest. He tied it to a nearby fence. When it came about daylight he realized that they had been going in a circle and the horse had returned to its own farmyard fence.

We were always proud that he chose our Mother instead of Aunt Nell or Aunt Minn to stay with. Mother was real good to him, seeing that water was heated for a bath and that he had clean clothes, clean bedding and plenty of good food. Of all of us children, he especially liked Berlin. Berlin was named after the German city of Berlin. He used to tell us of Switzerland. He told us how hungry they were when they were kids. How when fish would come up the creek to spawn, they would lie on the bank, tickle the fish on their bellies and grab real hard when they came to the gills. These fish would often be all the meat they had for a year.

In 1960 we made a trip to France to the Rotary Convention. While there we visited Grandfather's old homestead, saw the creek where they caught the fish. We visited the church where Grandfather was baptised, and we visited with some of our Loosli relatives. They are a family to be proud of.

J. HARLOW HENDRICKS
Ashton Herald-Dec. 29, 1977

Mr. Hendricks was born October 15, 1899, at Rexburg, son of John Henry Hendricks and Carla Wahlen Hendricks. The family lived in Marysville until after his graduation from the eighth grade, when they moved to Mount Glen, Ore. Later the family returned to Marysville and Mr. Hendricks attended Ricks Academy at Rexburg.

He served in the U.S. Army during World War I, and had the position of bugler. On June 16, 1920, he married Thelma Egbert. The marriage was later solemnized in the Logan LDS Temple. The couple farmed in various communities until moving to Blackfoot in 1950.

Harlow was a member of the LDS Church and was a High Priest of the Blackfoot 12th Ward. He and his wife served a two-year mission to the Southwest Indian Mission at Holbrook, Ariz. He was custodian of the LDS Tabernacle in Blackfoot and maintained that position after the building became the Bingham County Auditorium. This couple had three sons, Jack, Robert, and Don and four daughters, Zella Faye, Norma, Betty Lou, and Thelda living at the time of Harlow's death, December 20, 1977.



HISTORY OF OTTO H. JOHNSON AND ROSELLA SALISBURY JOHNSON

By Vera Johnson Orme

To the conquering and civilizing forces which have made the northwest of the United States, in a large measure, a garden instead of a wilderness, and the home of happy, prosperous people, honorable mention, along with other pioneers of Fremont County, should go to Otto H. Johnson and his wife, Rosella.

Otto H. Johnson was born on the 18 of November, 1875, in Brigham City, Utah, the eldest son of twelve children, born of noble pioneer parents who passed these virtues on to their fine family. As a boy in Preston, Idaho, he herded cows, worked in the timber, riding horseback, helped build canals and worked in lumber mills. He was able to get out on his own while fairly young. When he was 17 years old, Otto went to Malad, Idaho to drive a four horse freight outfit...freighting from Malad, Idaho to Ogden, Utah for supplies.

To encourage people to settle a new country, the government passed the Homestead Act, which gave 160 acres of free land to any citizen of legal age who would live on the land, five years and improve it. Otto became excited at this prospect of getting land. He and his brother Herman, started out for Marysville on April 28, 1898, with \$1.00 and their saddle horses, to start new lives for themselves. It took them ten days to make the trip from Preston, Idaho.

When they arrived in Marysville, Idaho, they both filed on different homesteads and right away built log cabins and got out timber for them, and also built stables for the horses. The 160 acres Otto filed on were located close to the Snake River, north of where the Herschel Egbert land is now. The homestead had shallow soil and was rock, but it was close to the river so water was more available. The homestead Herman Johnson filed on was located where Herman Warnke's farm is now. They "proved up on the land" until 1904 at which time the property was declared free of obligation and they received the titles to their homesteads.

Rosella Salisbury Johnson was born in Salt Lake City in the Territory of Utah on March 31, 1884. In early adolescence, at the age of 13, she suffered a tragic experience when she lost both her parents in death. As an orphan she was cared for by her brother, sister, and friends. When Rosella was 14 she moved into the new State of Idaho where she and her sisters, Hattie and Alice (2 yrs. of age) and brother, Henry, traveled by train to Market Lake (now Roberts, Idaho) where they were met by Sam Taylor with a team and covered wagon. There were no bridges across the Snake River so they had to ford the streams as they went. They arrived in Marysville and established themselves in the small community there.

Rosella found work helping to cook for the sawmill crew at Warm River for \$1.10 a week. She would say that would buy a pair of shoes and stockings. She lived with Annie Gooch who had the first post office there.

It was while working at the sawmill that she met Otto H. Johnson, who also worked there, and at the age of 16, Rosella gave her heart to this fine young man and homesteader, and they were married March 21, 1900 at the home of her sister, Dimond and Hattie Loosli.

They began their life together in an unpretentious cabin on the homestead close to Snake River, from which they hauled water in barrells on a cart which they pulled so they would have water at their home. Times were not easy on a homestead in those days and Otto, to augment the meager income from the farms, worked in the forest much of the summer season for a number of years.

Otto and Rosella knew the meaning of pioneering and saw the development of this part of Fremont County from the beginning. The prevailing methods of travel were by horses and buggy or horses and wagon. There were no strands of barbwire to serve as fences, separating neighbor's properties from each other. They were in Marysville when the first man by the name of Owens climbed the Grand Tetons. Other interesting events were: A merchant from St. Anthony built a storage of Teton River waters in a reservoir north of the river, and women suffrage was won two years before they came to Marysville in 1896, along with the right to vote.

In 1908 Otto built another cabin or pioneer room. A square log house lined with white factory, a post in the middle to support the dirt roof, with a cross piece on top for added support, and the post was trimmed with pink and white crepe paper. Oh, you may laugh, but everyone thought it was the cutest room, with the bedroom, living room and everything combined. The small range was in the center with half of the room carpeted with homemade carpets, while the rest of the floor was bare and scrubbed with lye and homemade soap until the old rough boards were white. This cabin was located back in the field and the road was staked with willows in case of a blizzard there would be markings to find it.

Otto later got timber out and built a big log barn, a chicken coop and a wash house. He continued to work hard. Their resources were, of course, cream, butter, milk, chickens and gardens. He would trade wood and horses along with farming the land. He also worked on building canals in the area, the Brady or Marysville canal, particularly. He sometimes worked on building roads in Yellowstone Park. He was the first man to drive a team and wagon down into Bear Gulch.

Rosella, like all the pioneers, used her many talents through necessity, such as keeping her large family clothed in hand made dresses for the girls and suits for the young boys. Made overs were common and they wore everything until it was completely worn out. Yet she found time to beautify her home with crocheted doilies, tablecloths, pillowcases and other arts of working with her hands. She was also an entertainer, reading stories and poems and directing plays for the audiences enjoyment.

Rosella and Otto, as time moved along, became the parents of ten children, one daughter, Lula, passing away in childhood. The children remember walking five miles to the old frame school building. Later they attended school at a new brick building. Also, attending church where there was only one room and classes were divided by curtains. Later, church was held in the brick school building in Marysville.

The children have been a credit and an honor to the communities wherein they have resided, and the sons and daughters are honored in the fields of music, ranching, law, medicine, and the military. Otto and Rosella's posterity is large with children, grandchildren and great grandchild, also in-laws who are all fine people. In the religious faith of their choice, they have held many executive positions and positions of trust.

Their life was not all drudgery. Marysville was one family and "We all helped each other." There were dances, quilting bees, and carpet bees, ball games, Ward reunions, and July 4 celebrations under the bowery, sometimes lasting all day. There was also a good band for entertainment.

Otto and Rosella purchased another farm east of Bishop Egberts from Walter Humphreys, and built another larger home which had a better location. They dug a deep well and bought a new Ford car.

In 1918, they purchased, from Mr. Jones, the Johnson family residence and land, and later remodeled and modernized it. They also purchased 80 acres north of Marysville from Bishop Horton B. Leavitt (land now owned by Bishop Egbert). Power tractors and better machinery and good crops were more heard of now. Rosella boarded school teachers. Some of them were Bertha Patterson, Miss Davis, Rosmond Mildrin, Miss Beatie, Maida Murry, Lois Gordon, LaRue Schwendiman, and Marion Larsen. She loved them all and "Those were happy days."

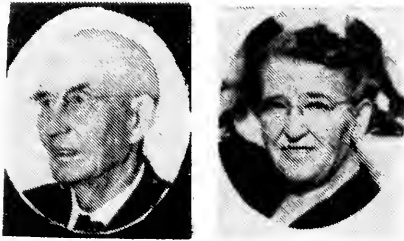
Otto and Rosella's life span covered travel from horseback to the first man on the moon.

Otto was still active at the time of his death in June, 1962, at the age of 87. In 1969, the eldest son, Lloyd N. passed away.

Rosella passed away in Nov. 1977, in Mesa, Arizona at the age of 93 years and 9 mons.

This couple left to their future generations a precious heritage with their testimonies and fine examples. They were both noble pioneers who lived in a golden era. "All who first came here should be

honored. They built roads and cultivated the soil, cleared sagebrush, built ditches, homes, and got society going. We're gathering the fruits of their labors."



Otto and Rosella Johnson



Left to right: Rosella Johnson holding Harold Johnson, Mrs. Horace Doty, Sr., Lloyd Johnson with dog, Dr. Doty sitting beside his Mother, Clive Johnson, Thelma Egbert, Blanche Johnson (Amen), and Vera Johnson (Orme)

LAWRENCE E. AND ADESSA L. CHRISTENSEN
Taken from Ashton Herald, Nov. 20, 1969



Mr and Mrs Lawrence E. Christensen Sr.

Mr. Christensen was born Nov. 5, 1888, in Payson, Utah, the oldest child of eight born to Christen and Ane Kjerstine Caroline Nielsen (Lena) Christensen. His Father was a polygamist and there were eleven children in the other family, making a total of nineteen in all.

Young Lawrence attended school in Millville, but when the family moved to Idaho, his schooling was interrupted and he was unable to continue. He was so eager to learn, however, that he taught himself as best he could through the following years.

In November, 1899, he was one of the passengers on the first passenger train from Idaho Falls to St. Anthony. Eleven years old at the time, he and his mother, three sisters and a brother left the train at Rexburg to visit with his father's other family at Burton, near Rexburg. After a 2-week visit, they continued on to their new home in Marysville by team and sleigh.

The following summer, he helped on the farm by holding the hand plow to break sod; grubbed sage brush; hauled water from the river; helped get fire wood, fence posts, poles and logs from the hills, and when any animal became lost was put on a horse and sent to find it. He never came back without the animal. At that time, most of the land east of Marysville was open country.

When he was 15 years old, his father hired him out to herd sheep for L.C. Rice, who pastured a band of sheep in the "gooseneck" in Greentimber. Since Lawrence had never even slept alone, this was a trying and homesick experience.

In later years, Mr. Christensen was a logger for a sawmill owned by himself and his brother Evan. The mill was located at first on Porcupine Creek, then was moved to Warm River.

He served 19 months in the U.S. Army, 20th Engineers, Forestry Division, during World War I. Seventeen months of this time was spent in France.

On December 10, 1919, in the LDS Temple in Salt Lake City, Utah, he married Adessa Lapree Larson, who was the 4th child of eleven born to Edwin L. and Hannah R. Stoddard (Hattie) Larson. Adessa was born Nov. 27, 1899, on the family farm in the small community called Grant Ward near Downey, Idaho.

Her family had bought a home in Parker in 1906, which they later traded for a stock ranch in Teton Basin. The Basin was their home for 9 years, then they moved to St. Anthony in 1916, and it was here Lawrence met her at a party.

While Lawrence was in the U.S. Army, their letters never passed the "Dear Friend" stage, so courtship didn't begin until after his discharge.

Since marriage, Mr. Christensen has farmed, worked on the railroad and in grain elevators. They have lived in Grayling and Lavon, Mont., Island Park and Burn Siding, Idaho, besides their present residence in Marysville.

They served on an LDS Mission from 1961-1962 on the Island of Maui, Hawaiian Islands, and later 4 summers on a High Priest Mission in West Yellowstone, Montana.

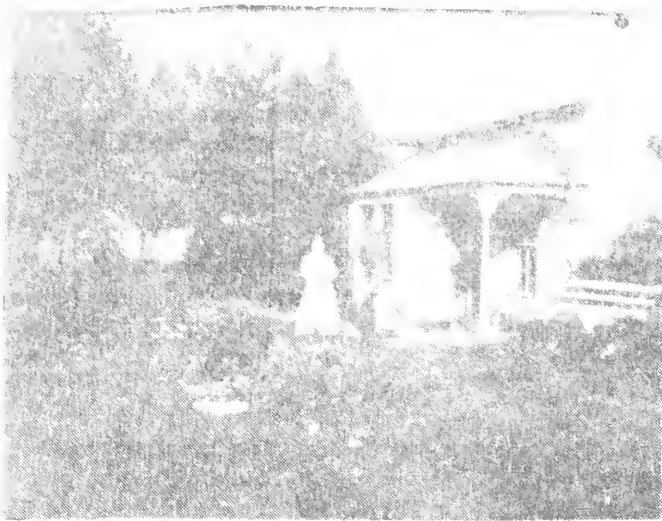
They have had three children. Lawrence E. Christensen, Jr., the oldest, and his 5-year old son, Max, were killed in an accident a year ago. Lawrence's wife, Velma, and children live in Shelley, Idaho. Another son, Keith Daniel and his family live in Idaho Falls, and an only daughter, Mrs. Lorin B. (Lapree) Taylor, lives with her family in Vernal, Utah.

LEE EARL FERGUSON
Ashton Herald, May 13, 1971

Lee Ferguson was born Nov. 11, 1888, at Fort Collins, Colo., son of Frank and Elizabeth Wolfe Ferguson. He attended schools in the Denver area, then worked as a chef there for several years. He and his brother, Ray, moved to the Marysville area in 1913. They were two of the first passengers to ride the train to Ashton. He worked in Teton Basin and Marysville as a farmhand for many years. Mr. Ferguson died May 6, 1971.

JOSEPH CHESTER PHILLIPS
Ashton Herald, March 15, 1979

Joseph Chester Phillips has been a long time resident of Marysville, Idaho. He was born May 7, 1912 at Esbon, Kans., son of John Harold and Adilla Fenner Phillips. He came to the Ashton area in 1935, and married Edna Mary Whitmore in 1936 and farmed around Ashton and Marysville until 1952. Then he and his son began logging together until Mr. Phillips became a foreman for Garland Call Pole Co. After his retirement, he worked part time for Whitmore Construction Co. of Marysville. He especially enjoyed entertaining and educating his grandsons. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips had two children, John Neal and Bonnie Pauline.



George & Hannah Wood Home at Marvsville,
 dau. Nell, Husband Frank Burrell & dau. Melba



George and Hannah Wood



George Wood Home at Marvsville



Frank Burrell gas station and cabins --
 Frank, Carmen and Melba



Frank and Nell Burrell

JOHN WILLIAM BAUM AND MYRTA ISOLA BAUM
From Luella Baum

John William Baum was the son of George Baum and Eliza Ann Allen, and was born in Provo, April 26, 1868. Myrta was the daughter of Gilbreth Oliver Haws and Luella Isola Newell. They were married 9 Jan. 1889 and came to Marysville in 1901. They had five children: Ora, Murray, Vadis, Oliver and George. George, the baby was not yet one year old.

Following is an autobiography of John William: I was a young man, married and four children. I was 32 years old and lived in Provo, Utah. It was very hard to get a job and wages were very low: \$2.90 and \$3.00 a day for man and team of horses. I had worked for the railroad company the year of 1899. We were working on the railroad in Provo Canyon and at Mouns, the road going from there to the Whitmore Coal mines.

Then in 1900, I heard of the Bighorn Basin, where there was a good opportunity for new settlers. It was my ambition to have a big farm. If I could only get it, I knew there wasn't any use of me working for such low wages. It was impossible to purchase a farm in Provo where land was so high priced. My only hope was to get land in some newer location where land was more plentiful and cheaper.

So I started out for the Bighorn Basin, along with four other men in April 1900. We were told we should take provisions enough to last us at least one year, for it would take that long before we would be able to raise anything, and there wasn't any irrigation canals. We would have to build our own canal and take water from the Shoshone River.

We were about a month on the road. We traveled about 25 miles a day. The roads were not graded at that time and were traveled very little. There were times when we had to haul our wood and water, as fuel and water were often pretty scarce. Part of the way we traveled on the Old Mormon Trail. We traveled through Provo Canyon, through Echo Canyon on to Kemmer, Green River, Lander, Wyo., Wind River, through the Shoshone Indian Reservation, on to Grey Bull and to Lovell and across the River to where the colony was located. We stayed there for awhile, looking around for land and timber to build with. The closest timber was 40 miles away.

I was selected with 4 others to go in one direction to look for timber and there were others selected to go in the opposite direction to find where the best timber was. We were all disappointed, so we left and traveled to a railroad camp, got a job and worked for awhile. The other boys quit and started back to Provo. I told them I couldn't go back, I had come up to locate for a home. I felt I had nothing to go back to in Provo, but my family, and I wanted to find a location that would be better for us all.

I was all alone. A couple of fellows came by and camped at our camp over night. They had followed along the same trails we had traveled. They were looking for a nice place to locate. They were not impressed with the Lovell, Wyoming country. They said that they had left a place in Idaho that was far more promising and that they were going back. They said it was fine if I cared to travel with them, so they waited for me to pack up and we were on our way. This was now June 15th. We traveled through the mountains. The streams were very high, deep snow in some places. The roads were very dirt. It looked to me that we were the only ones that had traveled on them so far this spring. At one place we came to a stream that was so high and water so swift, we were afraid to cross it. We followed up this

stream at least six miles before we found a place that we dared to cross, and then we came back on the other side so we had to travel 12 miles to get across that stream. We finally came to Yellowstone Park, the northeast corner. Just before we came to the park, we had to cross a very miry mud hole. One of my horses calked itself so bad I was unable to go on any farther until it got better, so again I was left alone, but the men discussed the way for me to travel to get to Marysville, Idaho. This was where they were going; it was a small settlement.

So when my horse was well again, we were on the way, following directions. I was able to find my way to the place they had described. I liked the looks of the country very much. There were about 12 families living there. The ground was very fertile and it was less than six miles to an abundance of timber for fence poles and logs to build homes and barns. The homes were all built with logs and dirt roofs.

I was fortunate to get 160 acres with a little log house on it. The house had no doors or windows, the floor was rough and the roof partly off, but I thought it could be improved. The people (Watsons) who had homesteaded it, had mortgaged it and lost it, so I was able to buy it very cheap.

I went back to Provo, told my family that we would move to Idaho, so settled up our finances and sold our home. My fifth child, George, was born 8th of November 1900. The next spring, 1901, as soon as the roads were passable, we moved in wagons, bringing the family and all we owned to our new home. We built a three room log house, a log barn, grainery and shop, and planted a crop of wheat, helped build roads and canals and became an active part of the community. We had another child born, Myrta, Sept. 15, 1905.

My wife died when the boy, Newell, was ten days old. This was a hard adjustment for the family to make. My wife's mother, Luella Haws, took the baby to Provo where she raised him to manhood. I married Urana McArthur Guthrie, 22 Mar. 1910. She had four children, 3 girls and a boy: Alta, Myrtle, Maud and Bill, so we had quite a good sized family. We built a large frame home, moving the log home to our Squirrel property near the Squirrel Store. Urana and I were married only a few years and she died Nov. 27, 1913. Later I married Lillie R. Holdaway of Provo, 9th March 1916. Her children were all married and by now mine were quite grown and some married. She died in 1923 and was burried in Salt Lake City, Utah.

In 1923 George and Oliver purchased my property and I moved back to Provo, purchasing a home. Oliver and Luella Orme Baum live in our farm home. Their son, Russell now farms all the original farm and other land that Oliver purchased.

George and Oliver farmed in partnership for ten years, then George married Dorothy Rogstad and they purchased the store at Drummond, which they operated along with a gas and oil business, until they retired. They now have a home in Ashton and spend winter months in California near their daughter, Ann Marie and her husband Darwin Ritting and their three children, Jay, Teresa and Janice. Another daughter, Bonnie and her husband, Dean Pearson and children, John and Renea, live at Pullman, Wash.

Russell and wife, Roni Minasian and children, Kent, Camille, Alan and Kristine have built a brick home, just west of Oliver and Luella. Russell manages the farm and the farms he has purchased in the Squirrel area. Kent was married August, 1978 to Trenna Kay Logan.



Ora Baum married Fred Nielson. They lived on a ranch in Teton Basin and later in St. Anthony, owning a cafe, Fred's Cafe. They have two sons and two daughters.

Murray married Esther Roberts. They lived on a ranch at Tetonia and later in Ashton. He was a potato dealer. His sons were Dr. Mark Baum, Dr. Lloyd Baum and daughter Joyce Chuljian.

Vades married Charles McOmber, and lived on a ranch at Driggs and later in Pocatello. They had three sons and two daughters.

GEORGE AND OLIVER BAUM AND
A FRIEND FROM SALT LAKE

THE WASHINGTON LEMMON FAMILY

The Washington Lemmon family lived in the Marysville area for almost ten years. Washington and his wife, Ida Ethel Hamilton, were both born in Millcreek, Utah and were married there in 1901. They came to Garfield, Idaho, near Rigby, in 1903 when it was still part of Fremont County. They farmed there until 1918 when they came, in November, to Marysville, to a farm north of town (which became the Glenn Mitchell place). Their eight children came with them at that time and the other three were born in Marysville.

In 1919 Washington Lemmon was called to be second Counselor to Bishop Abraham Hillelam. He also served as clerk of the Marysville school board for eight years. Sister Lemmon also served in the Church while they lived here, working mostly in the Primary, where she was president for a number of years.

In March of 1928 the family moved to Tyhee, near Pocatello, where they had purchased a farm. Their eleven children, all who lived to be married and have families, included: Guy Leroy, Laura May, who married Marvin Hillelam and lived in Marysville until her death in 1961, Florence Erma, Melvin Perry, Gerald Eugene, Washington Weir, Lila Vinette, Verlan Earnest, Donald Claude, Rayold Faye, and Byron D.

LIFE SKETCH OF WARD WILLARD REYNOLDS
By Daughter Joyce Clark

I was born Sept. 13, 1888 at Lawrence, Emery County, Utah, in a little log cabin built of native cottonwood timber. I was the third child born to Emily Rosenlund and Levi Burt Reynolds. Boyd, the oldest was born in Mount Pleasant, Utah on Dec. 25, 1884. Carrie, my oldest sister was born on March 26, 1886 in a dugout where the family lived before building the family cabin where I was born. Bruce Francis, my younger brother was born on Aug. 28, 1891 in a little two room brick house in Lawrence.

Schooling started for me when I was six in 1894 in an adobe one room school under Miss Page. I recall the first six years of my education and the first teachers; Don Woodard, Mr. Soduberg and George Miller. I remember Mr. Miller well, because I disobeyed him one day and he expelled me from school. After school he came to my home and straightened the problem out. I learned a great lesson in obedience early in life.

The joy of my life up to ten years of age was hunting. My father bought me a .22 Stevens rifle and that was one of my greatest pleasures, because now I could go hunting cottontail rabbits. There were hundreds of them and everyone hunted and ate them just like wild chickens.

The first day I shot a box of 50 cartridges. When I went down into the brush by Huntington Creek, when I finally shot one little half-grown rabbit, I was so excited about my big bag, I ran all the way home. Another time Boyd and I were going to the mountains for a load of dry cedar limbs. On the way out, our dog went into the brush and when he came out, a coyote was nipping him at every jump. Boyd said, "Hand me that .22 rifle." The coyote chased the dog right up close to the wagon, so Boyd thought he was close enough and shot at him. The coyote turned around and just trotted away from us. He got about 50 ft. away, turned back and looked at us and fell over dead. We jumped down and went over to him. He was shot right through the heart with the .22 short rifle cartridge. We skinned him out and tacked the hide on the granary to dry and when dry, we made a rug of it. When we came to Idaho two years later, we brought it with us. It was on my bedroom floor for years.

When I was a boy in Lawrence, there was one public meeting house about 12 feet wide and 20 feet long. This was used as a school, all church meetings and any other public function. At this time the community was composed of about 15 families. There were Danes, Swedes, Welch and English people. Nearly all of them were recent converts to the Church and had immigrated to the west.

Bishop Calvin C. Moore was my first bishop. My second was Christian Miller, Marius and Jim Millers' father. He was our Bishop when we left and came to Idaho. He later followed us to Marysville and lived for years over in Farnum.

When I got my Patriarchal Blessing at the age of six, my father being in the mission field in the Northern States Mission in Indiana and Illinois at that time, Mother took all four of us over to Castledale, about nine miles, where Patriarch Alexander Jameson pronounced our blessings.

When I was thirteen years old we left Lawrence. We pulled out of Lawrence with two wagons and a white top buggy with a team on each. Father drove one, Boyd drove one and I drove one. The second day out, we over-took another immigrant company with three wagons. the Young party. (Jack Young's relatives) Down the Salina Canyon,

just as we over-took them, one of the three wagons took off without a driver on the wagon. The wagon tipped over and rolled over down the sidehill into the river, upside down with the horses on the wagon. The women folk started to scream and carry on, saying two little girls were in the wagon asleep. A man went down the hill into the water, it was deep enough he had to swim to the wagon. He took his knife and slit the wagon cover and went in for one little girl and then the other. They were both safe and unharmed.

It was a stormy, snowy day, so we built a big campfire under some trees and stood around and visited for several hours, drying out the two little girls and waiting for the storm to pass. Later in the day we went on to Salina and stayed there that night in a little log cabin we rented for that night. It had a big fireplace. Ma made fresh biscuits, cooking them in a bake skillet.

On the 19th of April, 1902, we went up to Mayfield to visit Grandpa and Grandma Rosenlund, a little south of Mount Pleasant, and spent two nights. Then with Grandpa and Grandma Reynolds at Mount Pleasant. We also visited Uncle Henry Spencer's wife, who was Grandpa Reynold's sister Annie, and Aunt Charlotte and Uncle William Seeley. (Grandma Reynolds came to Marysville for a week to visit in about 1915. She was the only one of my grandparents I saw after we left Mount Pleasant in 1902.) We left there on the 29th of April, 1902 going to Moroni to the railroad station.

The day after arriving at Moroni, we loaded into a box car, the horses in one and all of our earthly possessions in the other, including the wagons. The wagons and buggy had to be dismantled and put in in pieces. One wagon box was used for Pa a bed. He rode in the box car. Boyd, Carrie, Bruce and Mother and I rode in the Passenger car. This was a narrow gauge railroad. When we got to Nephi, Utah, everything had to be changed to the wide gauge railroad car.

We got on a passenger train to Salt Lake and on to Pocatello and St. Anthony. We were a day ahead of Pa for he had to change all the wagons and horses and household goods to the wide gauge.

The morning we left Pocatello, on May 2, 1902, the hills were getting all green with grass and I thought it was the most beautiful country I had ever seen. Finally, some time after noon we pulled into St. Anthony and when we got out of the train there was a little snow in the air and a chilly wind. We had on our Southern Utah clothing, and I nearly froze to death. My mind quickly changed on my impressions of Idaho.

I don't know how Will McArthur knew we were coming, but he was there to meet us and took us to his home for the night, until Pa came in the next day with all our belongings. They had left Lawrence two years earlier. We had lived just across the street from them. It was a happy reunion with their ten children. We stayed two nights, pulling into Marysville the 4th day of May, 1902, and went to Uncle Moroni Farnsworth, who lived on the Johnny Brooks land. The next morning Pa got up and went into Marysville and ran into the Cordingleys and bought their home, with the only culinary well in Marysville.

The next day he bought 40 acres from Simon Jones, joining Will Baum on the south, 1 mile east of Marysville. We broke up a few acres of prairie sod and we harvested 800 bushels of oats which was threshed the 16th day of Jan. 1903, by Hall Egberts' stationary thresher which was brought into our yard on sleighs and horse powered by six head of horses.

The first school I went to in Marysville was a little school on the south side of the street from Joe Gribbel where the Tidwell girls still live. There were four

little rooms with wood stoves in each and a teacher for each room. I graduated from the eighth grade in that same school. Mrs. Taylor, Roy Dockstader, Harriett C. Wood, and Kate Kelly were the teachers. They all lived with us in our old home in Marysville. They had a room of their own and batched. I graduated under Miss Wood. They used to coax me into their rooms to recite my poems to them. Harriett C. Wood, later became County Supt. of Schools. She retired and went back to Nebraska where she died. I graduated from the eighth grade with Evelyn Mathews, Otto Sturm, Candis Loosli, Pete Sheets, Cliff Moore, Laura Price, and Frank Hardy.

The next few years were spent helping Pa plant crops in the spring and harvesting crops in the fall. Many days were spent fishing in the Snake River north of Marysville. Ma ran a hotel in Marysville and the fish were always welcome fare for the supper table.

In the spring of 1907, I went to Yellowstone Park and worked for R. C. Bryant from Chicago. He took a portable camp through the Park, taking seven days one trip and nine days another. I got \$5 a day with 4 horses and a wagon and all expenses. Horses were fed and so was I.

The summer of 1907, we loaded our wagons and supplies at the Island Park railroad station and went from there around the Park to the Thumb of the Lake, then on south into Jackson Hole, then to Teton Basin, Felt and on to Marysville. Then we unloaded at Ingling Siding, which was $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Ashton. This trip took 21 days and we had 79 tourists on this first trip. They were from Rockford, Ill. We had 49 head of horses, about 8 head of saddle horses. It cost \$5 a day and covered all of their expenses for each tourist. The road over Jackson Pass was nothing more than a cow trail. We needed good horses with good brakes to even start up the pass. My four horses were the only outfit that didn't have to be doubled when we came to trouble spots in the road or when going up and down these rough mountains. In 1908 to 1909, I made nine trips each year around the park.

In the winter of 1909, I took the park train out of Ashton at 9 o'clock in the morning and went to Ricks Academy and took the Missionary course with Alma Wood and Orlando Gooch. Then in the fall of 1909 on Oct. 8, I left Ashton to go to Salt Lake City, then on to Chicago to the Northern States Mission. I spent the first year in the Iowa Conference. The next year and a half were spent in Bloomington, Illinois, where I baptized nine people.

On returning in the spring of 1912, I went to work with Pa on the ranch until I got married on Oct. 3, 1913 in the Salt Lake Temple to LaVerna Harris, who had waited for me $2\frac{1}{2}$ years during my mission.

We were living in Grandma Harris' home in Marysville when our first baby was still-born, a baby girl. She was buried in the Marysville cemetery in Aunt Lucys' lot. Dr. Hummell cared for her and our next baby Beth, who was born March 26, 1916.

All my life has been spent in the Marysville and Ashton area, except for four years in the early twenties which was spent in Driggs. While living in Chapin, near Driggs, LaVerna came back to Marysville to be near Dr. Hargis, who delivered Morgan Ward on Sept. 3, 1918. Ruth was born Jan. 25, 1921 at Victor, Idaho with Dr. Culbertson. He drove from Driggs to Victor nine miles in a blizzard to attend her birth.

After returning to Marysville, we lived in Uncle Willard's little log house, which later on burned down. Virginia was born while living here on Feb. 17, 1923. Virginia was sickly from birth, not sleeping well, having severe sick spells during the cold winter months. Finally Dr. Hargis diagnosed it as heart trouble.

We then moved up on the hill in Marysville to the P.D. McArthur home, which I later purchased. While living here, Margaret was born on June 9, 1925. Then Atella Colleen, June 9, 1927. Then another stillborn baby boy, buried to the side of the girl baby in Aunt Lucy's lot. Joyce was born March 13, 1931, and Billie LaVern Dec. 26, 1933.

During the early years of our marriage we farmed, working with Pa and Bruce and Boyd. We milked cows and raised hay. We raised a few pigs and had some chickens. When living in Marysville, I always raised a big garden. One day while in Grandma Christensen's garden, she gave me two little shoots of gooseberry starts. In about two years we had gooseberries that were the envy of everyone around. The girls would take little red wagons full of fresh corn over to the highway and sell them to passers by.

In 1942, I started cutting cellar timbers. I cut cellar timbers for seven years, averaging about nine cellars a year. I did a lot of hard work those 7 years. I never owned a power saw. Every tree was notched by hand with an axe, then a hand saw was used to finish bringing the tree down.

I cut a cellar for Dave Davidson, Glen Troth, George Harrigfeld, Lute Sheets, Eric Kuehl, Ed Reseman and Willard Bonneru. I kept a team of horses in the hills with me to move the timber around when need be. We would pull it out to a road where a truck could get to it. Then in 1948, I traded John Hibbert houses and Ma and I moved to Ashton.

Fred Meyer, my son-in-law, Ruth, my daughter, and their son Kim came one summer and worked with me. We had several lockers full of elk meat in Tom Murdock's butcher shop. The best part of the day was the evening meal with big elk steaks, fresh garden vegetables, especially new peas and potatoes.

The next four years I went to work for Kewitt Son Construction Co. They were building the new highway over the hill north of Ashton. Sully Willis was the foreman who hired me and we became very good friends. After finishing the Ashton job, we went up into the Gallatin Valley and worked on a contract up there. While working on a rough sidehill cutting some big red fir trees, we cut a tree and it twisted and pushed me off a cliff. I was taken into Bogeman and had several ribs broken away from my back bone. While in the hospital, I asked the nurse to call a Mormon Bishop to send in some elders to administer to me. That evening his two counselors came and gave me a blessing. Jim came the next morning and I came home. I was layed up for several weeks.

I was still suffering from this accident when Dr. Larsen came to me as President of the High Priest Quorum in the Marysville Ward and asked me to go on a mission. So, I went to the Eastern States Mission in New York for seven months. During this time I was privileged to go to the Hill Cumorah pageant and talk to people as they came to the pageant. This was a marvelous experience to talk to these people. I particularly remember two ministers and answered their questions they had of the Church.

After being released from my missionary work, I visited Ruth and Fred Meyer and their son Kim, also Grandpa and Grandma Meyer who lived in New York City, before returning home to Idaho.

After returning to Ashton from my second mission, most of my time was spent in gardening and fishing and tending grandchildren. I had a strawberry patch which everyone in Ashton envied. I still spent many hours in the hills in the fall of the year, hunting deer and elk.

When Virginia was 34 years old and married, living in Butte Montana, she arrived in Ashton one day and told Mom and I she was going to Salt Lake for open heart surgery. She said she was doing this so she could live a normal life like the other girls. She spent a week visiting with us before going to have this most serious operation. Bruce, Ray (her husband) and I gave her a blessing. They went out, got in their car, very happy and satisfied at this decision they had made. That was the last time I saw Virginia alive. But she was the happiest and as well as she had ever been generally. She lived about 70 hours after the operation, then we received the word she had passed away. She was buried in Ashton at the Pineview Cemetery.

My sweetheart's health began to fail, and as a result of this she spent many hours quilting and making rugs because she was unable to get around like she had been used to. She spent many nights up doing this handwork because she was so restless and unable to sleep. She had surgery and was sick for several weeks, then returned to the hospital where she died on Sept. 21, 1961. She is buried in the Pineview Cemetery next to Virginia.

To LaVerna, my wife, my sweetheart and life long companion: Words cannot express, thoughts cannot be written or typed to start to express appreciation for my life long faithful companion that the Lord gave me in the Salt Lake Temple, who stood by my side, never questioning my faithfulness to her or our children through the trials of mortal life. God Bless her.

I've said this many a time in public and in private, that since I was a thirteen year old boy when I came to Idaho, I couldn't have gone any place on the face of the whole earth and had a happier, more satisfying life than I have had these many, many years in Idaho at the head of the great Snake River Valley. When I think of this happy life, I can honestly say that there are few instances in those many years of my life that I would make much change in, if I could do so now. Through these experiences, I have learned many, many lessons, which I have put into practice for my personal joy and accomplishments.

I could express appreciation of many pages to family, friends, acquaintances and many neighbors, of those many things that have been done for me which have made my life more pleasant and meaningful. Last, but not least, I express appreciation for my membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and for the many blessings that membership has brought into my life. For the Testimony I sincerely and humbly bear, especially to my family of loved ones, that the Church of Jesus Christ is God's Kingdom upon the earth.



LIFE HISTORY OF CARRIE REYNOLDS HUMPHREYS

The daughter of Levi Burt Reynolds and Emily Roselund Mortensen was born 26 March 1886 in Laurence, Emery County, Utah, in a small place that was called a dugout--just a hole in the ground with a roof, but just a dirt floor. This was when they first moved to the small place they called Castle Valley, the only place they could get until spring. My Father was a farmer. They moved to this place so they could get land. I was the second child. I had a brother, Boyd, 15 months older. This was in the year of 1886. I do not remember how long we lived here until they moved into a better place. We lived in this little town until 1902, and I was 16 years old.

At the age of six I started to school. My brother, Boyd, and I started the same year. We had to walk about two miles. At the age of eight I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on 12 August 1894 by David Dimmick and was confirmed the same day by Ole Tuft. When I was old enough, about 14 years, I began to do different things in the church, such as Primary and Sunday School teacher. During those early years I had several child diseases such as Measles, whooping cough and scarlet fever. It seemed I took these diseases much harder than the boys. When a small girl I had a big abscess on my arm. I was sick a long time. I carried my arm in a sling all summer before it came to a head and broke.

During the first 16 years of my life, I didn't have any cares only going to church and school. Then on April 16, 1902 my father sold our farm and moved to Idaho. I felt very bad leaving all our Utah friends and going out to make a new home and new friends. There were now four of us children. I had two more brothers who were younger, Ward and Bruce. We all rode in the white top buggy with Father and Mother. My brother, Boyd, drove the covered wagon with four head of horses and household goods. We had to travel several miles to the railroad so we could ship our things up to Idaho. We were a week on the road. As the roads were wet and soft, it took us a long time to make the trip over the mountain to Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County. We had some very hard times. It snowed on us, the dugways were bad, and we had much to contend with. Father had to build some new roads where they had slid off on the dugways.

After about five days, around the 20th of April, we reached Mayfield, Sanpete Co., where Mother's father lived. We stayed there several days before going on to Mt. Pleasant. We got to Mt. Pleasant about the 25th of April to Grandpa and Grandma Reynolds, Father's folks. We stayed there five days. While there I met a nice young man by the name of Charles Peterson, my aunt's brother. We had a nice time going to several dances together.

We finally left there and traveled to Moroni, just a few miles, and loaded a car with our horses and household goods. Mother and we four children came on the passenger train. Father had to come with his horses. This was April 29th.

We arrived in St. Anthony, Idaho, on the 1st of May, 1902. It was cold and the wind was blowing. We started walking to a hotel as we didn't know what else to do until we could get on up to Chester, Idaho--a short distance where our old Utah neighbors lived. They had moved up here two years before us. While walking we ran on to Will McArthur, our neighbor. He took us up to Chester where we met the family. They had two girls who were my chums at home in Utah. We sure were happy to see one another. We stayed there until Father got in with the horses and things which took several days. McArthur met the train every day for four days. Finally it came with Father and all our belongings.

The 10th of May we came on to Marysville, about 25 miles. As we were coming, we had to ford Fall River. The water was high. Our horses on the wagons got down in the water. We had quite a time. Finally we got to Marysville, Idaho. We stayed with Father's sister, Aunt Rose Farnsworth, for a day or so until we could get a place to live.

Finally we bought a three room house in town and moved in. It was getting late and Father was anxious to get some land so he could put in his crops. We got started to farming. I had to help in the field as the climate was too high for my brother, Boyd. He was ill all summer, so I helped put in the crops, and I rode the sulkey plow and harrowed. I also helped harvest the grain. I didn't go to school the first year as there was no school house. They were building a new one. So I didn't do much the first year in Marysville.

In the spring of 1903, I decided to get me a job and go to work. The first job I got was working for Mrs. Dimond Loosli. I had never worked out in my life. This was my first experience. She was expecting a new baby. She had two other children so on June 5, 1903 I went to work. I enjoyed my work helping with the children and caring for Mrs. Loosli. I worked for her three weeks. From then on I had more than I could do. I had appointments ahead all the time.

Then in 1904 Father built on the home, making it into a ten room house. Mother started a hotel so after this I had to stay and help her. As there wasn't any other place very large for transient people we had all we could do. The railroad went through to West Yellowstone, Montana, which made it quite a busy little town.

In the spring, Mother went on the canal to cook for men who were building the Brady Canal. She left me at the hotel to take things over. I had ten steady boarders besides the transients that came in. I did a very good job as Mother had taught me how to do everything--cooking, keeping up the hotel, and all. I worked very hard all summer. I also worked in the church as Sunday School teacher and Primary secretary. That is, I did this when I could get away from my work.

When I was 18 years old, I contracted smallpox. I was in a pest house for three weeks so the rest of the family wouldn't get the dreaded disease.

I went to school until eighth grade. Mother let me go to Ricks College in Rexburg, but I had to quit and go home as she couldn't do all the work. I have helped in all kinds of work--house work, helping others, caring for the sick, and helping wash and lay out the dead before we had undertakers. I was secretary-treasurer for President Adelia Barrett in Relief Society, also 1st Counselor to Hattie Loosli. I have been a Relief Society teacher for 58 years and am still going every month now.

At one time I was layed up with a bad leg where I hurt it on a bicycle learning to ride. I couldn't walk all winter. During all those years I had some very good times along with the rough ones.

When I was 20 years old I decided to get married. I was married to Horace Milton Humphreys 18 December 1907 in my father and mother's home. They gave us a very nice wedding reception. My folks went to Mt. Pleasant for a couple of weeks and when they returned, we left for the Logan Temple as my husband was called on a mission to the Central States. We went to Logan and on January 16, 1908, we went through the Logan Temple, visited his relatives in Logan and around, and then went to Salt Lake City, Utah. We met my Brother, Boyd, and his wife who had been married a couple of days. We were with them for a few days. On January 22, 1908, my husband left for his mission to the Central States.

I came home on the next train. I worked wherever I could get work. I helped Mother working in restaurants and where I could as I had my husband to keep. In the spring of 1909 I went to West Yellowstone to cook for tourists. I worked all summer. In the Fall, I took Typhoid Fever. I came home in September and was ill for four months. I was unable to do anything. I was home with my folks. They were very good to me. I went back to work after four months to the restaurant, but wasn't strong enough to work so only worked one day. Then in a while I did a little work. This was in January. I lost all my hair and so much weight that when my husband came home on 1 March 1910 from his mission he hardly knew me. In the spring of May 1910 he and I went back to Yellowstone to work. I did the laundry for the same man, Mr. Bryant. My husband went through the park with the tourists with the chuck wagon. We came home in September.

On January 27, 1912 our first baby was born. A sweet little black headed girl, Selma. How proud we were of her. In the year of 1916, February 5, a baby boy was born, Max. As time rolled on, I worked in the Relief Society and also was a visiting teacher. On 9 January, 1918, another black headed baby girl came into our home, Melna. I was kept quite busy now with the three children as Selma our oldest, was not a well baby. On 13 July 1921, another fine boy was welcomed in our home, Walter. They were all such good babies. The 13th of April 1926 our last baby boy was born, Leonard. He was sick all the time. We had a very hard time raising him. Now he is a father of four children. He is in the armed forces working in the Medical Corp. in Topeka, Kansas.

On February 9, 1950, I fell and broke my leg and had to go to St. Anthony to the hospital. While there Mother took sick and died on February 19, 1950. My father died December 22, 1922.

When Leonard was three months old we moved to Ashton; this was in 1926. We are still living here except for five years when we lived in Yakima, Washington.

Before we went to Yakima our oldest boy, Max, was called on an L.D.S. Mission in the year 1935. I worked and kept him there. While he was gone, our second boy, Walter, had a bad leg and had to have it operated on. They scraped the bone several times.

Carrie Reynolds Humphreys died in the Ashton Memorial Hospital Easter night, April 10, 1966 after a lingering illness.

LIFE HISTORY OF HORACE MILTON HUMPHREYS Written January 5th to April 5th, 1962

I was born in the Millville Ward in Cache County, Utah on the 8th day of September 1883, and was blessed December 6th of the same year by John Laird according to our family records. My parents are Albert Montgomery Humphreys and Christiana Rachel Farley Humphreys who were married on the 1st day of January 1873 by Bishop George O. Pitkin of the Millville Ward. Their marriage was later solemnized on 10 October 1873 in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City by Brother Daniel H. Wells. I was the sixth child born to my parents. I am very proud of my parents and my brothers and sisters for whom I have been very grateful throughout my life. My parent's family of nine children were all born at Millville, Cache County, Utah.

The first child, a son, Albert Joseph was born January 18, 1874, living for only fourteen months, died March 23, 1875. The second child, a daughter, Mary Ellen, was born Nov. 24, 1875. The third child Edith Amelia was born 17 July 1877. The fourth child, a son, Walter Montgomery, was born 11 April 1879. The fifth child,

a daughter, was Charlotte Eliza, born 3 Oct. 1881, living only five years and eleven months--died in 1887. The seventh child, Willis Ray was born 14 June 1885. The eighth child, a daughter, Ethel Lauretta, was born 29 Oct. 1888. The ninth child, a son, Edward Farley, was born on 2 Sept. 1890. The eldest brother, Joseph Albert and the fifth child, Charlotte Eliza, both dying early in their lives, therefore, I have but very little memory of Charlotte, but each of the other members of my father's family including my worthy parents have been great and important influences upon my life, and they have all contributed much in my life for my blessing.

As my parents were of moderate means, we all had to learn early in life how to work. We lived on a small farm in Millville, Utah. We raised hogs, chickens, and cows, so we all had our assignment as to the chores. I received all my education in the grade school, and was graduated out of the eighth grade. Frances Wood was my first school teacher up to and including the fifth grade, and then Martin Woolf was my teacher. We were all active in the church and I am grateful to my parents for keeping us active. I was baptized in the river at Millville by Ole Olsen, September 7, 1893. Willis and I were baptized the same day. I was confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church on 7 September 1893 by John Barlow. After I was ordained a deacon, our Quorum members would go about twice a week to some widows' places and saw and split their firewood, carry it in to dry sheds for their winter use.

We had a large fruit orchard at our farm home in Utah, and each fall we all were kept busy picking the fruit and preparing it for canning, and as we boys grow older, we would go to the canyon with father and help getting logs, posts and our winter wood. As school boys, we had a very good baseball team and had many games with the ball teams of Logan, Hyrum, Providence and Hyde Park.

When I was about sixteen years old and our little farm would not produce enough to provide the necessary means for our growing family, our parents decided to go to Snake River country in Idaho in order to get a larger farm that we boys could be kept busy and we all needed land. So in the later part of August in 1898, my father and I prepared our old wagon with bows and wagon cover, we packed our suit cases with our clothing, filled our grub boxes with food, selected our bedding and loaded these necessary things together with a few sacks of oats for horses and we were off for Idaho.

After a few days of travel, we arrived at Blackfoot, Idaho where the State Land office was located and Father filed on 160 acres of land located a few miles east of the small town of Marysville, in Fremont County. After filing on the land, we traveled northward for a few days and arrived at the town of Marysville, and as luck would have it, we landed at this place on the 8th of September which was my birthday. We stopped at the farm house of Joseph Lamborn, one of the early settlers living there, as we were needing some advice as to the location of this land that Father had filed on at the State Land Office. During our conversation, I just happened to mention that this was my birthday. Well, Brother Lamborn said to us to just unhook and feed your horses and you are going to have a birthday dinner with us. I thought this was really nice as we were made so welcome in their home. During our short visit with them, both Brother and Sister Lamborn gave us much valuable information about locating the land we were about to make our home on. We had a very nice visit with these fine people and enjoyed again a good home cooked (birthday) dinner.

We surely went on our way rejoicing, driving eastward toward the Warm River district where our land was located. We immediately began to unload our wagon, taking the wagon box off with the bows and cover still on it as our only shelter. We began to get our house logs out from the Green Timber district, which is about six miles east of our farm. After making several trips hauling these logs to our farm, we started

to build a house. After we had it about six logs high, we got a surveyor to get our farm lines for fencing our property. We found our house, that we were building, was extending beyond our own property about six feet on our neighbor's land and it was necessary to hitch our team on the building and drag it onto our own property. After making many more trips to the timber for building purposes the weather began to change, getting colder. We decided to go back to Millville for the winter months. After spending the winter in Cache Valley, we began to make preparation for our return to the Warm River country. Father, my elder brother Walter, and I drove back to the Idaho farm, finished building the house and built an extra room as we would need more room when the family arrived.

During the summer, a man by the name of Murdock from Sugar City, who owned a herd of sheep and was grazing them about eight miles east and one mile south of our home came and asked me to come and take care of his sheep for a few days as he had sickness at home. I did so and it was seventeen days before he returned as his child died and he could not return sooner. This was the longest seventeen days that I ever remember in my entire life.

We again spent the winter months with the family at our home in Cache Valley and in the spring of 1900, Father, Walter and Willis moved most of our household goods and furniture to our Idaho farm and I remained at home with the family because I had been ill. However, after the crops were planted and some fencing done, my brother Walter drove to Cache Valley and moved the family to the Idaho farm home. Both spring and fall I had a good job working on the canal. We received one half of our pay in cash and the other half of our pay we took in water stock. We had no trouble in exchanging our water stock for cash.

About this time a move was made to erect a new Church House in Marysville Ward, as we had a small one room log building which was used for both Church and school purposes. As the new church building got under way, we were all asked to go to the timber and get out logs which were taken to the sawmill and made into lumber which was used in the new building, and as I recall the building was completed in the year 1901 and dedicated.

The Marysville community was scattered over a good many miles and we were all called together for the purpose of organizing a brass band, and I signed up for the snare drum. Well, do I remember the first dance that was held in the new Church house. It was certainly a big affair--crowded to the limit. It wasn't long after the first dance was held until we were given the opportunity to have another dance with permission to use the funds as a payment on our new band instruments. David Egbert with the violin and Lucy Salisbury at the piano and myself with the drums played for these dances.

The following year we celebrated the Fourth of July at Marysville. We had a real good ball game. We had already built a big bowery made of willows. We had ice cream and a fifty gallon barrel of red lemonade and did we have a good time. Cannons had been fired at daybreak, the brass band furnished music for the day and finished the celebration with a big dance at night. During the summer we would have Saturday afternoon as a holiday as we had a very fine base ball team and I think we had the best ball team in the entire valley for many years. We played with many ball teams going as far south as Pocatello for these games. We hired at times, Tom Tanner with his accordian to accompany us for these games.

In the year 1904, a group of us young fellows worked most of the summer with our teams on the German ditch. Donas Brower was our foreman and in the fall of the year I would work on the threshing machine. I was the separator man for several years during the threshing season. During the threshing season in the year 1905, early in the fall, I started out on the pea thresher and followed with the grain threshing,

Winter came and I was employed in building a bridge known as the Marysville Bridge over North Fork of Snake River. It was while I was employed here that I became snowblind and had a bad time with my eyes. It was then that I started to wear glasses, and I have worn them since that time. In 1906 I started to work for Wm. A. Barrett, who was a merchant and also had a farm, and I worked part time in the store and the rest of the time on the farm. I was made or called to be ordained a Teacher and was ordained by Simeon C. Drollinger.

While I was still employed with the Barretts, I was now getting pretty good wages and was given work for about a year. Before I go any farther I would like to go back a few years or to the time we brought the family to Idaho in 1900. I well remember one of the very first jobs I had was handling the derrick horse on a hay job and the wages I made were fifty cents a day. While we were living at the ranch I remember how wonderful the fishing at Warm River was, also on the North Fork of Snake River. We went quite often. Many times we would make good catches and we never did come home without fish.

I will now go ahead to where I left the employment of the Barretts, as it was about this time that I was advanced in the Aaronic Priesthood and was ordained to the office of a Priest on the 24th day of December 1907 by Brother Alma H. Hale. In the late fall of 1907, I was called to meet the Bishopric of the Marysville Ward and was interviewed regarding filling a mission for the Church. At this time I was keeping company with Miss Carrie Reynolds, and on the 18th day of December we were married at the home of her parents by Bishop Eli M. Harris. Brother and Sister Levi Burt Reynolds (the parents of Carrie) gave us a very fine reception, and two days later, on the 20th day of December, I received my mission call from Box (B), and I was called to labor in the Central States Mission and was given until the 22nd of January to leave for my mission. This gave me a month and four days from the time I was married until I was to depart for my mission.

I owned a team of horses, a set of harness, a pair of bob sleighs and a stack of hay. I sold them all and this being a year of panic, I had to take script as pay, however, Brother Levi B. Reynolds took my script and gave me the money for it, so that helped a lot. We left the Ward about ten days before I had to report at Salt Lake City. On our way we stopped the first night with Willis and Ethel at Parker, then on to Pocatello where we spent the night with Sister Marie and her family. Then we went on to Logan the next day and spent the night with my sister Ethel Banks and family and with other relatives at Millville. The next day we went through the Logan Temple where we were married for eternity. We then traveled to Salt Lake City where I was to be interviewed at the Temple. I was then given a blessing and set apart for my mission work by Dr. Heber C. Young. The next day was the 22nd of Jan. 1908, and at 2:00 P.M. we would be leaving Salt Lake City on the D&RG RR train. This was a sad day for the group of Missionaries leaving our wives and relatives. Our tickets took us through to Kansas City with a few hours to look around and we nine Elders went through the Swifts Packing Plant, which was quite a sight. It was now about time to take the train for Independence, Missouri which was our Mission Headquarters to make our report for labor.

We found the right place, met the Mission President, Samuel O. Bennion and in the afternoon we began to get the necessary clothing, our derby hats, our portfolios, books and tracts and other missionary materials. The Mission President requested us to meet him the next morning at 9:00 o'clock to get our assignments for labor. I had in mind that I would be sent to Texas and sure enough I was sent to the very North Texas Conference and Brother P. D. McArthur was sent to the South Texas Conference and Brother Jessie M. Hammond was sent over into Missouri. We three elders left the Marysville Ward together to labor in the Central States Mission. I spent most of my mission in the Eastern and the Northern part of the state in the Pan Handle of Texas and was out for twenty seven months. I enjoyed it very much. On my way

home, I was given a bunch of name cards by an Elder from Rigby, Idaho to scatter at Rigby, and as I turned around who did I see but Elder P. D. McArthur and he was on the same train with me going home. We arrived home on the first day of March 1910. Carrie, my wife and her father, Burt Reynolds, met me at the train. Carrie was rather thin as she had been ill for quite some time, and she had lost some of her hair. I wasn't quite sure that she was the same girl that I had left some twenty-seven months earlier.

Well, I was back home and ready to start on a new field of labor. About the first thing that I did was to go down to Parker and buy me a team of horses from Ole Ellingson. My Father had given us forty acres of land. We thought we could make a start on this forty acres. We had to get the sagebrush and some small quakenasp trees cleared from the land and start to plow. We had very good luck as we plowed the entire acreage that spring. Carrie cleared most of the trees and brush and I prepared the land for planting and put it all in wheat. After the planting was finished, we went to Yellowstone Park to work for the Bryant Camping Party. My wife and I were both employed with them. Carrie did the laundry work and I drove the wagon with all the camping equipment for the tourists on each trip. We did very well the summer of 1910. In September we returned to our home as the tourist season had come to a close.

The wheat crop that we had planted in the spring was frosted and we did not realize very much profit from it as we had to sell it as feed wheat. The following season of 1911 we planted a wheat crop again on this forty acres, and after the planting was completed I took my teams again and drove the camping wagon with all the camping equipment for this same Company, and had a very successful season. In fact, I spent several seasons in the park for this same Company.

On the 27th of Jan. 1912 our home was blessed with a lovely baby daughter, Selma, and we had quite a hard time to save her life as she was sickly for a long time. Finally she overcame her illness for which we were very thankful.

Bishop Eli M. Harris called me in to meet with the Bishopric and I was called as the President of the Ward YMMIA, and I held that position a number of years. About this time we started to freight building materials and supplies from Ashton to Moran, Wyoming to build the Jackson Lake Dam. The third year we farmed our land, we planted it all in peas and we had a fine growing crop. On the 27th day of July my peas were frozen to the ground and it looked as if we would not get anything that fall. However, we had a three day rain and these peas started a second growth and that fall I harvested a very good crop as my check for the crop of peas was one thousand and eighty-four dollars and that was not so bad after all. After the harvest I sold my forty acres of land to Carl Lenz for thirty dollars per acre, and I bought me a nice home in Marysville from Alma Blanchard.

On 5th of February 1916, our second child and first son, Max, was born and we were very proud of him. About this time I was called on a Stake Mission. In 1916 I bought a lease of one hundred and sixty acres of State land over on the Canyon Creek and Glementsville district. I planted a small crop in 1916, and a hail storm ruined it. I planted a crop the following year and I had more bad luck. The hail took my crop again.

On the 9th of January 1918, another lovely daughter, Melna, came to bless our home in Marysville. We were then living in the Rock Store building that belonged to Bill McArthur and we were living up stairs as I had just started to work for the Worrell Mercantile Company who was in this same building on the main floor. As I had lost two crops in succession, I sold my lease on the State land to Bishop Eli M. Harris who had land adjoining my lease in the Canyon Creek area.

I bought my first automobile in the year 1918, a new Reo. It cost me one thousand dollars. As I had now quit farming, I sold my horses, harness and wagon. I had the opportunity to enter the Mercantile business as a grocery clerk, which I followed for a good number of years. It was about this time that Bishop Eli M. Harris was released as Bishop of the Marysville Ward and Brother Horton B. Leavitt was sustained as our Bishop. I was sustained as Superintendent of the Sunday School, which position I held for a number of years.

As I recall I was given work in the Forest Service Department and I was selected as a foreman over twenty-five men and we were sent to the extreme northern part of Idaho next to the Canadian border to establish new roads through the timber land for the convenience of the Forest Department. This was a beautiful country and the timber was the finest that I have ever seen. After a short time, we were called away for fire fighting and as I remember, we fought these disastrous fires for nine weeks and when we were released from this job, we returned home at about seven o'clock P.M. and about eleven o'clock that same night the Forest Service Supervisor, Len Steele, called me as foreman to take thirty men to fight another fire in the Jackson Hole territory, and again we fought fire for another eighteen days before we were released to come home. The following day, I and Bob Hendricks were called to parole another fire in the Island Park area, spending a week here. So all in all, I had a real summer of fires. This was in 1921.

During the same year, on the 13th day of July (1921) a very fine son, Walter, was born. We were now living in the E.M. Harris home in Marysville. Again I was called by the Forest Supervisor, Len Steele, to take a group of around fifteen men to work on the Warm River Camp ground. We used a dump truck in hauling dirt to fill the low places and to level and to beautify this lovely camp ground. We spent several months of pleasant work on this improvement project and enjoyed a nice time together doing it.

On the 13th day of April 1926, another fine son, Leonard, was born to us to bless our home. This completed our family of five children for which we are very grateful for each of them. During this period of time, I was working very steady with the merchants as a clerk. My father was living with us in the summer months, and Carrie's mother was also living with us part of the time. In the year 1936, we moved to Ashton, and I was sustained as President of the YMMIA in the Ashton Ward and I held this position for around six years. During this period of time the Ward decided to build a new Church house and all Ward Priesthood members were asked to help get out timber for lumber to be sawed for building purposes. I think we were about three years from the time we started to get the logs out of the timber until this Church house was completed and dedicated. I was a member of the finance committee for this building project. The building was dedicated 2 June 1946.

On Sunday, 26 October, 1946, I was ordained a high Priest by Brother E. Glen Cameron. A short time later I was called as 2nd Counselor in the Ashton Sunday School to serve under the leadership of Curtis Marsden, and I served in this position about five years. I was then called to serve on the Yellowstone Stake Mutual Board and served in this capacity about four years.

About this time, Ashton had grown to be about the largest Ward in the Stake and the Marysville Ward had diminished in size. The Stake Presidency felt that it would be a very good move to make a division of the Ashton Ward giving part of their Ward to the Marysville Ward, and we were in that part to go to the Marysville Ward. This made the two wards about equal in number. It was about this time that the new Church house of the Marysville Ward was completed and dedicated which was built in the city of Ashton.

I lived in Ashton, Idaho until the 10th of April, 1966, when at this date my wife, Carrie passed away in the Ashton Hospital. My children would not let me live alone so for the past seven years I have made my home with my daughters Selma Troescher of Idaho Falls, and Melna Martineau of Soda Springs. I did make brief visits to my three sons, Max of Springfield, Oregon, Walter of Seattle, Washington and Leonard of Topeka, Kansas.



While living with my daughter Selma in Idaho Falls, I worked in the LDS Temple and did endowments and sealings for the dead. I did this work, making as much as three sessions a day until my health failed me and I couldn't walk very good and had to quit the work I loved and enjoyed so very much.

I had a very serious sick spell and was in the LDS Hospital for four weeks. I was then transferred to the Nursing Home. On the 8th day of September, 1973 my daughters Selma and Melna gave me a big Birthday Party at the Nursing Home. It was an open house. There were about two hundred people who came and wished me a Happy Birthday and had cake and punch. Many of my old friends and relatives came down from Ashton, my home town.

My Father took sick October 20, 1973 at the Home and was ill for three days and he got to feeling much better and we thought he was going to be fine. About two o'clock in the morning of October 24, he took seriously sick, and they moved him to the LDS Hospital. He was very ill and about 12:00 o'clock he went into a coma and died at 6:00 o'clock in the evening. He died of a bursted gal bladder. My sister Melna Martineau, my son Ted Troescher and myself, Selma Troescher, were with Dad when he passed away. Just before he drew his last breath, he raised his head up from the pillow and called "Carrie", she was my Mother and Dad's wife. I feel sure Mother was in the room and Dad could see her, and she had come for him. He layed his head back down on the pillow and gave one deep breath and was gone. I'm thankful he could go so easy and beautiful. He was a wonderful Father.

RICHARD T. BROWER AND EMMA WHITEHOUSE BROWER

Richard T. Brower and his wife Emma Whitehouse Brower moved to Marysville in Sept. of 1902. There were about 25 families there at that time. They came from Tooele, Utah. They purchased an eighty acre farm which was northeast of Marysville. They lived in a granary the first winter and then the following summer built a two-story six room house. They had lots of animals on the farm and raised a large garden with strawberries and raspberries.

Their main entertainment was going to Marysville to dance. The two boys, Earl and Frank, used to haul wood from Warm River to get money to pay for their dance tickets.

Their four children Mae, Ada, Frank, and Earl were all born before they arrived at Marysville. In the winter, the children went coasting up on Crofts hill.

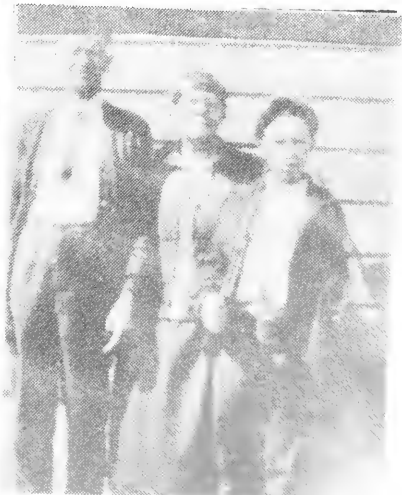
Earl remembers that on Easter they would go up to Warm River in a wagon, cook eggs and have a picnic.

Soon after they arrived in Marysville, they built a home in the town of Marysville with a millinery shop at the side where Emma made and sold hats for about fourteen years. It was a very successful business and she enjoyed it very much. At that time everyone wore a hat.

Earl also remembered going over to Ora, about seven miles west of Marysville, to dances and parties. They went in the hills picking chokecherries and huckleberries, and every spring went gathering watercress, dandelion greens and mushrooms.

There was a school and a Mormon church at Marysville where the children went to school and Sunday School.

At the time they were building the railroad, Bishop Wilson wouldn't let the railroad go through his place so it was put a mile north along the Snake River. The town of Ashton was then starting to be built on the railroad so all the business was taken from Marysville into Ashton. When Earl was 14 years old he went to work at Squirrel on the Harrigfeld Canal running a slip scraper. In 1916 they had to sell the farm because Richard had an Asthma condition, then in 1917 they sold their home and moved to Kimberly, Idaho and then to Rexburg.



EMMA AND RICHARD BROWER
DARVAL HAMMOND, GRANDSON

Brower home on Right, Millinery shop on left.
Emma Brower and probably daughter on porch of house.

HENRY HUMPHREY AND AMANDA BROWER



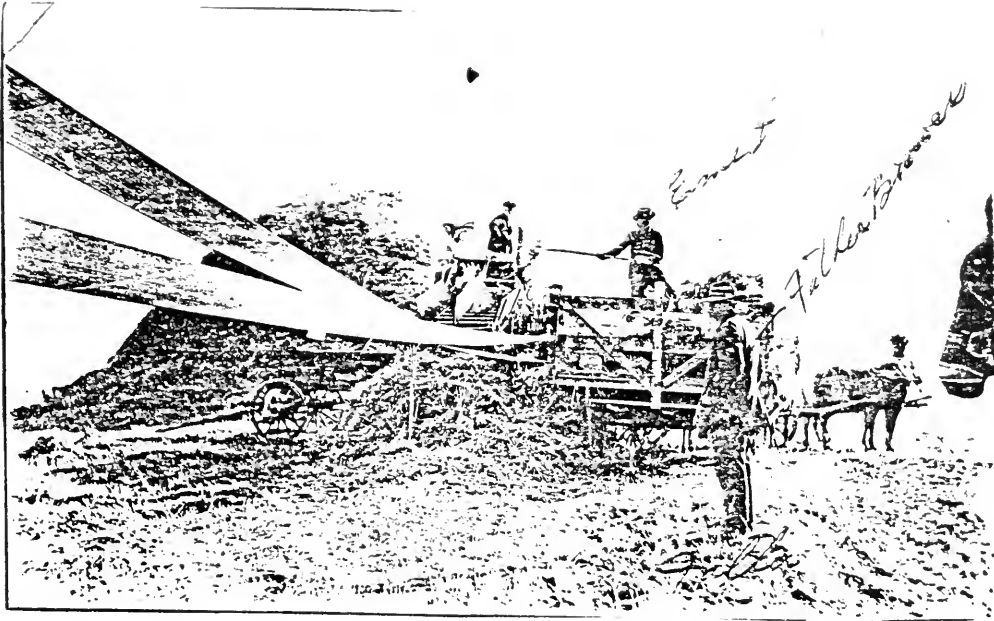
Home place in Marysville
Tommy (died at 18 with
pneumonia), Mother Amanda,
and Father Henry. Hazel
in the doorway.

BELLS OF MARYSVILLE

Hazel (16 years) and Zina (15 years)
Brower.

Dresses made of wool. Zina's blue
trimmed in black. Hazel's tan trimmed
in brown. Hats made to match by Aunt
Emiline Brower. Dresses made by
Claudia Hendricks and her mother.
Hats had gold braid on. They went
into the C.I. Lucas Store and he said,
"It is not all gold that Glitters."





MADIA HUTCHINSON AND ZINA BROWER



ELMER HARRIS, STILLMAN WHITTLE, NELL
WOODS BURRELL, AND ZINA HUNT BROWER

GEORGE WILLARD REYNOLDS AND AUGUSTA LEWIS REYNOLDS
By Shirley W. Reynolds

My Father, George Willard Reynolds was born in Mount Pleasant, Utah, February 17, 1870. He grew up in this community, engaged in farming and herded sheep on the deserts in the winter months. He married Augusta Lewis November 16, 1896 in the Manti Temple.

George and Augusta and two children traveled to Idaho in 1902 in a covered wagon with one team of horses. The four hundred mile journey required three weeks. Father told me that his horses were Ben and Molley. Quite a contrast to the jet age we now live in.

My Father's older brothers had arrived in this part of the country a few years earlier. At that time the area was open to homesteading. Naturally the best land was taken up first, so my parents settled on a one hundred sixty acre piece of land five miles north of the present site of Ashton, north of the Snake River on the mountain side. The land was covered with brush and quaken aspen. It required a lot of hard work to clear the land so it would be farmed. This work had to be done with horses, and mostly hand work.

A log cabin was erected on the head of willow creek, and the family lived there in the summer months. This was their home for the next eight years. The principal crop was oats, as it matured earlier than wheat. The oats were first cut with a binder that tied the grain in bundles. The machine was pulled by four horses. Later when the grain was dry, the threshing was done by a machine operated by eight horses. The bundles of grain were hauled in from the field and threshed. This required about eight men. The farmers would help each other.

Later my Father sold this farm to a Mr. Stevens, and purchased a 160 acre farm in the Squirrel area. This farm was located five miles east of the present Squirrel cemetery. It was difficult to get to school from here, so we moved to Marysville where we owned a home. The winters were rough with snow getting six feet deep on the level east of Ashton. Father loved to farm, and watched the crops grow in the summer months, walking through the grain to see the progress being made. After four years this farm was sold, and another farm was purchased four miles east of Ashton.

My Father and Mother were blessed with five children, and a happy home, although it was hard to make a living. The children were: Icy, born 1898; Willard L., born 1900; Clea, born April 1, 1904; Shirley W., born June 1, 1907; and Fred M., born June 4, 1914.

There were many social activities in Marysville in the winter months. Father was talented in playing musical instruments; violin, banjo, mandolin, and also a big bass horn that he played in the band. He also played his violin for many dances. He was also blessed with a beautiful bass voice. In the winter months in the evening, he often entertained the family with his music and singing.

Ward reunion in the Marysville Ward was always a big occasion, starting at noon with plenty of food for everyone. People made arrangements to not have to go home in the evening, and the party would go straight through until after midnight. The dancing would begin about eight-thirty. My Father would play his violin for these dances along with others who helped furnish the music.

His health began to fail when he was sixty-eight, and seven years later he passed away in Marysville, Idaho, in 1945.

EVERETT "ED" HESEMAN
Taken from ASHTON HERALD
April 25, 1968

Ed Heseman was born Oct. 6, 1872, in Rock Island, Ill., son of William and Mary Jane Heseman. He spent his childhood in Illinois and Stromsberg, Neb., where he attended school. In his early life he went to Cripple Creek, Colo., where he worked as a carpenter and millwright. He also lived in Pueblo, Colo. and moved to Salt Lake City, Utah in 1903.

In 1905 he came to Marysville and was part owner of a lumberyard in the area and worked both in the lumberyard and as a carpenter. Later, he purchased a farm near Marysville where he resided the rest of his life.

Mr. Heseman married Mary Sturm May 10, 1910, at St. Anthony. She died in 1935.

He served a term as Idaho state representative in 1936. He also served as a board member of the Marysville Canal Co. for 35 years. He was a member of the Methodist Church, the Rebekah Lodge and had been an Odd Fellow since 1903 where he had served as Noble Grand and chief Patriarch.

Mr. Heseman was 96 years old when he died in Ashton, Idaho.



Everett "Ed" Heseman

JOHN ARCHIE SHEPPARD
From the Post Register
April 2, 1979

John Archie Sheppard was born August 19, 1894 in Marysville, the son of William and Kristina Nelson Sheppard. He was a World War I veteran and elder in the LDS Church. He was a farmer and formerly worked with Union Pacific Railroad and Garret Freightlines as a mechanic. He married Mabel Casper, March 7, 1922 in Rexburg. Their marriage was later solemnized in the Salt Lake City, LDS Temple. She died March 7, 1948. He later married Ora Martindale Marler.

John Sheppard died March 31, 1979 at age 84.

D A V I S
PETER WINN AND IDA BELL WHEELER

Peter Winn and Ida Bell Wheeler Davis came from Utah to the Marysville area in 1903. They had five children at that time. They lived in two different houses before moving into a house at Old Engling, where Mrs. Davis cooked the noon meal for all of the train crew who were building the railroad to West Yellowstone.

At this time their son Verl was only about two years old. These train men thought it was cute to hear him swear, so they taught him many swear words and gave him money to swear for them.

Later they moved to a farm southwest of Marysville owned by C.I. Lucas. This place is now owned by Ivan Crouch and Jim Stringham. Pete was a very good Father to his family, and helped in all the community progress. He was a good farmer, a lover of livestock and always had very good horses, which was quite an asset to any and everyone in those days. He helped in the building of churches, roads, bridges, canals and all things for the good of the community. He helped bring one of the first horse powered threshing machines in the country from St. Anthony the fall of 1903.

They moved to Gridley, California in 1925. The family got their schooling at Marysville. There were eleven children in the family: Bell, Tressa, Winn (died Dec. 1, 1916 at 16 yrs. old), Gene, Leland, Elva, Verl, Mildred (died at 10 yrs. old), Ned and Neil (twins), and June. The parents are both buried in Gridley, California.



Top row from left: J. Eugene, Leland, Elva, Peter Winn (Father), June, Ned and Neil (twins), Verl. Bottom row: Bell, Ida Bell Wheeler (Mother), Tressa.

JOHN WESLEY TIDWELL AND ALVARETTA SPENCER
By a Daughter, Bertha Tidwell Craven

In April of 1903, my Father, John Wesley Tidwell, Lewis Spencer and Elmer Spencer, shipped their horses, cattle and household goods by train from Indianola, Utah to St. Anthony, Idaho, which at that time was the end of the railroad line. Shortly thereafter my Mother, Alvaretta (Reta) Spencer Tidwell and Lottie Spencer and their three small children came by train, also to St. Anthony, then to Marysville with Mr. George Wood who hauled passengers, mail and freight by team and wagon between the two towns.

Soon after arriving at Marysville, my Father purchased the present homesite from Joseph Gribble, Sr. He soon had a well drilled, which is still in use.

In February of 1909, my parents' hearts were broken by the sudden death of their son Tommy, not quite six years old. They later lost an infant daughter.

My Father was a farmer by trade, having owned land south of Ashton, at Greentimber and east of Marysville. He loved horses and had brought some fine ones from Utah. Between planting and harvest seasons, he worked with his horses building roads and canals in this area, hauled freight to Moran, Wyoming for building a dam there, and hauled tourists in Yellowstone Park.

Mother did the outside chores in Father's absence, took care of the family, the gardening, etc., and after the family was grown, she worked for many years in the seed house, sorting peas.

My Father was born at Mt. Pleasant, Utah on Jan. 22, 1861, and died at the family home in Marysville in Sept. 1937.

Mother was born in Payson, Utah on May 21, 1873 and died at the Ashton Hospital on Dec. 18, 1962. Their posterity includes four daughters, seven grandchildren, twenty-five great grandchildren and seven great great grandchildren.

LUELLA CHRISTIANSEN HENDRICKSON
Ashton Herald, Dec. 3, 1970

Mrs. Luella Christiansen Hendrickson was born Dec. 20, 1894, at Mayfield, Utah, daughter of Hyrum Julius and Hannah Marie Michaelsen Christiansen. She attended grade schools at Mayfield and Emory, Utah. She worked for a time at Otto, Wyoming then moved to Marysville when she was 18 years old.

She married Joseph Allen Hendrickson Jan. 14, 1914, at Farnum, Idaho. The marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake LDS Temple, April 2, 1919. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrickson farmed at Farnum until his death in 1929, when she and her children moved to Marysville. She later moved to Ashton. She was a member of the LDS church and worked in the Primary and Relief Society organizations. Mrs. Hendrickson was well known for her needlework. The Hendricksons' had three sons and 4 daughters, Elden Allen, Leo Ken, Allen Junior, Stella, Una, Evelyn and Lucille.

A BIT OF SPENCER HISTORY
By Winona Allen Spencer

Lewis Reuben Spencer was born Mary 7, 1875 in Indianola, Sanpete, Utah to John Henry Spencer and Jerusha Kibbe Elmer Spencer. He had several older brothers and sisters, as well as some younger than himself. His father, an interpreter for the Indians, was also Bishop in Indianola. So the white children and Indian children were always close playmates. Dad grew up doing odd jobs to earn what little money he had. He played the organ, and the Jew's harp for many dances and social gatherings.

Lottie Crowell Gribble was born at Mount Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah on Nov. 7, 1881 to Joseph Smith Gribble and Phoebe Jane Reynolds Gribble. She also was a middle child with older and younger brothers and sisters.

In Grandpa Gribble's earlier years, he worked as a stable boy for President Brigham Young. He also was a friend and interpreter for the Indians. He fought in the Black Hawk War and other skirmishes, and had several narrow escapes from death. He taught his children the value of hard work, horsemanship, honesty, and good clean amusement.

Mount Pleasant was not far from Indianola. One day, Lottie was riding her pony, side-saddle, as she always did. A group of men were evidently working in the fields and saw her approaching a good sized ditch. One fellow was quite concerned, thinking perhaps she didn't know the ditch was there, but she urged her horse on and together they spanned the ditch. The young man was astonished, but said, "That's the girl I want for my wife". He immediately arranged an introduction and a friendship followed. It should be noted that the parents of both young people were bitter enemies and were quite exasperated that their children should become interested in each other. But the friendship blossomed into love and they were married on November 7, 1901 at Manti, Sanpete County, Utah. They made their home near Grandma Spencer's. Mother has often spoken of how sweet, gentle, hard working and helpful her mother-in-law was to her. Lewis got a job on the railroad and they began making preparations to move further north. Ada Lorene, their first child was born at Gunnison, Sanpete County, Utah on October 1, 1902. Many times the home was visited by Indians asking for food or other household things. Some of the Indians became quite friendly.

The Spencers heard of available homestead land in northeastern Idaho, so decided to come into Idaho to live. They made the trek north in covered wagon, and brought what few belongings they owned with them. When they reached Marysville, they found all the land close by had already been taken, so they crossed the North Fork of the Snake River, and homesteaded eighty acres in one of the canyons, later to be known as Spencer Canyon. They cleared the brush and timber, built their log house and shelters for their animals and fuel, and began the tedious job of farming.

Grandfather Gribble followed Lewis up here and obtained part of Lewis's homestead to build his home. It was in the canyon to the east. The Gribble boys, who were still unmarried and living at home, spent much of their time working away from home, which made it doubly hard for Grandpa who was rapidly losing his eyesight.

The families raised their cattle, hogs, chickens and horses. It was here that Wendell Lewis was born on August 15, 1904 in a suburb of Marysville, Idaho. Hard work, skimping, and careful planning had already become the rule, but love and happiness reigned supreme in the home. The family decided to move into Marysville in the winter time. They were living in the house Grandpa Gribble had built behind the old Joshua Brower place, or just west of the Wilford Biorn place, when Theron Blaine was born on April 10, 1907. The house is still standing and is over 73 years old.

Back to the ranch in the summer with more hard work and more chores to be done. One time when mother had come into the house after choring, she told the kids to be sure to stay inside because a cougar was roaming around out there. She had a prize strawberry roan trotting horse, who could trot a mile in three minutes. She was a peach.

One time a strawstack, which had been set afire in the fall, smoldered all winter, and in the spring started a grass fire that nearly burned their home. Mother freed a mother pig from her pen, and she and Mrs. Tilly Brower gathered the little pigs in their aprons and moved them to safety. Harold Lynn put in his appearance near this time on May 2, 1910.

Fall brought its share of work. Grain had to be cut with a three horse hitch on a binder. The two boys, who were still quite small, had to follow the binder and shock the grain. It was their pride and joy when they could keep up with the binder in performing this task.

By now the older kids were beginning school in the old school house, across the road from the old McOmber home. Marysville, which was one of the first towns in southeastern Idaho, was growing rapidly. It sported a bank, livery stable or two, blacksmith shops, clothing and dry goods stores, grocery stores and, yes, it had its share of saloons, too. Several nice homes were sprouting up here and there. The railroad and elevator found a place, too.

Back to the ranch again! More work! Marjorie May was born on July 15, 1913. More grain to grow, cut, shock and thresh. Mother would stack the grain so the threshing would be easier. The boys would feed the animals, and go find the cows which had been turned out to feed in the timber. Many times they rode one of the cows home. Wood had to be cut for household use, and more brush had to be cleared. Theron was using the little axe his father had given him to chop the chokecherry bushes, when he chopped his foot, nearly cutting a toe off his left foot.

After the crops were planted in the spring and the work was all caught up, the families would begin preparing for the fishing trip to Box Canyon. There they would camp out for a week. Mr. Strong would take his NEW car and get camp set up. The others would follow with the teams. The teams reached camp, but there was no car nor Mr. Strong in sight. His car couldn't climb the dugway hill. But fish they did, and the best meal in all the world was: fried fish, fried potatoes, baking powder biscuits and watercress.

Sorrow struck the home on January 10, 1916 when Harold Lynn, just six years old died with pneumonia. The family felt a great loss at his passing. The following year on March 8, 1917, Neita Meliss was born. School kept them all busy. They would have to walk from home to school and back, which was quite a distance.

Each year it became more difficult to make a living and the family was getting larger, so in 1922 Dad Spencer decided to sell his farm and home. He got the big price of \$2,000.00 cash for the whole lay out. They moved into Marysville where Dad went back to work on the railroad.

Later the family moved to Butte, Montana where Dad worked in the mines. But that didn't work out well for them so back from Butte, the family spent a few more years in Marysville, living here--there--trying out several of the homes. Dad again worked on the railroad and walked to Ashton every day regardless of weather and temperature conditions. Grandpa Gribble couldn't work his farm alone and couldn't make a living on it, so he just walked off and left it. He sold his best team for money

enough to have his eyes examined for possible help, but nothing could be done and soon he was totally blind. For anyone as active and studious in government and civic affairs as Grandpa had been, this was a hard blow. From then on for the rest of his life Grandpa would read to him for long periods at a time. It was Theron's job to walk with him where he wanted to go. So, many miles were spent this way and many hours were spent together, Grandpa relating stories and incidents of his life and Theron listening.

One or two years were spent in Pocatello, Idaho. Ada got married and the folks lived near her. Harvard was born in Pocatello, Bannock Co., Idaho on April 18, 1925. The kids were in school with the usual skirmishes and bouts, mostly play. Another move to Marysville, with work anywhere it could be obtained. Theron drove a team and worked on a canal at age 16, and followed the threshing machine in the fall. He worked for Zee and Earn Whittle and Glen Mitchell. When Davis's moved to California, Theron went with Verl to take care of things there until Verl's parents came to take over. He remained there for two or three years, working on farms, in the orchards, in warehouses, etc., mingled with dates and dances.

After his return to Marysville, he competed in the dog races on Washington's birthday. He began "just for fun", but as the race ended, he found himself in fourth place and earned \$50.00 for his efforts. One winter was spent trapping muskrats, and mink. It was a cold but interesting experience. Mother, Marjorie, and Neita worked in the pea warehouse, supplementing the family income. Wendell had married and was living in Ogden. Theron bought the old Council place near their original homesite, across the river. He paid \$150.00 in back taxes for this purchase. He raised several crops on it, then worked in Island Park, and while there got the logs and materials for their last home in Marysville. Marjorie and Neita had both married and Harvard had finished the eighth grade.

Harvard had to spend some time in the hospital in Salt Lake City for a serious operation for a brain tumor. No anesthetic could be given, and he had to lie on his stomach while they bored a hole into his skull. The pressure was so great that when it was relieved, the contents of the tumor shot clear to the ceiling. It took considerable time to recuperate from such an ordeal.

Theron married Winona Allen, and worked another summer at Grassy Lake. When he returned to Marysville he decided to move to Pocatello where he found work. His parents and sisters and families also moved to Pocatello. They all found work. After three years were up, Theron's family moved back to Marysville and bought the McNair place which formerly was the bank building. He proceeded to remodel and make a home of it. Then the folks moved back also and helped with the house. Mother stayed in Pocatello with Neita to care for her children while she worked. Harvard went to work at Drummond for Chester French. Dad Spencer remained at home, but was suffering from Hodgkins disease. He would sit for hours with hot packs on his throat and big tears in his eyes. He spent part of the next winter in Pocatello, but returned soon after the first of the year. He gradually got worse, and died February 21, 1944.

Mother went back with Neita to Pocatello and spent another two years there where she met and married Ed Cooper. They got a trailer and lived for awhile then moved back to Marysville to live in the Spencer home. Neita and Wilson moved to Mack's Inn to be near Wilson's new job. The tumor on Harvard's brain was filling up and it caused him much concern. On August 4, 1947, he died while on an errand for water for the animals. Marjorie and Kate continued to live in Marysville until his death in 1974. Ed went to live with his children and Mother went back with Neita who had moved to Rigby. Here Mother died from a stroke and cancer, on January 5, 1961.

THE WILLIAM HODGES FAMILY WRITTEN BY HAZEN HODGES

My Father and Mother moved to Marysville, Idaho in the spring of 1906, from Lewiston, Cache County, Utah. They moved in Uncle Joseph Glover's house, which was located west of the Tidwell place. The land is now owned by Douglas Hillam and the house is not there.

William Hodges was a carpenter. He helped build the Marysville L.D.S. Church. It was the first church built in the town.

Dad homesteaded east of the Hugginsville School one mile on the corner. We moved up there in 1907, and grubbed the Aspen off the place so we could farm the land. We went to school at Hugginsville for two years, then he sold the place in 1909 and moved to Marysville. Father bought the place where Basil and Leona Huntsman now live. Father was freighting over to Moran Dam. I went with him and drove the four horses. He freighted until the dam was finished.

Dad got to be foreman over two pea roguing crews--Allen and Clark Seed Co.

I finished grade school in Marysville, then I started high school in Ashton, but after the first semester, I had to quit because of being short of money. I went to work on the R.R. Section crew and then to the work train. I worked there seven years and got married to Ethel Arvella Watts. I couldn't take her on the outfit car, and I didn't marry to be alone. There were seven children in our family, five boys and two girls. One boy, Clarence Hazen, died.



William V. and
Catherine E. Hodges
29 February 1948



William Loraine, Leona Catherine, Center,
Ervin Val,. First Row, Hazen & Hazel (twins)

RALPH PURL CORDON

R. P. Cordon was born September 7, 1886 at Willard, Utah, a son of Ralph Rolland and Annie Sophia Cordon. His early life was spent at Treasureton, Idaho, where he attended elementary school and later he attended the Oneida Academy at Preston.

He married Zellnora Hunter, April 6, 1906. An active member of the LDS church, he filled a mission to the Southern States from December 1906 to August 1907. They lived at Tetonia for several years where he was first counselor in the Bishopric.

He married Mabel Swainston of Marysville, February 16, 1924, and moved on to their farm north of the cemetery, where they lived until after his death of a heart attack in 1951. From 1920 up to this time, he was a rural mail carrier out of Ashton.

Purl, as he was called, was very active in church affairs, and was called as Bishop of the Marysville Ward from November 1936 to March 1944, and at the time of his death was a member of the high council.

LIFE HISTORY OF MABEL EDITH SWAINSTON CORDON

I was born in Star Valley in the little town of Thayne, Lincoln Co., Wyoming, 23 June 1899, just one-half a year before the new century. I was number nine at that time. My parents were both born in England, Ebenezer J. Swainston, 24 Mar. 1850, and Harriet Ann Hughes, 1 Sept. 1864. They were caught in the gospel net, for which I am so grateful, and with their folks came to the United States.

When I was seven years old my parents left Star Valley and moved to Marysville, Idaho. My father's health was failing him and the Doctor recommended a change of water, but it didn't help his condition here. Four years later we were attracted by the Canadian Emigration circulars, and my older brothers were bent on the new move to get cheap land and an easy way to get rich quick in a new country. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company was moving people up there at that time to get settlers.

We found ourselves in Stettler, Alberta, Canada in May 1910. It was a very pretty green country and we were very pleased. The sad thing about it was when we started to school, all of us were demoted two grades. It about broke our hearts, but we learned that the school work was that much more advanced than the U.S. So when you graduated from the eighth grade, it was like the second year of high school.

Well, the sad part about our move, there wasn't a branch of the church within one hundred and ten miles and that was Calgary, so we never attended our own services.

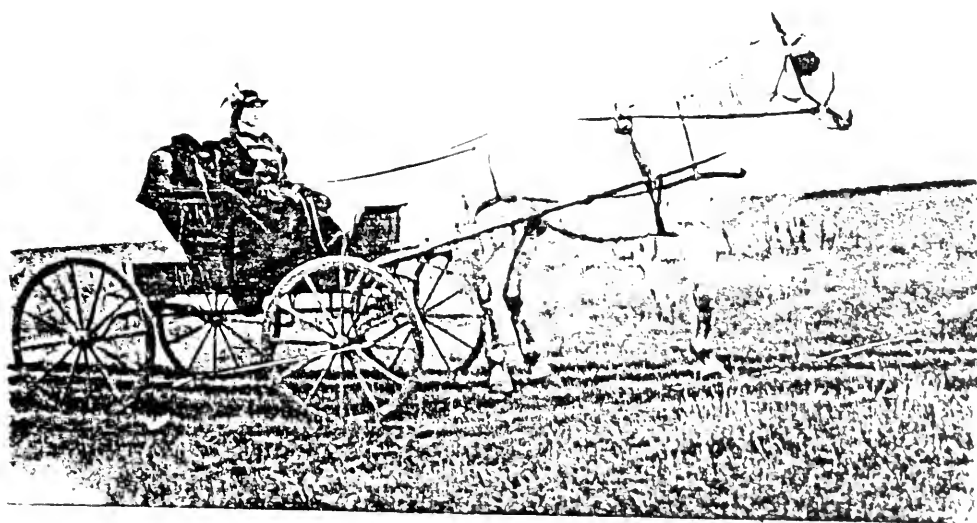
My Father died three years after we moved to Canada, March 7, 1913, and my Mother was determined to come back to Marysville for she did love the people here. But we moved to a homestead Father had taken up, 40 miles south of Stettler, and Mother proved up on it. We were very happy when we could bid Canada adieu and come back.

In the meantime I completed the 8th grade and did not continue on as my Mother needed my help. I was the oldest girl at home. My older sister, Lillian, had also died and was buried with my Father.

In 1921, July 10, my dear mother passed away and I was left to do the best I could for my two brothers and two sisters younger than myself. By this time I was post-mistress in Marysville and I could support us. We owned a home and I sent the children to grade school and the older ones to high school, and gave them music and vocal lessons.



SWAINSTON FAMILY - Mabel Second from Left



MABEL CORDON Ready to Travel

MARYSVILLE WARD BISHOPRIC 1936-1944
J. ORLANDO GOOCH, 1st Counselor, Bishop R. P. CORDON,
LAWRENCE ORME, 2nd Counselor and EVERETT GLOVER, Clerk



LUCILLE, LYMAN, MABEL and PURL CORDON, CLEON, ALFRED and LAVONA



HYRUM AND HANNAH MICHELSEN CHRISTIANSEN

By Stella Hendrickson, Granddaughter

Hyrum Christiansen was born in Ephraim, Utah, 1 May 1871. Hannah Michelsen was born in Gunnison, Utah, 1 Dec. 1875. They were married 11 Nov. 1892. They lived in Utah until about 1904 when they moved to Otto, Wyoming, walking most of the way because there were few roads at that time.

About 1909 they moved by covered wagon to Marysville from Driggs. Hyrum helped freight goods from Ashton to Jackson, Wyoming, and worked helping to build the railroad from Ashton to Victor. In about 1912 or 1913 they moved back to Marysville. Hyrum continued to work some on the railroad and farming. Their last child, Elda Christiansen was born in Marysville, 8 August 1913. Hyrum and Hannah spent much time in the yard, which resulted in beautiful flowers and a lovely garden.



Luella, Elda, Dora, Stella, Bertha
Hyrum, Hannah, Leonard

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LEONARD J. AND BESSIE CHRISTIANSEN

By Bessie Christiansen

Leonard J. Christiansen, son of Hyrum and Hannah Michelsen Christiansen, was born Sept. 14, 1905 at Otto, Wyoming. Bessie Leona Gilbert, daughter of James and Martha Dent Gilbert was born May 26, 1906 at Turner, Idaho. Leonard moved with his family to Marysville in a covered wagon from Driggs, Idaho in 1909.

They lived in a small house where the Bates Lumber Co. is now, then bought a place across the street south where his father moved a railroad shack for them to live in.

His Father started to work on the Railroad at Fall



River Bridge between 1910 and 1912. At Bitch Creek the family lived in a tent on a flat car. His mother cooked for the construction crew. After they finished with the railroad to Victor, Leonard's sister Bertha and her husband went to Lost River (Leslie) and he went with them where he found work. He met Bessie at a dance in Arco and they were married April 4, 1924. They returned to Marysville where Leonard worked on the Railroad for 14 years. In 1938, they bought a farm east of Marysville where they lived one winter, then returned to Marysville. Nine children were born to this couple, 6 boys and 3 girls.



Bob, Jim, Doris, Neal, Don
Gilbert, Carol, Leonard, Bessie, Marla

ALBERT CARLSON
Ashton Herald, May 27, 1971

Albert Carlson was born April 14, 1908, at Ewing, Neb., son of Carl Oscar Walter and Esther Ellen Thompson Carlson. He spent his childhood at Park Center and Clearwater, Neb. He married Georgia Harriet McKenna at Harrington, Neb., Dec. 13, 1937. They lived in Neligh, Neb., until 1942, when they made their home in the Ashton area.

For the past 20 years, he worked on the R.I. Rankin farm and lived with his family in Squirrel, Farnum and the past several years in Marysville. Albert and Georgia had two sons, Albert L. and Ernest Leland and three daughters, Jean Ann, Dona Ellen and Nancy Jo. Mr. Carlson died May 19, 1971.

EDWIN JAMES & EDITH LOURENA GLOVER MARTINDALE
By Alta Lerwill



Edwin James Martindale was born in Oakley, Idaho, September 18, 1891, and went to school there. He came to Marysville, Idaho in August 1908. Mr. and Mrs. Martindale were married Dec. 7, 1910 at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Glover of Marysville, and were later married in the Salt Lake Temple.

Mr. Martindale's sister lived with them part of one summer. She was killed in a train accident at Ashton with several of her friends.

The following children were born to this couple:

LeRay, Nov. 5, 1911, died at birth
Reva May March 15, 1913
Verald Edwin Dec. 7, 1914
Oren Oct. 10, 1916
Van Arda May August 15, 1918
Loye Everett June 23, 1920
Teddy Don April 1, 1925
Clendon Lloyd March 6, 1928

They built a little house southeast of Marysville in 1916 and went to Gilmore that winter, but came back to Marysville the spring of 1917 and moved into the Marler Home. He worked twenty-two years for the seed company in Ashton. He farmed the Glover place from 1940 to 1951 and moved to Smithfield, Utah that year and on to Logan in 1961 and lived there until 1972. Mrs. Martindale passed away on December 22, 1972.

ARNOLD PHILIP WHITTLE
Ashton Herald, Nov. 1, 1973

Arnold Whittle was born November 28, 1907, in Marysville, son of John C. and Zina Pond Whittle. He received his early education at Marysville and was graduated from St. Anthony High School.

He farmed with his brother, Floyd Whittle, in Marysville following his high school graduation. He was inducted into the U.S. Army during World War II, June 18, 1942. He received a medical discharge from the U.S. Army at Fort Douglas, Utah, July 22, 1942.

He married Evelyn Campbell, May 28, 1943, at Las Vegas, Nev., and worked as motor-man and conductor for the Los Angeles Railway Co., then returned to Idaho in 1946 and farmed at Farnum. Two children, a boy and a girl were born to this couple.

DR. EDWARD L. HARGIS
Taken from Ashton Herald
August 21, 1975



Dr. E. L. Hargis

Edward L. Hargis was born in Edinburgh, Ind. He graduated from Vanderbilt Medical School and set up practice in Ashton where he lived until his death Oct. 26, 1974.

He was born Oct. 16, 1876, a son of Thomas S. and Martha Potts Hargis. He had three brothers and two sisters. When Edward was two years old, his family moved to Tennessee where they farmed.

Edward Hargis graduated from school in 1896 and then taught for three years before working his way through Vanderbilt Medical School. He graduated in 1906 and came out West to settle down. Dr. Hargis had heard of a small town called Ashton and after visiting the community, decided to settle there.

Returning to Chicago later to attend post-graduate school, Dr. Hargis met his future wife, Verta Lowe, a registered nurse from Iowa. The couple was married in Salt Lake City in 1921. Mrs. Hargis died in 1953.

Dr. Hargis was the first doctor to set up practice in Ashton. He was devoted to his profession and was a good friend to all he cared for. He traveled by horse, skis, sleigh or snowshoes to get to his patients. After automobiles came along, he wore out several going about his rounds.

When asked once how many babies he had delivered, he answered "over 4,000".

ZERA NEWTON AND SARAH LOUISE HOWARD EGBERT
Ashton Herald, November 22, 1973



"Zeke" Egbert was born in Marysville, Feb. 6, 1904, son of Joseph Hollis Egbert and Emmaline Whittle Egbert. He attended Marysville Elementary and Ashton High Schools. He married Sarah Louise Howard, August 13, 1930 in Idaho Falls. "Zeke" farmed with his Father for several years, then in 1934 began farming on his own. During this time he assisted his Father and Brother in freighting to the Moran Damsite and in road construction in the Ashton area. In 1945 he purchased a farm north of Ashton and has lived with his family on the property since 1948.

He was a mayor of Marysville at one time and also served on the Marysville City Council, served on the school board and has been election judge for several years. He was very active in the LDS Church, serving in many capacities, including senior president of the Seventy's, a dance director and superintendent of the MIA, a home teacher and served an LDS Stake Mission.

Three boys and two girls were born to this couple, Z. J., Dennis, and Brent, and Zeralene and Trenna.

VEDA KIDD, WIFE OF HENRY MIKE LEE KIDD

My father was John Henry Hendricks and my mother was Clara Wahlen. Mother was born in Switzerland and came to America, when she was a small child, with her parents who had joined the L. D. S. Church. They moved to Utah, then were sent to Rexburg, Idaho by President Brigham Young, with the pioneers. My father was exploring in Idaho when he met my mother at Rexburg, Idaho.

They were married and moved to Marysville, Idaho and father made his living by driving the stage coach in the summer in Yellowstone Park, and by trapping pelts in the winter. They lived in an old log school building when I was born. I was their 4th child. After I was born, Father homesteaded the "Upper Falls or Big Falls" as we called it, above Warm River, Idaho. Father and Bishop Wilson planned on using the falls to put electric lights in Marysville. Mother was afraid to live there with four small children, as she was alone when her husband was driving the stage coach, so Father sold the falls and we moved back to Marysville, Idaho.

Almost my earliest recollection of life was riding in the Park, in a white topped buggy, and also being up on the Marysville Canal when they were building it, and fording the rivers on the back of horses, and the horses would be swimming in the water up to their necks, also I remember sitting around the camp fires while my Father would shave off little pieces of dried elk meat for us to chew on.

I loved to sing, and even when a small child, my Father and Mother would teach me songs from memory and then Father would hold me or stand me on a chair to sing. I started school in Marysville in an old wood frame building that had a spiral staircase. I only went to school for 1-1/2 years before Father moved us to Mount Glenn, Oregon. I remember the day we left for Oregon as it was very cold and we were in the back of a sleigh sitting on straw and bundled up in blankets and quilts, and we had hot bricks at our feet, as it was March 23, 1910 and we had to go from Marysville to the Train Depot down by Snake River on the Park Line.

Our home in Mt. Glenn, Oregon was on a fruit farm that belonged to Bishop Wilson, and it was right at the edge of a mountain. We had lots of good times running up in the timber and playing. Our school was about a mile from our house and all the grades were in one room. Mother would put our lunch in a gallon bucket for all of us, there were five children in school at that time, and we had one sister home. My sister Druzilla and brother Keith were born while we lived in Oregon.

Father loved to hunt and prospect, and he couldn't in Oregon, so he moved back to Marysville. Mother moved to Rexburg, Idaho to put my brothers in Ricks Academy, so I was able to go to the seventh grade of school in Rexburg and then finished my eighth grade in Marysville.

Through all these years I sang duets with my brother Harlow. My Father had taught me how to chord on the organ for him while he played the violin and we would play for dances. The first dance I played for was in Mt. Glenn.

My Father didn't think we needed schooling after passing the eighth grade, so he wouldn't make any effort to help us go further, and he also had a hard job supporting the family he had, which by now was nine as my sister Thelma June was born in 1918.

I helped with the music in Primary, lead the choir, was chorister in Sunday School, sang lead parts in operettas for the Ashton High School. One operetta was King Hal. Our music teacher was very talented, and she had never married. She offered to give me a musical education if my folks would let me go East with her, but, of course, my folks said no. I often wonder what my life would have been if they had said "yes".

Our Liberty Chorus was an outstanding thing for all who were in it as well as for those who heard us. We had a chorus under the leadership of Belle George Woods, now Mrs. Lupton of Ashton. Members were Mary Nelson, Muriel Jones, Hazel, Annie and Veda Hendricks, Cleah Leavitt, Edna Harris, Blanche Johnson, Lisle Loosli, Wanda Simons and Alta Guthrie. We went all over giving concerts of war songs for boys who were leaving for the service. We had little song-o-phones in shape of real instruments which we hummed through and gave dances that way. The only real instruments we had in the orchestra were bells and the piano. We gave a concert at Farnum Ward on 7th of June 1918, for a big flag raising ceremony. We gave concerts at Greentimber, Squirrel, Drummond and up to Tetonia. We sang for Leland Stotts farewell when he left for a mission.

We went to St. Anthony and stayed over night in the hotel, and they paid for our rooms and our breakfast for us to sing for a soldiers' farewell party for 100 or so boys who left from the whole county at that time. People furnished our transportation and were glad to get us to sing. We really did some harmonizing in four parts like the Cordetts sing now on the radio. Bishop Spires of St. Anthony was the speaker who would go along with us on most of these occasions. We had uniforms of Khaki color. They were cape dusters and little small hats, and we all made them ourselves. I know I helped with several of the hats.

The day we were out to Farnum, Laurence and Hobson and Willia Kidd invited us all to their place for supper. That was my first meeting with my future in-laws. We were out to Farnum playing for a dance in the Summer of 1919, and Henry Kidd, who had come home from the service in the Marines that spring came and asked me to dance. I was playing the bells in the orchestra, so I refused the dance, but he was right there when the dance ended and asked if he could carry out the bells to the car. I let him and he asked if he could come see me some time. I told him the road didn't belong to me and the very next day, which was a Sunday, he was at our house for me to go car riding with him. With him was Robert Hawkes, both in Marine uniforms, and of course, looking very handsome, so Blanche Johnson and I went riding with them. That was the beginning of our courtship.

We went together for a year and were married the following June. We had to live in two rooms upstairs in his parents home, and it was there that our first little red head was born. Beth had the prettiest hair and so did her Grandmother Kidd.

Then we moved to a little white house on the farm that was built for Henry's brother George, but he had moved to Utah. It was while living in this house that our second baby was born, a red headed boy, Mahlon, we named him. We then moved into the big rock house where Mary Lou and Foryl were born. In November 1928, we moved to Utah. We had two children born while living here, Lawrie our third boy and on Christmas morning 1933 at 6:00 a.m. our baby daughter Gloria (another red head) was born.

A high light in my life, and one I'll always remember is the thrill I got in September 1955, when I went to Salt Lake City, Utah to sing with the singing mothers in the famed "Mormon Tabernacle". We sang for Relief Society Conference and then again on Sunday for General Conference. I sat directly straight down from the famous pipes of the organ and only 3 rows from the Prophet, President David O. McKay. It was a thrill to be there and to be part of that conference.



JOHN HENRY AND CLARA WAHLEN HENDRICKS
WEDDING PICTURE

MAY 66



HENRY AND VEDA KIDD



LIBERTY CHORUS

HENRY RAY AND EDITH SPRAGUE CROFTS

Ashton Herald, April 4, 1974 and May 13, 1976

Mr. Crofts was born in Basalt, Idaho, Nov. 16, 1894, son of Joseph and Olive Stevens Crofts. His early years were spent in the Idaho Falls and Iona areas. Mr. Crofts worked for the railroad for two years in Pocatello before coming to Ashton area. He worked maintenance, track repair and as an engine watchman. He was employed for 40 years.

When he and his wife, the former Edith Sprague were married Jan. 12, 1916, the passenger train backed from Ashton to Marysville to pick them up at 6 a.m. They were married in St. Anthony, then rode back to Ashton on the noon train. Their marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake LDS Temple the following December. Their four daughters are: Mrs. Beatrice Rhodehouse, Mrs. R. M. (Zelta) Murdock, Mrs. Tom (Ila Rae) Bessey, and Mrs. Jim (Deanna) Holloway.

MYRTLE WETHERBEE

Ashton Herald, Dec. 13, 1973

Mrs. Myrtle Wetherbee was born Feb. 5, 1906 at Marysville, daughter of John Henry Crouch and Almira Wilson Crouch. She attended school at Ora, west of Ashton, then married Duane Wetherbee at Ashton, Feb. 23, 1922. She moved with her husband and family to Washington in 1943.

She was a nurse at Buckley Hospital for 25 years, retiring in 1968. She and her husband celebrated their 50th anniversary Feb. 27, 1972.

MR. AND MRS. JOHANN STURM

Ashton Herald, Golden Anniversary Edition 1956

Otto and Emil Sturm have lived in North Fremont for 53 years. Their mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Johann Sturm came from Waldejk, Germany in 1890 with three children--Ernest, Mary, and Otto. They settled in Nebraska where they lived until in 1903, the Carl F. Lenz family persuaded them to join a move to Idaho. Mrs. Sturm and Mrs. Lenz were sisters, which was a factor in bringing this pioneer family here. Otto was then 13, and Emil (who was a native "Corn Husker", having been born in Nebraska) was the baby of the family.

The Sturms purchased farm ground from Samuel Tatlo, who had homesteaded his place, 40 acres from Joseph and Frances H. Roskelley, and 80 acres from Albert A. and Effie M. Maddox.

EVA ETHEL GLOVER
Ashton Herald, Sept. 8, 1977

Mrs. Glover was born March 27, 1890, in Indianola, Utah, to William and Cynthia Spencer Hutchison. She moved to Marysville with her family when she was 11, where she attended school. She worked in the Ashton and Marysville areas as a young woman.

She married William Glover in the Logan LDS Temple, Jan. 13, 1909. They resided in Marysville until 1925 when they moved to Blackfoot.

Mr. Glover died in 1961, and Mrs. Glover, Sept. 2, 1977.

IVA HANSON HUTCHISON
Ashton Herald, June 14, 1973

Mrs. Hutchison was born Nov. 28, 1890, daughter of James P. and Elizabeth Hanson. She attended schools in Rexburg, and was graduated from the Rexburg Academy, now Ricks College.

She married John H. Hutchison, April 3, 1913, in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. They moved to Marysville after their marriage and lived there until 1938, when they moved to Ashton. In 1944, they moved to Pocatello where they made their home.

Mr. Hutchison died May 19, 1952, and Mrs. Hutchison, June 8, 1973.



William A. (Bill) and Blanche Young Edginton have been active in the community of Marysville since purchasing a farm east of Marysville in 1939. Bill has been a member of the Board of County Commissioners, and they both were active in Church work. They sold their farm in 1959. They had one son, Bill.

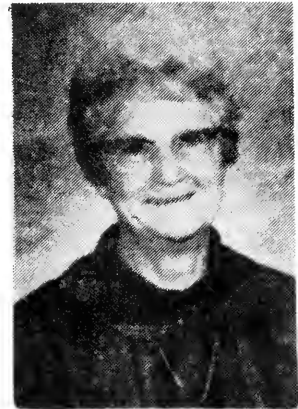


FLOYD AND PHYLLIS JACKSON

By Phyllis Jackson



Floyd Jackson was born 29 March 1908 at Twin Groves, Idaho, the son of James T. Jackson and Ellen Richards. Phyllis was born in St. Anthony 20 December 1913, the daughter of Archie Swensen and Ida Murri.



We moved from Chester, Idaho to Marysville the fall of 1945 for Floyd to be closer to Warm River to work for the Warm River Lbr. Co., owned by Randall Howe and Herc Rightenour. We had a hard time finding a place to live in Marysville. We about gave up, then Beth Harris told us that the Everett Glover home (two story brick home built by A.H. Hale) may be for sale. We investigated and ended up buying it. It was the first big home we'd owned.

We had four children when we moved to Marysville: Floyd Archie (F.A.) 8 years; Merrell T. 6 yrs.; Ida Ruth 4 years; Narvin Ray past 2 years. In 1949 we added another son to our family; Barkley R. In the meantime, Howe and Rightenour disagreed and sold out to Chet Isaacs.

We continued to live in Marysville where Floyd worked at various jobs. He worked for farmers and two years for the Marysville Canal Co. Then he run a dragline for LeGrande Kirkham around the country. For quite a few years, when school was out in October for Potato harvest, our family of six would help pick potatoes for farmers. Sometimes it would last three or four weeks. When we got our paycheck, it was just like Christmas, buying our winter clothes and things for the house.

We were glad when we moved here that we were close to a church and school, but soon there was a consolidation of schools and our children rode a bus to Ashton. We went to the Marysville Ward Church at the schoolhouse until a new church was built in Ashton, then we went to the Marysville Ward church at Ashton until 1974 when the Marysville Ward was divided and we are now Ashton third Ward.

When our sons F.S., Merrell, and Narvin were 14, 12 and 8, Floyd decided it would be good for them to work during the summer, so he started cutting saw timber and they helped him. Then he took another kind of timber work, cutting pulp wood in Island Park area and West Yellowstone. As the boys grew up and went on their own, I helped him. It was a good five month job. We also cut and peeled light poles with our youngest son, Barkley's help.

F. A. graduated from Ashton High School, went to Salt Lake to a Telegrapher's school and was a telegrapher in Northern Montana for $1\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. He married Carol Ann Brady from Bridgeland, Ut. and now lives in Salt Lake and works for Recreational Sports Center of Idaho Falls as salesman and distributor representing the Utah territory. They have 2 sons, Jeffery and Gregory. All his family like sports and participate in all ball games.

Merrell graduated from Ashton High School, spent 6 mo. in the Army similar to the National Guard and later joined the National Guard for two years, then went to Salt Lake to work. He met and married Dolores Martinez. They have one son and three daughters. He is division manager for Coca Cola Bottling Co. in Salt Lake.

Ida Ruth graduated from Ashton High School, attended Ricks College two years and taught school one year in St. Anthony. She then went to Boise and worked as Secretary in Governor Jordon's office. She met and married Melvin Hatch. They lived in Belgrade, Montana for ten years and are now in Hood River, Oregon. Melvin works for himself as carpet layer.

Narvin Ray graduated from Ashton High School, was in the National Guard for two years. He married Evera Haring from Ashton. They have two sons and two daughters. They live in Salt Lake and he drives heavy duty trucks for Monroc Cement.

We moved to Salt Lake while Barkley was a Junior in High School. He didn't like Salt Lake's big schools so lived with Ida Ruth and family in Montana to finish his senior year, and graduated from Manhattan, Montana High School. He came back to Salt Lake to live with us and met and married Mary Gwinn of Salt Lake who had three children. They bought a ranch in Ordway, Colorado, but are living in Salt Lake this winter. He drives semi trucks and trailers on long and short hauls. Mary, his wife, sometimes goes with him as a relief driver.

We lived in Salt Lake about 5 years, 1967-1971 as custodians of Millcreek 8th, 10th and 11th wards. Floyd then retired and we came back to Marysville to live the rest of our lives.

I, Phyllis, am now retired, after working five years in the Ashton Hot Lunch. We enjoy visiting our children and 18 grandchildren, relatives and friends and going to Church. (dated Jan. 1978)

WALTER DECATEUR (KATE) GUNTER
Ashton Herald, April 18, 1974

Kate Gunter was born July 15, 1905, in Whittier, N.C., son of George Washington Gunter and Dessa Gibson Gunter. When he was 5 years old, he moved with his parents to Marysville. He attended schools in Felt. Kate married Esther Violet Ross. They were later divorced. He married Marjorie May Spencer Marysville, Nov. 7, 1932.

Mr. Gunter was employed by the State Highway Department and the Bureau of Reclamation until his retirement in 1968. The following children were born to this couple: Mrs. Don (Sharon Faye) Winegar, Mrs. Steven (Rella Joy) Peabody, Jr., Mrs. Leighton (Donnetta) Reum, LaMar W. Gunter.

Mr. Gunter died April 13, 1974 at Ashton.

JOHN BASIL HUNTSMAN
Ashton Herald, May 9, 1968

Basil Huntsman was born on August 23, 1902 at Marysville, a son of John and Lucy Hardy Huntsman. He attended school in Marysville where he spent his childhood. He moved to the Teton Valley in 1915 with his parents where he helped on the family farm. They moved back to Marysville in 1919 and he worked for different farmers in the area and for the Bureau of Reclamation on the Grassy Lake and Island Park Reservoirs.

He married Leona Hodges Koch on June 23, 1930, at Kilgore. The couple made their home in Marysville for the rest of their life. He went to work for the Pineview Cemetery in 1942 and worked there for 18 years as a sexton.

JOSEPH WILLIAM AND EDNA LOANDA MOODY HEWARD



Joseph or Joe as he is known, was born in Draper, Utah in 1910, the oldest son of William Alma and Ida Eliza Bowen Heward. Seven more children were born to this union, five boys and two girls.

Joe's Father farmed at Gannett, Bellevue and Burley, Idaho and then moved to Grace, where he worked for the Utah Power and Light Co. Joe graduated from Grace High School and attended the University of Idaho where he graduated in 1932 with a B.S. degree in agriculture. This was depression times and it was difficult to find work, so he thinned beets, or whatever was available, also worked for the IERA, then farmed and milked cows. He later worked for the Agricultural Adjustment administration in Pocatello and Arco,

and later in the State office in Moscow, Idaho. From here he became a fieldman, working out of Boise where they had moved the State office. In the Ada, Boise, Owyhee Counties office was where he met his bride to be.

Edna was born in Lincoln County, Idaho, the youngest of four children born to Marquis de LaFayette and Hannah Adella Newman Moody. She attended grade and High School in Gooding, Idaho, and attended Link's Business College in Boise. She worked in the Boise office of the University of Idaho Extension Service, then was Secretary, Treasurer of the Ada, Boise and Owyhee Counties AAA.

On September 1, 1939, Edna became the bride of Joe and they moved to Pocatello until 1941, when he became the County Agricultural Agent in Fremont County, and moved to St. Anthony, Idaho. They enjoyed living here where they became more active in church and community activities. Joe became a member of the Bishopric and later a High Councilman, while Edna was President of the Primary and later the YWMA in their Ward.

In 1945 they were fortunate to be able to adopt two children, Loanda and Nolan, a brother four and sister six, from the Children's Home in Boise.

In 1946, they purchased a farm in Marysville and first raised pigs and sheep for livestock, then went into dairy cows. In 1971 they were called on a mission and went to Italy while Nolan took care of the farm. Since then an eighty acres of the farm was sold. In 1979 they were called to be officiators in the Idaho Falls Temple, which they are enjoying very much, still living on part of the farm purchased in 1946.

BEARY JONES
ASHTON HERALD, April 13, 1978

Mr. Jones was born April 17, 1898, at Barkers Creek, N.C. He was the eighth child in a family of nine. His parents were Stan Beary Jones and L'Mair Brown Jones.

He worked on the Tennessee Valley Authority in North Carolina and helped build the Fontana Dam. He also did farm work and was a carpenter at the cotton mills. Saturday nights would find Mr. Jones playing his fiddle at the barn dances and school houses in the area.

He married Ida Jones, Jan. 22, 1916, and they came to Idaho in 1926, settling in Teton County. Here Mr. Jones worked in a tie camp, camping out and cutting cross ties for the railroad. For some time he was a road commissioner in the county. At times, he drove as many as 18 head of horses.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones bought their first Model T Ford from Perry Sewell of Teton County in 1927. In 1948 they moved to Squirrel and lived in a home owned by Laurence Orme. In 1950, they moved to their present home in Marysville which was purchased from Ed Heseman.

Mr. Jones helped build the highway up the Ashton Hill to Bozeman, Montana, worked in Yellowstone Park for some time building and clearing roads under the direction of Kewitts Construction and Yellowstone Park, and during recent years has worked for area farmers in the potatoes.



Beary Jones

His wife died in 1964.

Mr. Jones recalls an incident with a cow moose and a passenger train from Lamont to Felt in 1948.

"That old cow moose and her calf got on the railroad tracks and wouldn't get off, even though the train was coming," he said. "In fact, they both preceded the train across the Biton Creek and Conant Creek bridges, both two of the highest railroad bridges in the area. That old moose was fighting the train engine all the way, and the train had its whistle wide open. Then, when the train finally got through to Victor and started back, there they were again--they'd been sleeping on the tracks. And dog-goned if they didn't retrace their tracks right over those bridges, fighting the engine again all the way!"

Mr. Jones goes back to North Carolina to visit relatives almost every winter.

"And every year we have a Jones family reunion at some relatives' house," he said.

MARYSVILLE TO VOTE ON CITY STATUS
Ashton Herald, Dec. 14, 1967.

The City of Marysville apparently doesn't want to be the City of Marysville. At least that's what over 50 per cent of the qualified voters of Marysville indicated when they presented a petition for disincorporation to the City Council recently.

The next step is to present this matter for a vote to the qualified electors of the City of Marysville, Friday, Dec. 15.

The place of voting will be the Cordingley store building in Marysville. The polls will be open from noon Friday until 8 P.M.

The vote must be canvassed on the Monday next succeeding the day of election. If the canvas shows there are less than two-thirds in favor of disincorporation, then the petition shall be dismissed and the disincorporation denied.

If two-thirds vote in favor of disincorporation, the City Council makes an order of disincorporation, and the city is disincorporated effective 30 days after the date of election.

If the city is disincorporated, a certified statement of debts and funds is turned over to the County Commissioners. All debts are paid and any surplus transferred to the school fund of the district or districts covered by the City of Marysville.

All levied and unpaid taxes are turned over to the county treasurer.

Dec. 21, 1967 - The vote of 80 qualified voters revealed 75 want the City disincorporated.

OUR PIONEERS

They came across the endless plains
As slow and plodding oxen trod,
But steadfast eyes oft sought the stars
For they walked hand in hand with God.

They built fine schools and churches fair;
They broke the sod and tilled the land,
Brought precious water from the hills,
They worked with mind and heart and hand.

They left a mighty heritage--
Far more than wealth and fields and streams.
They left their courage and their strength,
They left the greatness of their dreams.

--Mona H. Brown

index

- Ackley, Dr. Guy, 49
 Allen, Del, 2
 James, 102
 Amen, Blanch, 195
 Andrus, ElRay, 20
 Golden and Lisle Loosli, 13,14,21
 Bainbridge, Effie, 21
 James Wesley, 59,118
 Jennie, 30
 Sarah, 59,118
 Wess, 37
 Baker, Joseph & Mary (family), 4,6,10,
 15,25,27,67
 Barrett, Wm. A. & Adelia (family) 5,9,
 10,15,30,37,44,45,51,136,144,209,16A,
 213
 Leland & Lorraine, 16A
 Baum, John William & Myrta Isola (fam-
 ily), 200-202
 Fred, 141
 Oliver, 24
 Ora, 141
 Belnap, J. Austin, 13,21,177
 Bethil, Thomas, 14
 Bishop, Mat and Gale, 2
 Branson, Dick, 141
 Britton, Frank, 2,14
 Broadbent, Pearl, 21
 Reed, 23
 Brower, Arval, 23
 Donas, 212
 Gloria Ruppert, Albert, Carl, Helen
 Stroud, Melvin H, Robert, 76
 Hazel, 218
 Humphrey & Amanda, 218,219
 Henry, 2
 Joshua A., 69,76,224
 Mrs. Richard, 2
 Richard T. & Emma Whitehouse, 217
 Tommy, 218
 Zina, 219,218
 Burrell, Nellie Wood, 63,219
 Carlson, Albert & Georgia, 232
 Carter, Earl & Josephine, 144,146,148
 Ralph, 24
 Robert, 20,148
 William, 20, 148
 Chambers, Tom, 37
 Cherry, Maude Ella Baker, 25-27
 Levi Eddy, 25,32
 Velta, Veda, Nita, Eddy LaRue, 25
 Christensen, Laurence & Adessa (family),
 2,4,32,196,197
 Chris, 2,8
 Lena, 18A
 Christiansen, Hy & Hannah (family) 18A,
 150,223,231
 Leonard & Bessie (family) 232
 Neal,22
 Coach, Florence,22
 Lawrence, 22
 Coleman, Hyrum & Sarah (family),2,16,
 32,99,100
 Wm & Amy Gibson, 28
 Cooper, ed, 226
 Cordingley, Dale, 22
 Farrel, 21
 George, 144,165
 Georgia, 22
 Guy, 23,123
 Hollis, 22
 Howard L., 2,33
 John Huggins & Jessie J. (family)
 7,121-128,135
 Lottie H. 124,125
 Madge, 22
 Myron, 24,123
 Pearl, 21,123
 Ruth, 22
 " Tav", .5
 William & Permelia, 2,7,121,122,134,135
 Cordon, Alfred, 20
 Cleon, 22
 LaVona, 22
 Lucille, 22
 Mabel, 63,64,65
 R.P. & Mabel (family) 81,124,228
 Courtneys, Ted, 141
 Crandel, Les, 2
 Croft, Henry Ray & Edith Sprague, 63,238
 Crouch, Elmira, 238
 John Henry, 238
 Merrian, 36,37
 Cunningham, A. 37
 Hyrum, 36,37
 Cusic, Claude, 30
 Oscar, 2,10
 Daley, Claudia, 60
 Henrietta, 57,58,59
 John Wm., 58
 Davis, Bessie Egbert, 144
 Bud, 22
 Pete, 37,143,149
 Peter & Ida Bell, 222
 Dobson, Will, 137
 Effie, 137
 Dockstater, Oscar, 2,37
 Doty, Adrienne, 187
 Horace, 195

Drollinger, 24
 Edginton, William & Blanche, 239
 Egbert, Arminta, 144,160-166
 Bessie, 18A
 Cassandra, 144,148
 David, 35,36,149,166,167
 Herschel & Eva Sanders (family), 39
 48,168,170
 Hollist R. & Emmeline, 2,5,6,9,10,
 36,102,123,143,144,145,147,148,149,
 150,160,168,204,234.
 H. Russ & Marie, 4, 149-158,159,160,
 168,204,234.
 Josephine, 149,160
 Pauline, 22
 Robert Newton & Josephine McCosker,
 143,146
 Thelma, 14,18A,185
 Zaralene, 20
 Zera and Louise, 23,144
 Z.J., 180
 Farnsworth, Jr. 73
 Mary B., 73
 Rose, 209
 Ferguson, Lee Earl, 197
 France, Theo., 14
 Fransen, P. 37
 Fuller, Mont., Sr. 2,7.
 Geisler, Mr. 5,7,17,39,171,179.
 Gifford, A.L. (Monte), 59
 Arthur, 6,16,116-119
 Dennis, 20,66,117
 Gertrude, 63,65,66,116-120
 Jennie, 48,59
 JoAnn, 66,117
 Levi, 25,118
 Paul, 20,66,117
 Rodney, 59,66,116-120
 Sarah B., 116,119
 Glover, Alta May, 110
 Eva H., 47
 Everett, 230
 Joseph H. & Edith (family), 2,6,16,
 32,37,38,46,47,84,110-115,233.
 Kent,22
 Leland, 21
 Mary, 48,63
 Orval, 2
 Vida, 22
 Gooch, Annie, 30,35,36.
 Arlo, 81
 Bud, 20
 Edmund, 5,7,8,23,35,38,63,81,82.
 Evelyn Pugmire, 81
 Farrel, 38,63,64,82
 Grace, 46,81
 Orlando, 7,35,39,40,81,82,205,230.
 Perry E.,81
 Rex J., 81

Gooch, Thomas, 2,5,7,30,33,40,82.
 Green, Donna, 20
 Emerson, 2,6,11,30,37,67
 Oscar, 37
 Silas, 101
 Wilmere, 2,37
 Gribble, Joe, 2,204,223,224,225
 Gunter, Jim, 2
 Walter "Kate" & Marjorie (family) 226,
 241
 Sheron, 20
 Hale, Alma, 2,32,36,37,57,102,139,240
 Arvetta, 12
 Earnest, 69
 Elizabeth, 43
 Hammond, Eliza J. 36
 Jasper (Jesse) & Elizabeth (Finnie),
 (family), 13,32,36,106-109,213
 Maxine, 109
 Melva, 109
 Milton James, 12
 Milton Melvin, 2,5,12,32,36,37,106,
 107,122
 Ray, 2
 Zara, 13,109
 Hanson, Chris, 36
 Hardy, Hyrum, 14,36
 William, 2,8,9,10,12,33,36,37
 Hargis, Dr. 205,234
 Harris, Belle, 36,46,51,69
 Drusilla Elizabeth, 69,70
 Edna, 21
 Edna Hansen, 69,78
 Effie, 69,70,78,92
 Eli, 2,6,23,37,47,54,69,70,75,78,102
 Eli McGee and Elizabeth (family), 2,6,
 8,30,33,36,37,38,46,47,54,55,69,70,71,
 75,78,84,102,214,215
 Elmer, 219
 Emily, 69
 Ivy, 69,70,75,76
 James Gammell, 69,70
 Jeanette, 69
 Jim, 6,30,37,40,69
 LaVerna, 69,70,205
 Lime, 2
 Lucy Azeneth, 30,35,69,70,73
 Mary B.,45,69,70,71
 May, 30
 Sarah Coleman, 69
 William Vernal, 69,70,78
 William Vernon, 69
 Hawkes, Asael, 143
 Heinz, Dick, 22
 Hendricks, Andrew, 14
 Annie, 18A
 Bob, 23
 Harlow & Thelma E., 18A,144,192,235
 Hazel,21

Hendricks, Inas, 140,18A
 Jewell & Mary, 171
 J. H. & Clara, 32,235,237
 J.S. 32,37,38,43
 John, 35,18A
 Joseph, Jr. 23,29,30,32,35,36,87,88,
 122
 Joseph, Sr. 2,6,36,37
 Laurinda, 30,35
 Lucinda, 36
 Mary E., 37,45
 Ralph, 18A
 Sariah, 42,43,51,87,88
 Veda, 14,18A
 Hendrickson, John, Jr. 2,14
 Joseph All & Luella, 223
 Ken, 22
 Herndon, Joseph W. & Marjorie Brower,
 76
 Henry, Homer, 179,91
 Heseman, Ed,5,130
 Everett & Mary Sturm, 221
 Lyman, 2
 Hess, Delbert, 2
 Hyrum, 2
 Sheri, 21
 Heward, Joseph & Edna, 4,242
 Hill, George, 101
 James (Jim) & Elma Whittle (family)
 101-105
 John, 4,12,25,29,30
 Hillam, A.B. & Mamie Ann (family), 4,
 60,61,62,63,81,171-175,176,177,202
 Bernice, 20
 G. Marvin & Laura (family), 18A,21,
 176-184
 Leona, 183
 Marcelene, 20
 Vonda, 22
 Hobson, William, 2,8
 Alice,36
 Hodges, Hazen & Ethel Watts (family,
 227
 Jim, 2
 Leona, 21
 William V. & Catherine E. 227
 Hoffman, Danny, 24,18A
 Fred, 32
 Holbrook, Beth, 22
 Glen, 131
 Joseph, 63
 Lola, 63
 Thede, 131
 Virida W., 131
 Hopkins, Grant, 10
 Howell, Zina, 18A
 Huggins, John & LaVinia (family), 2,
 130,133-142
 Hummell, Dr. 205

Humphreys, Albert, 2
 Albert M. & Christiana, 210
 Milton & Carrie (family), 18A, 14,
 38,208-216
 Willis, 83
 Huntsman, Emma, 36
 John B., 241
 Johnny, 2
 Hutchinson, Bill, 16A
 Bud, 2
 Henry, 2,14,90
 John H. & Iva Hansen, 239
 Madia, 16A, 219
 W. G., 10
 Jackson, F.A., 20
 Floyd & Phyllis (family), 240,241
 James, Jay, 21
 Jaynes, Mr. & Mrs. F.M., 17
 Johnson, Blanche, 14,236
 H.S., 32
 Otto & Rosella (family), 2,36,50,51,
 59,60,187,193-195
 Professor, 32
 Vera, 185
 Verla, 22
 Wayne, 179
 Johnston, Annie, 137
 Edith, 137,141
 George, 137,141
 James, 137
 Jones, Beary, 243
 Simeon, 2
 Karren, Charley, 85
 Thomas and Marie VanOrden (family), 2
 5,6,37,84,85,86,143,149.
 Kelley, Bert, 14
 DeWitt, 14
 Hazel, 32
 Kate, 32
 W.O., 10
 Kidd, Gloria, 20
 Foryl, 22
 Henry & Veda H. (family), 5,28,235,
 236,237.
 Kirkham, Bert, 23
 Daniel and Johannah (family), 129-131,
 138,141
 Dick, 2
 Eli & Laura (family) 132
 LeGrande, 23,130
 William, 2
 Lamborn, Cora, 115,186,43.
 Eliza, 35
 Joseph T. & Emily (family), 2,5,30,33,
 36,37,43,44,51,137,139,140,185,186,211
 Larson, High, 37
 Earl S., 123
 Nels, 37
 Leavitt, Clea, 14, 18A
 Horton B., 2,40,83,172,195,215
 Lorinda, 45

Leepers, Bill & Jim, 2
 Lemon, Washington & Ida (family), 60,
 61,178,202
 Loosli, Alice, 187
 Boundy, 37,83,191
 Dimond & Hattie, 2,5,12,14,18A,33,
 36,46,47,51,67,135,136,177,187,190,
 209
 Herschel, 23
 Joe, 191
 Lundy, 2,5
 Stanley, 23,179
 Ulrich, 191,192
 Lucas, Clyde, 2,24,30
 Lupton, George Bell, 178,236
 McArthur, Effie Harris, 80
 Harriet Shaw, 80
 P. Duncan, 2,11,37,69,78,80,82,178,
 206,213,214
 Rex C. 81,16A
 William, 82,208
 McComber, Charles, 40,16A
 Grandma, 2
 Marshall, 16A
 Ray, 2
 McGavin, Bertha, 60
 Ed, 2
 Elizabeth, 45,51
 Ell, 36,37
 Ivan, 24
 James & Margaret (family), 37,97,
 98,149
 Stella, 36
 McIntoch, John, 6,37
 McNaire Blacksmith, 2
 Madson, Viva, 18A
 Mankin, Johnnie, 133,135,137
 Marler, Adolph, 2,35,113
 Martindale, Clendon 22
 Edwin and Edith Glover (family),233
 Martindale, Jim, 2,5
 Ted,22
 Mathews, Alvin, 2
 Merrick, Hattie H., 36,37
 Miller, Searn, 35,37
 Mitchell, Glenn, 49,93,94,202
 Mary E. 45,48,49,51,87,92,93
 Wilma and Alice, 93
 Moultrie, Mrs., 2
 Neilsen, Hans, 102
 Nelson, Brigham and Mrs. 2,48
 Clyde, 2
 Dave, 16,37
 Gordon, 101
 Night, Mr., 2
 Odell, Oleta, 22
 Olson, J.O., 32
 Orme, Laurence, 230
 Osborne, G. 37
 Ray, 68

Perry, Monte, 22
 Phillips, Jennie, 20
 Joseph Chester & Edna Whitmore, 197
 Pilant, Jake, 23,38
 Poulson, J. 37
 Price, Bill, 8
 Reynolds, Billy,20
 Boyd, 2,56,203,208,209
 Bruce, 71,56
 Carrie, 56
 Clea, 21
 Coleen, 22
 Emily 55,56
 George Willard & Augusta, 18A,220,205
 Levi Burt & Emily, 8,38,56,144,203,208,
 213,214
 Vella, 20
 Verna H. 47,48,51
 Ward & LaVerna (family) 4,47,56,69,
 203-207
 Willard, 2
 Rich, Gene, 180
 Robbins, Alice, 50,51
 Roland LeRoy, 50,92
 Robinson, Alzira 16A
 Elijah, 2
 Roskelly, Joseph & Frances, 35,36,238
 Salisbury, Cleo McRae, 75
 Henry, 14
 Wm J. 69,73,75
 Schultz, Davy, 143
 Shaw, Louis, 2
 Sheppard, William "Bill", 2,6,37,150,
 151,221
 Jim, 6
 John, 221
 Shettler, Mr., 2
 Shultz, Davy, 143
 Mitchel, 24
 Simmons, Jim, 2
 Wanda, 21
 Simpson, George, 2
 Smith, Fate, 2
 Heber, 2,10,37
 L.M., 25
 Manny, 150,151
 Mary, 10
 Spencer, Elmer, 223
 Lewis & Lottie (family), 48, 223,224,
 225, 226
 Wendel, 23
 Sprague, Festus & Anna Moultrie (family),
 43,67,120,123,186
 Morris, 6,11,12,67
 Spratling, Ernest, 12,30
 Hiram Phillip & Mary Harris (family), 30,
 69,71,73
 John and Mary, 10
 Len, 30

Spratling, Lew, 12
 Paul, 12
 Staley, Harry, 14
 Stanley, Frank, 22
 SaDonna, 22
 Stegelmeier, Otto, 36
 Stephens, Ralph & Nellie, 168
 Stott, Asel, 39
 Hyrum, 2, 83
 Sturm, Emil, 238
 Johann, 238
 Otto, 4, 238
 Summers, Fred, 37
 Swainston, 2
 Earl, 23
 Ebenezer J. & Harriet Ann (family), 228, 229.
 Myrtle, 16A
 Tatlow, Samuel, 5, 10, 238
 Mary, 10
 Taylor, Grace, 2
 Samuel & Hannah, 61, 171
 Thompson, Ephrium, 2
 Parley, 33, 37
 Tidwell, John Wesley & Retta, 2, 18A, 204, 223
 Teachers of Marysville, 204
 Roy Dockstader
 Kate Kelley
 Mrs. Taylor
 Harriet C. Wood
 Mrs. Beatty, 22
 Van Orden, Everett, 84
 VanSicle, Wm, 6, 12
 Weatherbee, David, 30, 33, 149
 David, Sr. 2, 5
 Duane and Myrtle Crouch, 238
 Lucinda, 30
 Oliver, 37
 Whittle, Alice, 87, 91, 92
 Arnold, 233
 Clara Colon, 91
 Earnest & Mary Brower, 2, 49, 87, 89, 91, 93
 Edna and Ruth, 92
 Gladys Kays, 91
 John, 2, 37, 57
 John C. 233
 Joseph & Mary Cook
 Marion & Coral Walker (family), 48, 49, 87

Whittle, Marv, 87, 92, 93
 Stillman, 16A, 219
 Thomas Levi & Mary Amelia, 87
 Thomas W. & Fedelia, 30, 37, 43, 48, 87-96, 99
 Utellus & Edith Nordquist (family), 87, 90, 91
 William, 2, 5, 8
 Zera, 40, 87, 89, 90, 91
 Zina Pond, 36, 57, 233
 Williams, Jack, 2
 Wilson, Elias & Laura Price, 28
 Elijah and Martha Kelly, 28
 Elijah Nicholas, 28
 James H. & Phoebe Coleman (family), 2
 9, 11, 12, 28-40, 48, 49, 90, 91, 99, 124, 144, 217, 235.
 Winigar, William, 2
 Wirick, Clarabelle, 22
 Neil, 22
 Woods, Ethel, 16A
 George & Hannah Baron (family), 2, 8, 9, 24, 136, 144, 171, 198, 199, 223
 Wright, Alma, 20
 Zollinger, Albert, 37

